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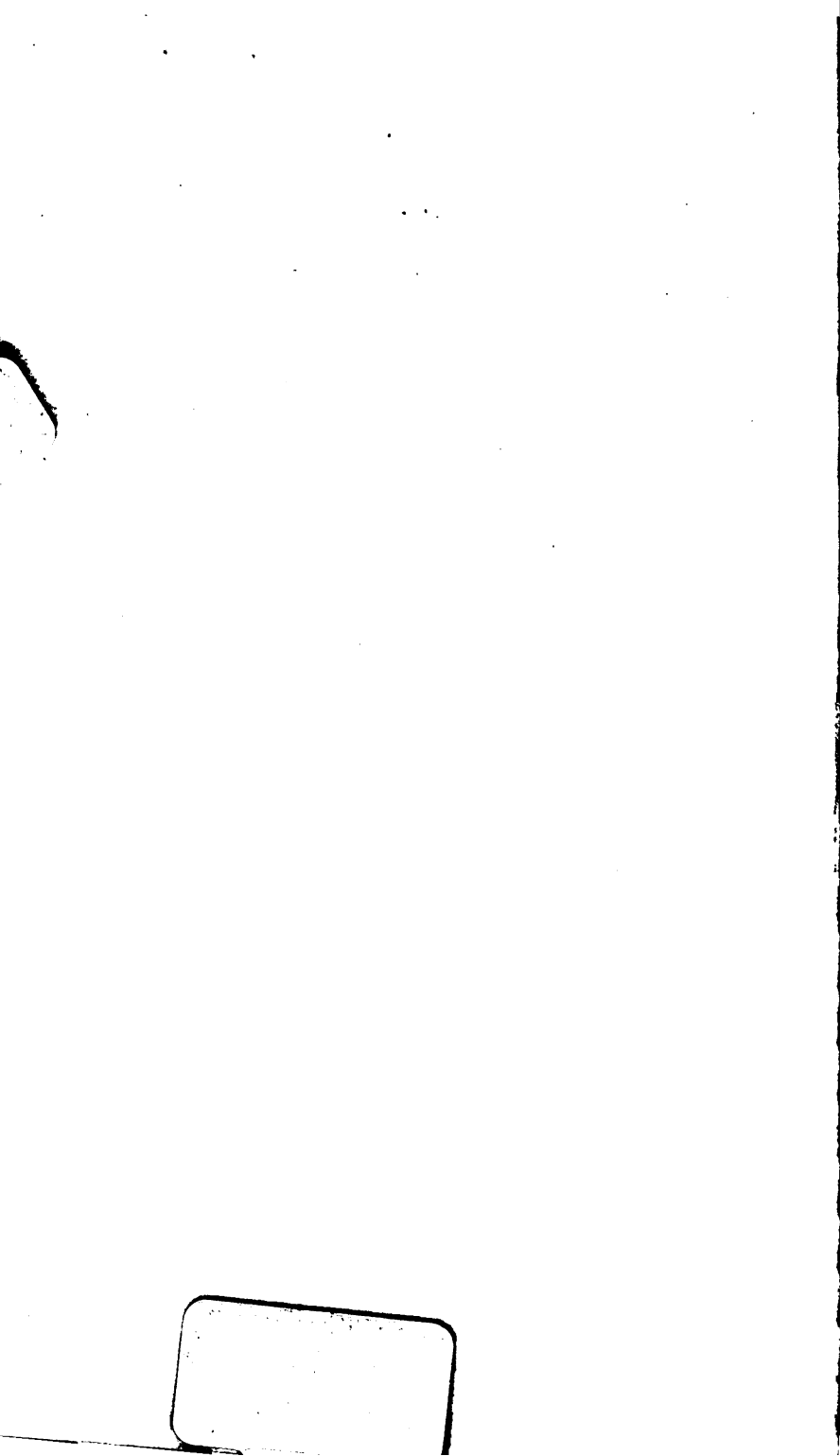

D.U
York

LETTERS

FROM

FRANCE,

IN 1802.

BY

HENRY REDHEAD YORKE, Esq.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

London:

PRINTED FOR H. D. SYMONDS,

NO. 20, PATERNOSTER-ROW;

BY BYE AND LAW, ST. JOHN'S-SQUARE, CLERKENWELL.

1804.

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PREFACE.

IT is right the reader should know that these Letters were not only written in 1802, but that a great part of them were actually printed in that year; since which, until the present moment, they have remained in the hands of the printer. Having made no pledge, I do not conceive myself bound to assign the motive which induced me to withhold them from the world, but the most cursory perusal of them, will render any further explanation unnecessary.

Argosy Book - Apr. 26, 1946 2v

Many authors have travelled with an intention of submitting to their countrymen the result of their inquiries; and on their return home, have quietly composed in their closets, a series of Letters for the press, which every one knows, were never sent from the countries that they had

visited. There is no fault to be found with this method; on the contrary, it is perhaps, the most correct, provided the writer asserts merely what he had previously ascertained, and noted for future use. When the manners of a people, and the character of a government are about to be described, the most retentive memory ought not to be exclusively trusted. But, in either case, the easy familiarity of the epistolary style is the best which can be employed.

This style I have adopted in these volumes, from necessity; the greater part of them having been *written in Paris*, for the information of a respected and learned friend, whose enfeebled state of health, inclined him to resort to the milder climate of France, in case my representations of its political condition were such, as to exhibit a reasonable expectation, that security of property, and tranquillity of mind, might be enjoyed in that country. But, I would not be understood, that all the Letters written with this view, reached the person for whom they were intended; nor are they, even now, inserted in the body of this work, without selection.

Much

Much has been withheld, *for the present*, from the eye of the public, and that which appears, my personal safety compelled me to suppress while in France.

A short time after the correspondence commenced, I learnt that my Letters had been inspected before they left Paris. A distinguished member of the French Government gave me early information of the fact, and about the same time I received intelligence from England, that they had been opened before they reached the General Post-Office in London. With my experience of the genius of the Government, under whose *protective* power I then lived, these hints sufficed to inspire *prudence*. Hence, several of my Letters were written in France, but not sent to England; and the remainder have been since compiled from the notes, which I invariably wrote down every night before I retired to rest. This circumstance will therefore account for the freedom which is apparent throughout these volumes; the impression of the facts recorded, being to this hour strong in my mind.

But here are details foreign from the objects which my friend required me to explore, and which demand explanation. My *principal* motive in going to France was, to collect the ashes of a beloved and lost relative; the secondary one was, to investigate, as far as the opportunity would permit, the state of a people, whose cause, it had been my fate to espouse in the morning of my days, and for which act of youthful ignorance and infatuation, the unforgiving hand of proscription still weighs heavily upon me, in despight of every gratuitous concession, of recantation, public, solemn, and uninvited, of seven years of disinterested and ardent zeal in the cause of my King and Country, accompanied by the greatest voluntary personal sacrifices, without descending to cringing baseness and servility. Such a change in the habit of thinking is not common, and the avowal of it much less so *. It requires some courage

* The public have already acknowledged this fact, by the favourable reception my political writings have experienced from their candour.

to

to brave the frowns of those from whom we separate ourselves, and I feel by experience, that it requires also the most inflexible fortitude, to persevere. I have succeeded in both; but the struggle has not been very great, because I acted from the dictates of conscience awakened by experience. Hence, although as an individual, I think I have not met with JUSTICE, and cannot reconcile to any rules of morality, public or private, the conduct which I have experienced from those who have debarred me from the exercise of an honourable profession, to which I am entitled by education, character and study; yet, few men can be more happy than I am, and none triumph more than I do, in the welfare, power, and prosperity of *this* country. Observe now, the amazing difference which *accident* occasions in the minds of men. There are *virgin* characters who have never trodden out of the beaten track of their forefathers, and who believe themselves *chaste*, because they have never been *tempted*. These, never pardon a *faux-pas*; and I am sure, I will not quarrel with them on that ac-

 count.

count. But, ask any of these *constitutional* virgins, in what *chastity* consists? by the power of common sense, they will be ready to tear your eyes out. I am not querulous upon *this* head. Suppose then, without metaphor, you ask of a man who believes as his father believed before him, and who never committed political —— in his life, to define the nature and effects of the English constitution; I will venture to stake my head (to which, by the bye, I am a little more *attached* than I was twelve years ago) that in ninety-nine out of a hundred, the only answer you will extort from them will be, that their fathers were happy under it, and so are they. Even with *this* answer, I am satisfied—it is to be expected from the mass of mankind; and it is amongst the mercies of Providence, (remember, I always speak under the impression of *experience*, that useful monitor) that the spirit of contentment should, in a greater or lesser degree, pervade the minds of the millions governed, *for the sake of their own happiness*. But, conceive the *marvellous* possibility of a *repentant sinner*, who once believed

believed as his father did; who afterwards erred, and then, after having fed *swine*, repents and says, "I have sinned, &c." ask of *him* to define the English constitution. To the prejudices of education, you will find superadded the advantages of experience; he will have journeyed into a far country, seen much, and brought back nothing but regret at his departure from home; he will illustrate it by reason, grasp it with affection, and be ready to shed his blood in its defence. If such a man can prove it to be without competition, in the equity of its principles, and the universal beneficence of its *effects*; would you not have compassion, run, fall on his neck, &c.?—There are, however, some men in this country who think differently.

Every man attentive to the operations of his own understanding, must distinguish between that mental satisfaction which results from habit, and that which results from the combinations of reflection. I should listen with greater attention to a defence of the Christian religion, from a man who had renounced, and afterwards resumed it on *conviction*, than to the

the most erudite divine; because, the workings of his mind, which led to that conviction, must carry with them unusual force and evidence. An instance of this kind, has fallen within my own observation. But I think the argument is tenfold stronger in politics, because we have *visible* demonstration every day before us, on which to form our judgment. This then, is the rock on which I have stationed myself for many years, and from which, I am not afraid to challenge discussion. The constitution of this empire, is not to be sought after in books, in forms, in outward vanities, or in *imperishable* compacts which are burnt *twelve months* after their enregistration; but in that happy disposition of human power and freedom, by which, the advantages of Government are reconciled with the only object of society, namely, THE PROTECTION OF PROPERTY; under which generical term, are implied, the personal security, the domestic union, the intellectual and progressive improvement of the people governed. This is my opinion of the English constitution, and the following pages will attest, that I recog-

recognize nothing under the assumed name of Liberty, which is not resolvable into this principle.

Was it therefore, irrational, that I should wish to fill up the complement of my own conviction, by repairing to the land of Liberty, Equality, and Philosophy, in order to see what treasures the Wise Men, who had come from the East, had brought to the most *enlightened* nation that ever existed, or will exist, upon the face of the earth? Had I no interest in making my *prejudiced* countrymen acquainted with that illustrious scheme of legislation which these sages brought from Grand Cairo? And should I not have degraded my dignity as a travelling philosopher, if I had not marked down for their benefit, the illuminated habits of a regenerated people?

Fortunately, I stood in no need of many Letters of introduction to that class of society, whose acquaintance was indispensably necessary to the resolution of my inquiries. On my arrival at Paris, I found that most of those whom I had known years ago, filled the highest situations in the state, and it is but justice to declare, they

they received me with the greatest politeness and cordiality. The only part which I had to act, was that of a diligent and impartial observer. This circumstance is no otherwise important than, as far as it shews, that I had free access to men of *experience*, and not unfrequently to public documents. I had seen France, clothed in many different garbs, royal, constitutional, and democratic; I wished to see her in her consular dress, and to ascertain, by ocular demonstration, what were her views, her wishes, and her hopes; whether the state of her mind displayed contentment and happiness, or whether, fatigued by great exertions, she were merely taking breath. The zeal and anxiety with which I pursued these researches, can be conceived only by persons who are incessantly occupied in some favourite pursuit; and as to my qualifications for forming any judgment on political subjects, I prefer no other claim before the public, than that experience which the most ordinary capacity *must* have acquired, during fifteen years of habitual observation, and often of active engagement,

ment, in some of the most busy and tempestuous scenes, that ever employed the attention of mankind.

In the discharge of what I conceive to be a *duty* to my country, I have abstained from compromising those to whose attentions and intelligence, the public and myself are indebted for many important facts. Had it been possible for me to have narrated *all* that I had learnt, without endangering their personal safety, these volumes would have exhibited the blackest and most dismal record of human cruelty, ambition, and perfidy, that ever was submitted to the world. Where I *have* mentioned names, and occasionally with asperity, let it be recollected that the objects of my censures, have merited them, from their *voluntary* exposure of *themselves* to public animadversion. There is not a line in these volumes that will cause one pang, in the breast of an *honest* soul. But public murderers, thieves, and prostitutes, legislative coxcombs, and political coquettes, in whatever shape they appear, are open to the lash of criticism, and I trust I have done them justice.

The

The sacred war, in which we are now fortunately embarked, seems to invite me, to disclose whatever may prove serviceable to the Public Cause; and above all, to examine the constitution, and unprincipled objects of that infernal Government, which has long meditated, and exists only by pursuing the destruction of property, morals, and public felicity. If my private obligations should not call me many thousand miles from this glorious theatre of human struggles; or should I be so fortunate as to escape that pestilential malady with which the sins of Europe are visited on its sons in the Torrid Zone, I here pledge myself, on my return, to share in the general efforts, as long as pen, ink, and paper are to be found in the world, and this arm possesses strength enough to push a sword up to the hilt in the body of a Corsican slave. In the mean time, let these volumes be my representatives.

I am not insensible of the awful magnitude of the present conflict; but it is with pride I declare from local experience, that if we remain true and stedfast to our purpose,

pose, being neither too much elated by prosperous events, nor depressed by adverse ones, we shall infallibly cleanse the earth of the vilest incendiaries by whom it was ever scourged; and we shall place the safety, power, and independence of our beloved country upon a basis, invulnerable againſt the violence of conquest, or the ravages of time. No subject of this empire *can* now be an indifferent spectator of the contest; from the prince to the shepherd, the interests to preserve are mighty beyond description; it is therefore THE CAUSE OF ONE AND ALL. Every station is become a post of honour, and the private who smites an invading Frenchman, merits the thanks of his country, as well as the General who leads him into battle. Vengeance for Heaven, vengeance for Mankind, vengeance for Britain, vengeance for Public Freedom, are the rallying words to action, and the voice of bleeding humanity in every region of the world. Vengeance has at last become justice and mercy.

It is *possible* we may fall: but if we *should* fall, let us expire in dreadful glory; let

let us leave the world such a desolation, that no honest man shall wish to live in it; and that it shall be a proper habitation only for raging wolves and tygers.

*** A Volume, containing my Travels in SWISSERLAND, is now in the Press, and will shortly be submitted to the public.

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LETTERS

FROM

FRANCE,

IN 1802.

LETTER I.

Arrival at Calais.

Paris, April 14, 1802.

THE concourse of Englishmen who are flocking to this capital, induce me to give you an enlarged detail of the moral and political state of France. Twelve years of unceasing revolutions, have, in a great degree, changed the face of a country, highly favoured by nature, in richness of soil, and mildness of climate. But, amidst all the dilapidations of civil discord, and the ravages of foreign armies, this nation has become doubly formidable to Europe, by the inordinate encrease of her territory and population. The causes which have conspired to effect this wonderful change, I shall endeavour to explain in my future letters; at the same time, I shall have the melancholy task of unfolding to your mind, that after all the bloodshed, the misery, and the changes which have

been wrought by the Revolution, France, has returned into all the habits of her ancient system, and is compelled to seek internal repose in the bosom of an uncontrolled military despotism.

After having passed three days at Dover, where we met with the greatest attentions from Mr. Payne, at the York Hotel, we embarked on board the Venus for Calais. The price of the passage before the war, was only half a guinea; on the signature of the preliminaries of peace, the sum of six guineas was demanded, which was gradually reduced to one guinea and an half each person, which was the sum we paid, with five shillings to the Mate, and seven to the Steward. The sailors also expect to be *remembered*, but it is a matter that is wholly left to your own discretion. For a carriage you pay two guineas.

Both at Dover and at Calais, the passports are examined with great minuteness, but on both sides of the water, every effort is made to render this circumstance as little irksome as possible to the traveller. My passport was signed by the King, and countersigned by Lord Pelham, the Secretary of State. On our arrival at Dover, Mr. Payne undertook to see it properly verified at the Custom-house, where it was again countersigned by the Controller.

This is all that is requisite on your side of the water, but at Calais, the ceremony is much more scrupulous and imposing. Unfortunately, at the time

time of our arrival off the coast of Calais, the tide was ebbing, and our vessel, by running too near to the land, got upon the sand, where we were obliged to remain till the tide flowed. From this circumstance we did not enter the harbour until three o'clock in the morning, after having been at sea fourteen hours. I mention this occurrence that in case you should cross the channel you must take the precaution of leaving Dover early in the morning, if possible, as you will find we were exposed to great inconveniences from arriving in the harbour after the gates of the town were shut.

As soon as we had anchored, an officer attached to the municipality came on board the packet to inspect our passports, and to carry them to M. Mengaud, the Commissary General. I inquired of this person whether I could not be permitted to land, to which he replied, that it was impossible to enter the town until the gates were opened at eight o'clock in the morning, but there was a *cabaret*, or little pot alehouse, to which strangers were permitted to resort in order to refresh themselves, if they thought proper. As I had never experienced a similar difficulty at any former period when I visited France, it struck me forcibly, that this was a manœuvre of the officer, who was in colleague with the keeper of the alehouse, to bring travellers to his house, for the sake of a little gain. Accordingly I demanded

to examine his commission, with which he instantly complied, and with the greatest politeness. It was couched in most peremptory terms, and contained a general prohibition against the admission of any stranger unless permission had been previously granted by the Commissary-General, and the passport had been duly verified by the Municipality.

Under these circumstances it was evident no blame whatever attached to the officer; and as the permission rested solely in the breast of the Commissary General M. Mengaud, I immediately gave the officer a letter of recommendation with which I had been favoured to the Commissary, and requested him, in behalf of the lady who was with me, to deliver it to him immediately, not doubting in the least but that the usual gallantry of the French character would facilitate our entrance into the town, and save us the disagreeable necessity of sitting up all night in the cabin of the packet. But I was, in this instance, compelled to undergo another mortification. The officer willingly undertook to deliver the letter, but assured me that it was more than his place was worth to disturb M. Mengaud when he was asleep. "What! not for a lady?" "No, Sir, not for the prettiest woman upon the face of the earth." "Tell him then that I am a French citizen, and have served in the French armies, and am come to seek my property." "This, Sir,

(he replied with a good natured but significant smile) will be one of the best reasons for retarding your progress."

Finding that his orders were peremptory, and that his situation precluded him from acquiescing with a request which I am persuaded his good nature would willingly have complied with, I desisted from giving any further trouble, contenting myself with the remark, that since the revolution the spirit of gallantry had changed sides, for in England a French lady would have experienced a different reception *.

We were thus obliged to remain until past six o'clock in the morning in this uncomfortable situation, when being completely exhausted, we were compelled to leave the vessel, and accept of the invitation which the officer had made us. As we were going to the cabaret, we met the officer, and I immediately inquired whether he had delivered the letter to M. Mengaud, to which he answered, that he had been to his house, but that he was still asleep. "What time will the bashaw rise?" "When he is awake." "How long will it be before that great event will take place?" "Not before nine o'clock, for he went to bed drunk last night."

* This is a fact, which on my return to England, I had an opportunity of seeing realized.

We were then conducted to a little pig-stye beside the gates of the town for the purpose of undergoing a little pleasant ceremony, quite *unique* in its kind. It is called la visite de la personne, or the examination of each person. Four of the passengers only could be admitted at the same time, when two officers of the customs gently passed their hands over the ladies dresses, and contented themselves with asking me, whether I had any contraband goods about me; "Yes," I replied, "I have three English guineas." "Eh, Monsieur," said one of them, "they are welcome to France." After this pleasantry, we were allowed to enter the cabaret, which was a wretched hovel, filled with fishermen, who were drinking beer and gin. There we were regaled with coffee and bread, so disgustingly bad, that we could not touch either, and for which each person was charged three English shillings! I could not avoid observing, while paying our hostess, that I did not doubt but that when I next visited France, I should have the honour of waiting upon her husband as Mayor of Calais, *within* the walls of the town; for at the rate she went, she was certain of amassing a large fortune very soon. There were nine of us in company, so that she cleared twenty-seven shillings in a moment; and certainly such imposition gave to strangers a very unfavourable impression of their future treatment in the interior.

While we were thus expecting the happy moment when M. Mengaud had snorted away the fumes of the wine on the preceding night, I entered into conversation with a fisherman who was sitting in the room. He stated, that the peace with England had caused a general joy throughout all France, particularly in the town of Calais, which had suffered extremely by the war; that its existence depended on the communication with Dover, and that at some periods during the war, the inhabitants were in a most deplorable condition; and had it not been for the humane interference of the Municipality, many of them would have been starved; that the young and the middle aged had no other resource to avoid being famished than to repair to the armies, which were chiefly subsisted by the plunder of foreign countries. He confessed that this usage of the inhabitants of foreign states was extremely hard, but what could they do? they had no alternative between famine and conquest, and self-preservation dictated, that of two evils it was the interest of Frenchmen to choose the least.

These opinions were fully supported by a young man who joined in the conversation, and who informed me that extreme necessity had forced him to abandon the roof of his father, and to become a soldier. He had served with reluctance in all the campaigns against the English, and had risen to the rank of Captain of Grenadiers. The

French armies, he said, were perfectly heedless of the events which occurred in Paris during the revolution; their common principle was to obey their officers, and to plunder for bread. Whenever any new general was sent to take the command of a division of the army, his language was uniformly the same as that of his predecessor; "Behind you there is nothing but want and misery; in front, glory and plenty;" and thus for glory and plenty they fought and bled, but never for liberty, which he acknowledged Frenchmen did not understand, and never could enjoy."

When I remonstrated on the great inconvenience to which English ladies were exposed by the port regulations, the only reply he made was, "It is not the fault of our Municipality, for they are really men of worth; if you were to write to any person in the administration of our government, the only answer you would obtain would be, it is the will of the first Consul, and that must be obeyed." I next inquired, whether a little douceur would not procure me admission into the town? He answered, that for five shillings I might bribe the whole town, but that no sum of money could purchase disobedience to an order of the first Consul; besides, the Argus he had planted in it (alluding to Mengaud) was so much the terror of the whole department, that nothing could escape his prying eyes.

At length the officer returned, about half past eight o'clock, and acquainted me that M. Mengaud would be happy to receive me. We were first conducted to the town-hall, where we answered to our names, and thence we were permitted to go to our respective inns, after being solemnly charged to present ourselves before the great bashaw for our passports.

After having refreshed myself at Ducrocqs *, I proceeded to the house of the Commissary General, and, for the first time in my life, had an opportunity of seeing the man who too faithfully fulfilled the orders of the Executive Directory, and who illumined the flames of civil discord, and paved the way for the introduction of the French troops into a country whose former independence, freedom, and simplicity, formed the theme of universal admiration, and amidst whose cloud-capt mountains and retired valleys I had passed the happiest hours of my early youth. Such an interview could not be grateful to one of my habits of thinking, much more when the recollection of unhappy Swisserland rushed upon my mind.

The Secretary announced that I was waiting without. A voice like thunder exclaimed, "Shew

* Lion d'Argent, or Silver Lion, one of the best hotels in France, and where an Englishman is sure to meet with the greatest attention and civility.

him

him in." I was instantly introduced; M. Mengaud made a most profound bow, and desired me to be seated: the door was shut, and we were left together. If you be a physiognomist, you may form an idea of the character of this man, by a description of his person. He is of vast stature, and immense calibre, with a round countenance, not unlike our Harry the eighth, large rolling eyes, and black bristly hair. Mallet du Pan has analyzed him with his usual fire and energy, in his Sorrowful Account of the Fall of his beloved Country. The room was hung with carabines, horse pistols, daggers, and a pike, proper symbols of his trade. I mentioned, that as I had a lady with me, I had taken the liberty of desiring the officer to present him the letter which I had brought at an early hour, in the hope that she would have experienced, from the known politeness of the French, that indulgence which is always conceded to her sex.

Mengaud. The orders of the government make no distinction of sex (making another profound reverence).

Yorke. I am well aware, that a law is general; but I flattered myself there might be a discretionary power in the person entrusted with its execution.

Mengaud. There is no discretionary power vested in the hands of any but the government of France.

Yorke.

Yorke. Had I been aware of the difficulty I should have experienced, I might have previously written to M. Talleyrand Perigord.

Mengaud. If I had received an order from the government to that effect, your lady should have been admitted.

Yorke. I recollect an instance of the same kind which occurred while I was in the garrison of Douai, a fortified town.

Mengaud. Examples drawn from the ancient tyranny cannot apply to the Republic.

Yorke. Is this regulation to continue?

Mengaud. I can't tell.

Yorke. I hope not.

Mengaud. It's all the same to me.

Yorke. Do you suppose you will remain here?

Mengaud. I hope so.

(*Here ensued a silence of a few minutes; I was in hopes he would have put some questions to me, or asked after the health of the gentleman who gave me the letter of recommendation, but he was dumb*).

Yorke. Shall I experience any other difficulties on my route to Paris?

Mengaud. None.

Yorke. I understand the other passengers will be detained here some time, and it is my wish —

Mengaud. You shall not be detained a moment.

Yorke. When may I depart?

Mengaud.

Mengaud. Now, if you choose.

Yorke. But my passport has not been verified.

Mengaud. It shall be done directly.

(Here he called his Secretary, and desired him to bring my passport, which he instantly signed.)

Yorke. Will this suffice?

Mengaud. No; it must be countersigned by the Municipality.

Yorke. Must I go with it?

Mengaud. Yes, and my Secretary shall accompany you; but your lady need not take that trouble.

Yorke. When that is completed, may I then go?

Mengaud. Yes, to any part of France you please.

Yorke. I thank you.

Mengaud. Good day.

Yorke. Good day.

(*Here followed another profound reverence, and thus ended the first interview with M. Mengaud, without the words Sir, or Citizen, having been once interchanged between us.*)

As soon as the Secretary had dispatched my business with the Municipality, I returned to Ducrocq's, expecting to find every thing arranged for our departure; but to my utter surprize, I found I had another ceremony to go through at the Custom-house; our portmanteaus had not been *visited.* Accordingly I hastened thither with the keys, and after a most rigid search had been made,

made, and I had chastised one of the officers for strutting about with my cocked hat for the amusement of his fellows, my things were removed to the inn. In this examination, the articles had been so deranged, that it was necessary completely to unpack them. While this was performing, and the horses were sent for, I paid a visit to a respectable merchant, whom I had known ten years before, and who, to my great joy, had survived the havoc of the revolution. The information he gave me will form the subject of my next letter.

LETTER

LETTER II.

Character of the Citizens of Calais.

CALAIS is one amongst the very few towns of the Republic which has not witnessed any of the horrors of the revolution. This circumstance is mentioned in other parts of France with admiration and respect, because from its vicinity to England, and the attachment which its inhabitants have ever borne towards our countrymen, it became an object of suspicion to the Committee of Public Safety. Its escape, however, from the storms of revolutionary phrenzy must be ascribed to a more intelligent cause than the mere operation of chance. To the firmness and humanity of one man, who filled the office of Mayor, and to the mild and unblemished characters of the persons who composed the Municipality, the citizens of Calais are indebted for the preservation of their lives and properties.

The Committee of Public Safety accused the inhabitants of an Anglo-mania, and in the first paroxisms of their resentment, ordered Joseph Le Bon, one of the most ferocious of their instruments of extermination, to *visit* this guiltless town, and to re-organize the constituted authorities. In general, during those days of cruelty and

and of mourning, the *visit* of a Conventional Deputy was the same thing as a visit of the Public Executioner; and of all the men who had distinguished themselves by unfeeling severities, Le Bon stood foremost in the dismal catalogue. A short time before his arrival at Calais, he had perpetrated most horrible cruelties at Arras. The following anecdote will sufficiently delineate the fierceness of this man's character.

Two young ladies of Arras, neither of them twenty years of age, were practising on the pianoforte on the morning when the news of the surrender of Valenciennes reached that city: it happened unfortunately for them that Le Bon passed by their window at the time. He listened attentively, and heard the music of Ca ira, a well known popular air in France, and which, one would have imagined, would have been a proof of their civism. Far different was the opinion of Le Bon. These beautiful girls were arrested, tried, and condemned the next day; and, notwithstanding their youth, innocence, and beauty, were executed on the following morning for "playing on the piano on the day that unfavourable news arrived, and thereby shewing that they rejoiced at the defeats of the Republic."

The atrocity of this action struck even the Jacobins with horror. It was stated to the Revolutionary Tribunal, in their behalf, that Ca Ira was a republican march, which had often animated their

their armies on the day of battle, and as they had taken no share whatever in the political divisions of the Republic, it was evident that they must have been well affected, since they were not aware that their domestic occupations would undergo so severe an examination."

To these remarks Le Bon replied, that the most popular air might be converted into a vehicle of mischief, and that the *time* which these young persons had selected for playing Ca Ira was a proof of their evil dispositions. "They played Ca Ira," said he, "not for the French, but for the Austrian army. They had heard of the unfortunate surrender of Valenciennes, and therefore they meant by Ca Ira, that the Austrians should advance, and capture more of our fortresses. If they had not this in their minds, why did they not play the Reveil du Peuple?"

Such were the arguments which induced the jurors to condemn to death these unfortunate young persons, and so delicate was the thread on which human existence was suspended during those moments of wretchedness and terror. Indeed, the effect was so violent on the minds of the people, that the name of Liberty became odious to them, and a vast majority sighed for the return of that ancient despotism, under which they had lived secure, though degraded as men. If they had not felt the dignity of their nature before, they now found themselves sunk below

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the condition of brutes; thus tormented by those who had abused their confidence, and exasperated at the accumulation of public wrongs, they were gradually prepared for those astonishing events which I shall relate to you in my future letters.

But to return from this digression. The instant Le Bon received his orders, he proceeded to Calais, where he found the utmost order, good conduct, and tranquillity. This state, so extraordinary amidst the tempests that were blowing from every point of the compass, appeared to Le Bon as a strong symptom of aristocracy. Accordingly he deposed the Mayor, dissolved the Municipality, and convened an assembly of the people on the market-place, at which he desired them to elect *true Sans-Culottes* in the place of their former magistrates. Such, however, was the force of good example and of good principles, and so powerful was the influence of the moral causes which guided the people, that not a single person would accept of a situation in the Municipality while their former magistrates were destituted. In vain he attempted to form a Jacobin Club, and to establish a Revolutionary Tribunal; in vain he threatened, and even arrested individuals. There were not a dozen Jacobins in the whole town, and these were restrained by the spirited and virtuous conduct of the great majority of the inhabitants.

The Mayor boldly remonstrated against this preconcerted measure of proscription, and by his prudence, together with the loyalty of the people, Le Bon was literally compelled to skulk from the town, muttering vows of vengeance and eternal hatred.

Immediately after his departure, every person whom he had confined was set at liberty, and the former magistrates resumed their functions. In cases where a peremptory mandate from the higher powers obliged them to arrest any individual, it was obeyed with reluctance, and executed with the utmost humanity. He was never sent to prison, but allowed to remain in his own house, and even to walk out, attended only by a Gens D'Armes of his own choice. Thus the citizens of Calais never saw the blood of their countrymen flow from the scaffold, nor were they delivered over to the merciless rage of any of those homicidal Inquisitors, whose sense of freedom consisted only in privileged misrule, and whose promises of fraternity terminated only in civil slaughter.

Had the municipal officers of the other great towns of France displayed the same integrity and vigorous resistance of abused power as the honest magistrates of Calais, how many thousand lives would have been saved, how many tears would have been spared, and what dishonor the cause of France would have avoided!

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In my next, I shall give you an account of our journey to Amiens, and the appearance of the country in that part of the Republic, concluding this letter with an observation in which I am sure you, and every other Englishman, will join with me, that the humane and uncorrupted character of the people of Calais, in the worst periods of depravity, proves that they have not degenerated from the high repute of the ancient burghers of their town.

LETTER III.

General Observations on the Mode of Travelling in France.

THERE are three modes of travelling in France; by the Diligence, an hired chaise, or your own carriage. The diligence is by far the cheapest, and perhaps the most convenient for men of business; and it must be acknowledged, that within the last ten years the French diligences are rendered a little more commodious than formerly. But this method of conveyance is out of all question when a lady is in the case, or when gentlemen travel for the sake of recreation or information. In the former instance, she must be exposed to all the inconveniences attendant on a journey of above two hundred miles, in a vast unwieldy machine, very little above the condition of an English waggon, which travels all night, and makes no stoppages except at the different post houses. This objection becomes additionally forcible when applied to those who take the Paris diligence from London, because there is little or no time allowed for a female to recover from the fatigues of the sea passage. On these grounds, I would never advise any female, unless imperious circumstances require it, to travel by the diligence; and I am persuaded this objection will

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be readily seen by every gentleman who has experienced the difference even in England, when desirous of seeing and remarking, between travelling in his own carriage, or a post-chaise, and the mail coach.

If it be the object of any persons to make a trip merely to Paris and its environs, I should recommend them to take their own carriages, which they will find, after all the expence of the packet, cheaper than hiring a carriage at Calais, and on many accounts more convenient. As it was my intention to extend my tour beyond Paris, and to penetrate through La Vendée as far as Bordeaux, and so to return by the route of French and Austrian Flanders, it became absolutely necessary that I should be provided with a strong carriage, capable of withstanding the shock of such horrible roads as those I had to pass. On which account I resolved on procuring one at Calais for the journey.

The usual price which travellers pay for a cabriolet from Calais to Paris, is about 96 livres. This kind of post-chaise, which runs on two wheels, is very light and convenient, having, besides plenty of room for two persons with their baggage, a number of pockets for almost every kind of article, and on each side is a pillow, for the ease of each traveller while sleeping. It opens in front, and is so constructed as to shelter the traveller completely in bad weather. I have

added a sketch of this sort of carriage. It is, I am persuaded, by frequent experience, the best and most commodious for the tour of any part of the Continent. There are, however, different kinds of them, and the price is always regulated according to the taste of the traveller; but in all such cases the stranger must make the best bargain for himself with the proprietor. There are also four wheel carriages of various descriptions, which are always to be found at Calais.

As soon as these things are arranged, your next consideration is to provide yourself with a sufficient sum of money to carry you to your journey's end. A letter of credit, which is by far the most safe and comfortable, will facilitate your tour throughout the Continent, besides offering you a pleasant introduction to society; and it is certainly more advantageous than bank notes, or even English guineas. For the former are not of that value which they were formerly at the commencement of the Republic; and the exportation of guineas being prohibited by law, no honest man would attempt to carry them out of the country. If this argument be not sufficiently cogent, I could tell him that the guinea is not worth five sous more in France than its intrinsic value in England.

However, whatever mode a person may adopt in this respect, it is necessary he should be apprized of the general outline of his expences. A

new

new device has been lately discovered for raising money for the reparation of the high roads; and it is extraordinary, that the revolutionists never before thought of it. It consists in the erection of a multitude of *barrieres*, or turnpikes, at which every carriage must pay a certain toll, in the same manner as in England: the *barrieres* are not stationed at regular intermediate distances, but so disproportionably dispersed, that at some I have paid eighteen sous, and at others only three sous. However, I found, upon a rigid calculation, that the sum total amounts to the same as if these tolls were arranged in a geometrical proportion. Formerly, a cabriolet with two persons in it might run from Calais to Paris, a distance of 34 posts, each post containing two leagues, for 213 livres, 10 sous, or about nine pounds sterling, exclusive of the hire of the carriage, which, as I before stated, might be procured for 96 or 100 livres; but now the case is materially altered. The number of *barrieres*, and the exactions of the postillions, considerably augment the expenditure. It must, however, be remarked, that the conduct of the latter is an affair wholly distinct from the government regulations; for the post houses are in the hands, and entirely under the controul of the government; and this part of the administration belongs to one of the offices attached to the Minister of the Interior. A stranger, if he be circumspect, can never be de-

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ceived either by the post-master or the postillion, for every year there is published, by order of the government, " a post-book, or general list of the posts in France," *livre de poste, ou liste générale des postes de France*, which contains not only all the rules respecting the administration of the post, but also an alphabetical list of all the different posts of France, the sum to be paid for each horse and postillion, and the established fares of all the diligences.

No stranger should venture on a tour through France without having this manual in one of the pockets of his cabriolet; and he should be particular at the time he makes the purchase of it, to have the last edition. Thus provided, he cannot be subject to any imposition; and whatever his bounty may give beyond the *ordonnance*, is a mere voluntary act, and not required by public authority. Thus, although by the ordonnance a postillion cannot demand more than 15 sous per post, yet it is customary never to give him less than 30 sous; and, according to circumstances, 50 and 60 sous. I am sorry to say, that several of our dashing British sparks have corrupted all the postillions on the road by their improvident donations. Having received, on several occasions, as much as six, seven, eight, and even ten shillings at a time, they are naturally induced to infer, that it is a good custom, and ought therefore to be continued. Hence, during the whole of my route

route from Calais to Paris, I never found a single postillion satisfied with 30 sous for a single post, I was always teazed out of more; and often, to avoid loquacity and discussion, (at which the postboys are remarkably expert) I have been obliged to give 10, and sometimes 20 sous in addition. These are trifles to men who can throw away 17 thousand pounds in France during a six week's residence; but to such plain animals as you and myself, who visit a country for the sake of seeing, and not of being seen, they are matters of serious consequence. This remark I have often had occasion of making in Swisserland, when that delightful, but now wretched country, was the favourite resort of our youth and gentry. Indeed, they were so extremely prodigal of their money, that I have often heard the Swiss declare, " Les Anglois sont des braves gens, mais ils sont fous," a mild reproach, which men of sense would have avoided. Nor can there be any rational or political motive for such extravagance; and I should not be surprized, if such persons were hereafter to be considered as emissaries of Mr. Pitt, dispatched to France to illustrate the wealth of Great Britain, and to prove to the French that we know the art of becoming rich in the midst of war and alarms. The French, I know, who are a good tempered people, laugh at all such folly; and with much shrewdness they say, that the English are hastening

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ing to refund the products of that commerce which Mr. Pitt had completely wrested from them. Notwithstanding all their capers and grimaces, they are a keen and artful nation; and while they receive such squanderers with bows and smiles, they secretly laugh at, if not despise their folly. These are truths, which I write with reluctance; because whatever is disreputable to our national character, wounds me to the quick; but I have heard these observations made more than once, and I have heard them too accompanied with a sneering remark, that the aggregate of the unnecessary surplus thus expended would have raised and filled vast granaries for the support of our poor in the hour of need, or sufficed to have bribed the integrity of all Paris, in the moment of conflict.

But I return to the subject, observing merely, that it is from no desire of depriving the poor postillions of any advantages which they may derive from the folly of our travellers, or even of censuring their right to dispose of their own property, as they think proper, but because this system has extended to the inns on the road, and to the hotels and tradesmen of Paris, and is severely felt by persons of inferior fortune and more sober dispositions.

The general rules of travelling in France are extremely simple. It is an established principle, that you pay for as many horses as there are persons, without excepting servants. Hence,

For a Chaise with two Wheels,

1 person within, 1 postillion, you have 2 horses;
2 persons ——, 1 —————— 2 horses;
3 persons ——, 1 —————— 3 horses,
and pay for four;
4 persons ——, 1 —————— 3 horses,
and pay for five.

For a Coach with four Wheels,

1 or 2 persons ——, 2 postillions, —— 4 horses;
3 persons ——, 2 —————— 4 horses,
and pay for five;
4 persons ——, 2 —————— 6 horses;
5 persons ——, 2 —————— 6 horses,
and pay for seven;
6 persons ——, 3 —————— 8 horses,
and pay for nine.

For a Berlin, or Chariot with four Wheels,

1 or 2 persons ——, 1 postillion, —— 3 horses;
3 persons ——, 1 —————— 4 horses,
and pay for five;
4 persons ——, 2 —————— 6 horses.

But this regulation is not always rigidly followed; for the postmasters in general, seldom put on more than three horses even for four persons: they will make you pay 40 or 45 sous per horse, instead of 30; but under this charge you will neces-

necessarily be a gainer. The postmasters are very civil and obliging, and I have often found their conversation very instructive. They are so accommodating, that if you do not choose to change, they will always refer the payment to the next post, or even to three or four posts in advance; and the postillions entertain the same disposition. But in case you travel during the night, or should feel disposed to sleep, it will be the best mode to pay for several posts in advance, together with the barrieres and postillions. In this way I have travelled half a day without interruption. Upon the whole, the service of posting is extremely well managed; and for good order, regularity, and promptness, it excels, perhaps, any other part of Europe. But this must not be ascribed to the effects of the revolution, for it was projected and executed under the ancient *regime*; and since the last ten years, the best part of the establishment, namely, the excellent roads, have been utterly neglected, notwithstanding the enormous charges at the *barrieres* for the ostensible purpose of keeping them in good order.

It is usual with some persons, especially Englishmen, who do not know what to do with their money, to send an *avant courier*, or man on horseback, to announce their approach, that the horses may be got ready. I feel no hesitation in declaring this to be absolutely useless between Calais and the capital, though it may be very

proper

proper in other parts of France, and particularly in some countries of Europe, where the postmasters would otherwise be obliged to detain the traveller an hour or two, and sometimes three hours, until the horses are brought from grass. But there is no cause of apprehension on the high road from Calais, because the postmasters are well provided; the only possible case in which an outrider may be necessary, is when there is a great concourse of strangers of distinction disembarked at Calais, and there may be reason to suppose that you may be compelled to sleep at a sorry inn on the road for want of a relay of horses, an inconvenience to which ladies and the infirm ought not to be subjected. In such case only can an outrider be necessary to secure you the first horses. The king's messengers, who are generally allowed to travel very fast, have no avant courier even on the most important and pressing occasions.

Before I conclude this subject, it may not be amiss to observe, that the traveller has nothing whatever to apprehend from highway robbers, or footpads. Although there are several large tracts of uninhabited land through which he must pass on his route, I have never heard of their having been infested by them. There are, besides, a number of Gens D'Armes, extremely well mounted and armed, who are continually riding along the roads to maintain the police and ensure safety of travellers.

LETTER

LETTER IV.

Journey to Amiens, with an Account of the present State of the Country.

AFTER all our arrangements had been concluded, we proceeded to Hautbuisson, which is one stage and an half, or nine English miles from Calais. At this place my passport was examined for the last time before our arrival at Paris. As we continued our route, we were forcibly struck with the backward state of vegetation in the whole of this portion of the Department of Calais; and when we compared this appearance and the poverty of the soil with the luxuriant richness of the County of Kent, at the same period of the year, we could not avoid noticing the momentary impression, which such a contrast must excite in the minds of the foreigner who should visit the two countries. Over the surface of those vast unenclosed tracts of land, we perceived scarcely any but women employed in the culture of the earth. The implements of tillage and husbandry, as well as the cattle, were the worst I ever beheld; nor, if we might be allowed to judge from appearances, was there a population in any degree adequate to the extent of the country.

Wherever

Wherever any vestiges of religion or aristocracy remained, we traced the ravages of the revolution. Monasteries and churches were heaps of ruins, or if a church had escaped the general wreck, the inscription over its portal, "This is the Temple of Reason and Truth," denoted the atheistical purpose to which it had been abused.

A great number of children, pressed upon us in every village through which we passed, begging charity and bread, and not unfrequently they were joined by a body of women, and old men. I inquired into the causes of this melancholy spectacle, and asked whether there was no room left for industry, or whether it was the effects of indolence. I received a most significant answer. My informer pointed to a monastery in ruins, and shook his head. I felt the force of the explanation, though I denied its justice.

The agreeable seaport of Boulogne, next presented itself before us. When we reached the gates, I asked whether Parker was still alive. They told me he kept the same hotel in which you and myself slept in the year 1792. The carriage had no sooner entered the Port Cocher, than I recognized him, grown grey, as I afterwards found, with suffering and persecution. He received me with uncommon pleasure, and as few Englishmen had hitherto passed, the sight of a countryman added to his delight. He informed me, that during the time of terror, Domme, a Con-

Conventional Deputy on mission, had taken up his head-quarters at his hotel, and there he fared sumptuously, and fed upon the fat of the land. In a very short space of time, this representative of the people contrived to absorb, besides a vast quantity of wine, particularly Port for which he had a great relish, not less than one whole hogshead of porter, for which he never paid a farthing. One day, after dinner, he sent for Parker, and inquired whether he had any more porter left; the latter replied that unfortunately his stock was entirely exhausted, at which the citizen deputy expressed great regret, at the same time acknowledging the attentions he had experienced from him. Two hours after, he ordered poor Parker into arrest, and literally sent him to a prison in Paris, without permitting him to make any arrangements respecting his domestic concerns, or even to take leave of his family. In this forlorn state, he remained eighteen months cut off from the society of his friends and relatives, with his house and property completely at the mercy of the Jacobins.

He has now returned to try his fortune once more at Boulogne, and I sincerely hope, that our English travellers will encourage a countryman, who, on many accounts, is highly deserving of their patronage.

As I traversed after dinner several streets of the town, I was much surprized to find a great number

number of private houses, convents, and monasteries utterly demolished, and forming so many piles of ruins, that it gave the town the appearance of having sustained a long and severe siege. It struck me immediately (for I had forgotten the enlightened age of Reason) that all this destruction had been caused by the late bombardment under Lord Nelson. But upon inquiry, I was soon convinced of my error. Only one bomb fell into the town, and I was informed it did no mischief; the ruins that were every where visible were formerly the habitations of suspected persons and religious houses, which were destroyed by the Jacobins, at the time that they overthrew what they called prejudices and superstition. Some of these buildings were remarkably handsome; and if the unsparing hand of devastation suffered no corporate bodies to escape, one would have imagined it would have left untouched edifices, which might have served in happier times for the use of the public and the ornament of the country. But prudential considerations are always too late, when the flood-gates of desolation are opened, and the waters of bitterness overflow; the destruction is always general and indiscriminate.

During the bombardment of the town, the naval officers, with Jerome Bonaparte, the youngest brother of the First Consul, messed every day at Parker's; and it is remarkable, that although

they knew he was an Englishman, they conducted themselves with the greatest liberality towards him, during the whole period of their residence there. Jerome put up at Parker's by the express desire of the First Consul. The inhabitants and the French officers ridiculed the idea of an invasion of England, and wondered that such an inconsiderable flotilla, as the one moored in Boulogne water, should have created so great an alarm upon our coasts, and caused one of the bravest and most distinguished of the British admirals to be sent to take the command of a few gun-boats to oppose them. "Your countrymen," said a French officer, "are very brave, but you are a mercantile nation, and merchants are always nervous."

This town, as well as Calais and Dunkerque, were filled, before the war, with English refugees; not discontented individuals, but persons who, with real English hearts, sought shelter from the pursuits of their creditors. This class, however, was composed chiefly of unfortunate or extravagant tradesmen, and rarely of any persons of superior condition, to whom a temporary retreat might be sometimes necessary, for the sake of recruiting their dilapidated fortunes. The advantages which England drew from these retreats were more considerable than appear at first sight; for as it was generally the effects of indolence and dissipation which brought them across the water, the

the necessity of their circumstances compelled them to alter their mode of life. Personal vanity was not affected, where all were on the same level of misfortune; they became habituated to industry and thrift, and many persons who were blown to these towns by a *North-Wester*, (the term affixed to every person landing at either of them in consequence of the derangement of his affairs) have been known to return to their native country, so improved in morals and fortune as to pay 20s. in the pound to their creditors, and to amass considerable wealth in their respective professions at home. Doubtless there are many exceptions to this observation, and men of abandoned characters, would rather remain in a foreign land, than return to their country and do justice. But I could name, not less than eight or nine individuals, who have arrived here and at Dunkerque with a *North-Wester*, but who are at this time eminent merchants in the City of London. Considering these towns, therefore, in an enlarged and liberal commercial light, combined with the extraordinary severity of the English laws of debtor and creditor (but not including the humane bankrupt laws) I cannot avoid looking upon them with some degree of approbation, as affording to the unfortunate and the improvident, the means of becoming careful and honest; and therefore more advantageous resorts

for the debtor than the woods of America, amidst rattle-snakes and savages.

Hitherto very few persons of this description have arrived at Boulogne, though plenty are expected. In Calais there were several *North-Westers*, and among them an officer of the ——, who had left his mistress and curricle in pawn at ——. I learnt afterwards, that he had retired by the advice of his attorney, *to save the term.*

It is out of my power to give you any account of the present state of commerce here, if, in fact, the town may be said to possess any. Formerly it consisted principally in fishery, in the building of vessels, and in a smuggling trade with the sea-ports on the opposite side of the water. On the ratification of the treaty of peace, the English who shall arrive here will revive its wonted activity, by importing with them the commercial spirit of their nation.

It was my intention to have slept at *Montreuil-sur-Mer*, at the distance of four posts and an half, or about 26 miles from Boulogne; but the dread which my companion entertained of robbers (phantoms which some of the English papers had conjured, and from which I attempted in vain to dissuade her) compelled me to pass the night at Samer, the next post town. Although we were thus obliged to lodge at a miserable inn on the *place publique*, market place or square, nothing

nothing could exceed the kind attentions of the people. They had nothing but milk and coffee to give us, which were but slender supports for persons just recovered from sickness at sea; and seven hours had elapsed since dinner. This inconvenience, however, I had anticipated at Calais, and therefore I had taken care to provide myself with a fowl and two bottles of burgundy, a precaution which ought never to be omitted, when you travel abroad in company with a female, because it is uncertain where you will stop. The milk and the coffee I poured into a bowl, and gave with a long roll of French bread to a miserable creature at the gate. The manner in which they were received and devoured, absolutely confounded me, for I had never seen the like in Old France. Nor can Symond's excellent representation of the starving porter, before the presence of Father Paul, in Sheridan's Duenna, give any idea of the scene. This, and many similar occurrences, provoked meditation, and led to future inquiries.

The next morning we proceeded to Cormont, about five miles and an half, where we changed horses, and thence to Montreuil, situate on a steep mountain, and formerly a strong fortress. We had a full view of the town, at the distance of a league, and when we approached, the road was exactly parallel to it. This circumstance I never had an opportunity of noticing before, as I

had always passed the town in the night; but the effect was extremely pleasant, for I believed it was not Montreuil, and continued firm in this persuasion, until the road took a sudden direction to the right, and we were presented with a fine view of the ramparts and the barracks. The ascent to *Varen*'s, the post-house where we stopped to breakfast, is remarkably steep, along the side of the ramparts, on which there is an agreeable walk round the town, and a very extensive prospect from every part of it. I should have observed, that the road, or causeway, leading to Montreuil, is elevated considerably above the surface of the country, which, on either side, though in a tolerable state of cultivation, is marshy. This circumstance gives a very imposing aspect to the town and mountain, which rise majestically out of a vast swamp, and afford also a pleasing relief to the eye of the traveller.

Before the Revolution, there was a convent of English, and a number of English families here, but since that event, the convent has been demolished, and the place has been altogether abandoned by our people. I ventured in this place to enter into a little political dialogue with two very respectable persons, whom I found in the inn, and to ask what was their opinion of the peace, and their present government? I found they were contented with both. They observed, that no man who had witnessed such scenes as

they had done, could avoid rejoicing at an event which promised repose to France and to mankind; that the blood which had been spilt within and without their country had completely sickened and disgusted the French people at the very name of war; England was the only enemy which they had ever feared, and they hoped, as peace was at length concluded, that it would be lasting, and cement a good understanding between the two nations. Then followed the old and trite remark, (not less true however because it is old and trite, if it were possible that no national inveteracies stood in the way of its execution) that if England and France were to join in one cordial union, they might *command the whole world*, and retain it in a state of permanent peace. They had not a conception, that the peace was not in favour of England; and when I purposely enumerated one after the other the different colonies which we had restored to France, they laughed at me, and observed, " You have taken away our commerce, and what have we taken from you?"

With respect to the present government, they expressed themselves perfectly satisfied; and without speaking of it in terms of adulation, they avowed that any government which maintained good order, was preferable to a system of anarchy. They assured me, that the scenes which they had witnessed, could not be described. With much feeling, and without the usual tactics of grimace

and action, they said, "We lived in times when no man could trust his neighbour, much less speak his thoughts; a brother could not confide in a brother." "Then," I observed, "you have, doubtless, had the guillotine permanent in your town?" "No, Sir, it has never been erected here, but many of our fellow townsmen have been imprisoned and massacred at Arras."—"By Joseph Le Bon?"—"The same." "What then could induce your people to destroy the convent?"—"With many, the fear of death; with others, because it was the fashion."

While we were engaged in conversation, a person brought in a hare and a leveret, for which our hostess paid ten sous; and on my observing, that things must be extremely cheap in France, if we might judge by the purchase which had just been made, they answered, that every article of necessity was now dearer than during the time of their greatest distress; and that bread, which was a primary article, was inordinately dear. Upon a calculation, I found it to be an halfpenny per pound dearer than in England. In England, the assize of bread may be regarded as a fair medium for determining the value of most other articles; but this is not, I apprehend, an accurate mode of ascertaining their relative value in France, because of the paramount consideration and consumption of that article.

Our

Our horses being harnessed, or rather corded, we took our leave, but we had literally to penetrate through a column of beggars before we mounted into the carriage. This detachment was composed of a very different class to any we had before seen; they were mostly boys, from fourteen to seventeen years of age, and their number (for I took the trouble of counting them) amounted to three and twenty. In order to procure some information concerning this phenomenon, I requested the person with whom I had been conversing to step to the window of the carriage, and to explain why, at eleven o'clock in the morning, these lads were not at work, observing at the same time, that I meant to distribute something among them. He answered, that they had no work, and were in an unfeigned state of indigence, for that their parents had not the means of providing them with adequate subsistence. On which I observed, that they might find ample occupation in the pursuits of agriculture and husbandry, and asked whether it was not highly injurious to the community to suffer these boys not to be brought up to any trade. He then whispered, that while the noblesse resided in the country, and the monasteries existed, vast numbers of them found employment, and those who were out of place were assisted by the charity of the religious orders; but that since their destruction, the land had devolved into other hands, and often to proprietors who

were at Paris, and never lived on their estates; for the houses which formerly stood upon these lands, were in general pulled down by the mob, so that the proprietors had no temptation whatever to reside among the country people, and the expence of rebuilding them was too great under the present circumstances. " It is evident," said I, " that these poor creatures are punished for their folly," which he fully admitted. Besides this circumstance, he mentioned that the parents of these children were the persons employed in the business of agriculture, and that as for trades, all those who had not fallen under the requisitions, were glad, for the sake of bread, to serve different tradesmen, and to undertake the duties which were formerly fulfilled by boys. On my giving a hint of the army, he said, " all in good time, they will be in the next conscription, and then they will be provided for." I returned him my thanks for this explanation, and after distributing a little money among these children, I proceeded on my route, but not without pondering on this reversed order of social life.

In the first place, it appeared to me from what I had hitherto seen, that the revolution which was brought about ostensibly for the benefit of the lower classes of society, had sunk them to a scale of degradation and misfortune to which they had never been reduced under the ancient monarchy. Fatal events, and bad laws, have conspired

spired against them; they have been disinherited, stripped, and deprived of every resource for existence, except in feats of arms, and the fleeting spoil of vanquished nations. In the sententious language of Montesquieu, we may affirm of them, that with an hundred thousand arms they have overthrown every thing, with an hundred thousand feet they have crawled like insects.

Secondly, this reversion of social order, if continued, must inevitably destroy the strongest sentiments of moral obligation. Boys of fifteen years of age, are suffered to beg for charity, while their fathers and mothers are labouring in the fields; full grown men are engaged in avocations which are peculiar only to youth; a life of habitual indolence is encouraged in those who, according to the dictates of nature, should be toiling for those who gave them birth; and lastly, from this scene of sloth, they are transplanted to the armies, without having been taught one occupation by which they may obtain a livelihood after their period of service has expired. What is to be expected from such young men, on their return to the condition of citizens? Nothing. They are a dead stock on the community; they are a load on their friends, and an incumbrance to themselves. They who have been taught no other trade but to beg, to handle a firelock, and to parade, not to say plunder, will rob when they come home; they will be the terror of the peaceful

ful citizen, and a nuisance to the government, which will find no other mode of getting rid of them but by sending them once more to the armies. Thus an immense military establishment will become a plea for the preservation of internal police; the army will be the reservoir of the indolent and profligate, who must be supported by the fruits of the speculations of the merchant, and the labour of the farmer. This is in itself more pernicious than the *corveés*, so universally and justly complained of, which wrung from the extorted labour of the oppressed farmer the means of lordly pride and magnificence. But this is not all. To foreign nations, the sight of so great a force encircling France on every side, and ready to burst upon them at a single word of command, must ever be an object of terror and alarm. In order to quiet their just apprehensions, they must maintain powerful armies in a constant state of preparation; thus a vast camp must be formed in the center of Europe, in the midst of full internal tranquillity, and a profound and general peace. Let an estimation be next made of the many thousand hands thus withdrawn from the useful and lucrative pursuits of agriculture, manufactures and commerce, and then let statesmen reflect whether they have not mistaken the path to real national glory and felicity.

It is, however, in vain to urge any such arguments, while France continues to uphold her military

military establishment. A stern necessity must compel every nation, bordering on the territories of the Republic, to provide for its own security. Has not the military force of France, under the old monarchy, been always pleaded as a reason for maintaining a strong standing army in our island? and shall it be said, that the nations on the Continent have not more reason to adopt a similar precaution, when they do not possess the same advantage as ourselves of being separated from France by a ditch? A man who should propose the reduction of our army, would be esteemed a madman, or something worse; the great continental powers, therefore, cannot be blamed for pursuing a system, which is enforced upon them by an imperious necessity.

I am well aware, that much is to be hoped from the versatile and ingenious character of the French people. A Frenchman, it is well known, can turn himself to a thousand different occupations, which would never enter into the brain of an Englishman or German; and it is a common adage, that if a Frenchman be turned adrift and pennyless on the wide world, he will thrive and prosper. Much of this opinion is founded on experience, and I hope it will be realized; but if it should not?

If the situation of France and the other nations on the Continent be contrasted with that of our

our happy country, we shall readily perceive a decided advantage on the part of Great Britain. All *our* soldiers, and many of our sailors, before their entrance either into the navy or army, have been previously educated to some industrious pursuit, as farmers, artizans, manufacturers, &c. the sense of filial duty remains strong among them. Hence, after a long war, their being reduced is a circumstance at which they rejoice; and the country has nothing to apprehend from them. They may instantly resume their former relations in society; the law grants them a liberty peculiar to themselves, and every species of trade and manufacture is again open to them. Thus rapidly returning to their former habits of industry, commerce receives an additional elasticity from the support of those very men, whose martial profession has been too often fatal to its operations.

These are undeniable facts, which it becomes the present government of France seriously to reflect upon; and if indeed the first Consul be sincerely desirous of peace with our country, I trust that proper measures will be pursued to remedy these evils, to dissipate the anxieties of the good, and to promote the cause of agriculture, and all kinds of peaceful industry. When the apparatus of military systems shall have been removed, and nations are left to themselves, they will perform prodigies; but when they

they are cramped and shackled, no generous or beneficial improvement can be expected to take place either in the physical or moral order of society.

But these reflections have led me out of my road to Nampont, which is a post and an half from Montreuil. At this place we changed horses, and proceeded to Bernay, nearly six miles further, where we again changed. Nothing remarkable on this route; the weather was favourable, and we hastened forwards as fast as possible, in order to reach Amiens before dark. Nouvion, distant about five miles and an half from our last stage, was the next post town where we stopt, whence we proceeded over a very flat and unpleasant tract of country to Abbeville. On the way, we passed on the left a very pretty chateau, surrounded by a considerable plantation of various kinds of trees. It belonged formerly to M. de St. Quentin, who emigrated to England, in consequence of which the whole of his property was confiscated, and afterwards purchased by a merchant of Abbeville, who is the present proprietor. The name of M. de St. Quentin has since been struck off the roll of proscription, and he has returned to his native country. While we were passing, he was then residing at a little village which formerly belonged to him, within sight of his former mansion. As no part of his property has been restored,

stored, and no allowance granted to him by the government, he lives in this forlorn state by the generous support of his relatives. Our postillion had lived with M. de St. Quentin, twelve years in the capacity of a gardener; and, as he drove along, he pointed to a young plantation in front of the house, and with much sympathy said to us, "all those trees were planted by me." He had not seen his former master, and he expressed a hope that fortune would spare him from such an afflictive meeting.

The love of country must be a predominant passion in the minds of Frenchmen, who, after a voluntary exile of twelve years, would rather reside in it, in the midst of penury, as well as endure the mortification of being constantly within view of their former property, and of traversing daily those fields which now belong to a stranger. What bitter recollections must this excite! how much are these sorrowful sons of persecution to be deplored!

On the right of us stood a chateau, belonging to M. de Maritan, which formed a striking contrast with the former. They are within sight of each other, but M. de St. Maritan had no emigrated; he therefore retained full possession of his property. The reflections of this gentleman, and of the late and present proprietor of the chateau de St. Quentin, if they could be reduced

to

to writing, would form an interesting episode on the vicissitudes of human life.

We dined at Reichard's hotel, were exceedingly well entertained, and the charge was not unreasonable; but our dinner was rendered extremely uncomfortable, on account of the crowd of beggars who were looking through the window, and asking charity. It was impossible to satisfy them, for as fast as one crowd was dismissed, another advanced upon their heels. I had no opportunity of counting their number, but a gentleman who was there a few days before me, declared there were above one hundred who assailed him.

There is nothing interesting in the city of Abbeville; it is old and wretchedly built, many of the houses being made of wood; and there is a gloomy aspect in every part of it. It was celebrated before the revolution for its damasks, and the vast manufactory of Van Robais, established by Lewis XIV. which gave employment to more than 4000 persons; but this number has been greatly diminished since the war. The population of the city itself has been considerably reduced; before the war it was computed at 22,000, but now they reckon not more than 18,000 souls.

Ally-le-haut-clocher was our next post town, and the only circumstance worthy of notice in it was a red cap at the top of the spire of the church steeple, a mark of jacobinism, which we have seen almost on every church we met with

from this place, as well as at Paris. This post is about nine miles distant from Abbeville, along which we never remarked one cheerful prospect, or well cultivated lot of ground. The next stage was Flixcourt, not more than six miles off, though we paid for a post and an half. Here stood the tree of liberty, the first we had noticed since our arrival in France. From this place we proceeded six miles further to Pecquigny, where we again changed horses, and thence to the city of Amiens, a stage of nine miles. It was rather late when we arrived, and to my great misfortune (as you will perceive shortly) I mistook the house to which I had been recommended. By the light of the lanthorn, which the person who opened the gates held up, I read Pollet, instead of La poste aux chevaux; in consequence of which the postillion drove us to the Lion D'Or, or Golden Lion, next to the theatre; and when you learn how sweetly Madame Pollet picked my pocket, you will not be surprized I should esteem it a misfortune that I sat my foot within her doors.

Before I close this long letter, I shall present you with a few observations on the general face of the country, and the state of agriculture, objects in which you place the first importance.

I have already given a short description of the appearance of the country between Calais and Boulogne; from the latter of which, as far as Abbeville, there is scarcely any diversity. The

soil

soil is good, but the cultivation is in a most deplorable state; there are hardly any inclosures; the trees, which were always scanty in these parts, have been cut down; and the distant hills which relieved the wearisomness of a flat country, have been completely stripped of their most beautiful ornaments. I never saw any sheep or cattle pasturing, until I approached Montreuil, where, indeed, husbandry seemed in a more flourishing condition, and some fine meadows denoted a more attentive cultivation.

Nothing can exceed the wretched implements of husbandry employed, but the wretched cattle, and more wretched appearance of the persons who were attending them. Women at the plough, and young girls driving a team, give but an indifferent idea of the progress of agriculture in this part of the Republic. There are no farm-houses dispersed over the fields, giving, as in England, delightful prospects of ease, comfort, and industry; on the contrary, the farmers reside together, as in our feudal times, in remote villages, a circumstance of itself calculated to retard the business of cultivation. The interior of the farm houses are filthy, the farm yards in the utmost disorder, and the miserable condition of their cattle sufficiently bespeak the poverty of their accommodations or housings. Meat of all kinds is poor and little nutricious, but the poultry is most excellent: the wine is sour, and worse than

vinegar and water; and even in the great inns, where, from the price I paid for Burgundy and Bordeaux, I expected to have obtained wine of the best quality, I never drank one glass of even tolerable wine (Chantilly excepted) during the whole route from Calais to the capital.

Between Montreuil and Flixcourt we were greatly diverted at the sight of two women ploughing with three asses, to sow barley. Although this be but a solitary instance, it confirms the opinion on which I have always insisted, but not ludicrously, that if we were in England, to make more use of asses in husbandry, very great advantages might be derived to the community, and a great saving to the farmer. If, instead of harassing and ill-treating these useful animals, we were to give them a little more consequence in the society of brutes; if we were to raise them from the condition of slaves to that of servants, they would certainly possess more spirit and energy, and be more tractable. This was the case with the asses which were at the plough; they looked plump and sleek, and performed their work apparently as well as horses. After having seen a goat at the plough, you cannot be surprized that I should plead the cause of the poor ass; besides, I acknowledge myself to be the friend of asses.

All the postmasters are farmers, and some of them have amassed considerable fortunes, and become

become land owners; they are very courteous to strangers, and communicative, especially when they discover that the conversation is not entertained for the sake of gratifying idle curiosity. Many of them keep excellent inns, for the accommodation of travellers, but never solicit you to give them the preference.

LETTER V.

Description of Amiens, and happy Release from the Lion d'Or.

AT the time we arrived at the inn, the people were leaving the theatre, which overflowed on account of a new piece that was represented that night. You know the French character; a Frenchman would rather be called knave, than be accused of a want of gout*; hence the theatres are always more crowded at the representation of a new piece (whatever may be the celebrity of the author, or if he enjoy no celebrity at all) than at the performance of a tragedy of Corneille, or a comedy of Moliere. In England, at a first representation, the houses are often not half filled, except with the friends of the author, who is either bowing to the manager, or quaking in the green room, waiting, like a criminal, the sentence of a few cold critics in the pit; but in France, every man fancies himself to be a critic, and makes a point of attending the

* Since my return to England, this fact has been illustrated by Messieurs, ci-devant Citizens, Roederer & Barrere, in their furious declamations against the English newspapers. These men never understood the principles of liberty, if they had, they would have been silent.

theatre

theatre in order to be a party of that dread tribunal, from whose decisions there is no appeal. The author also frequently stations himself in a distinguished part of the theatre, where, with all the assurance of success, and the confidence of a beau in the boxes, he bows to the pit, the gallery and the ladies. If the piece succeed, he imagines himself transported to Elysium; he carries himself high, assumes *the imposing attitude belonging to the dignity of his character,* and confesses that the French are a people of the greatest taste in the world. But, if unhappily, the piece is damned (a circumstance which I have seen more than once) his deportment immediately alters; he clenches his fists, his jaws chatter, he grins horribly a ghastly smile, swears aloud that the audience are a gang of *f—— canaille, scelerats, bandits,* and to crown the whole, *des gens de mauvais gout.* When he has reached this climax of epithets, by far the most opprobrious in France, he rushes like a madman, furiously from the boxes.

Independently of this desire of displaying their *bon gout,* there is another powerful motive which hurries all the world to the representation of a new piece. It consists in being able to give an answer in the affirmative; for the first question the next morning is, "Were you at the playhouse last night?" If you cannot answer, *yes,* you are a lost man—gone for ever! You will have missed

a thousand circumstances which will be minutely recounted; and if to redeem your character, you should attend the theatre every night of your life, your crime will still be imputed against you as a proof of your *mauvais gout*. Be sure, therefore, always to attend a *first* representation, for if you delay your appearance to the second or third night, you will be told that you have seen nothing at all.

It happened that on the night of our arrival at Amiens, a very good piece was presented to the Public, and it was received with unbounded applause; my inclinations, however, were directed to a more substantial piece, a good supper. —*Mauvais gout!*

In order to give you a proper notion of the dexterity of the amiable Madame Pollet, *aubergiste au Lion d'Or*, I shall describe my mode of living in her house. We were shewn into a good room, with four chairs in it, a little wooden table, on which we supped, and a chest of drawers in a corner. At the opposite corner, stood a dome bedstead in the French style, very prettily hung with blue silk curtains, and a blue silk counterpane on the bed. As the French still retain their nasty custom of eating and drinking in their bedrooms at every inn, I ordered supper for *two* persons, and the fire to be lighted. In about a quarter of an hour, the following dishes were served up in succession, a jowl of salmon (the largest

largest and fattest I ever saw) two of the finest soles I ever beheld*, one partridge, one pidgeon, an hashed hare, one fowl, boulli, spinach, and a few vegetables, one bottle of the Picardy beer, one bottle of white champagne, and one bottle of Volney wine. The three last articles were the only ones I bespoke. You may conceive our astonishment at this unceasing procession of viands; it surpassed the scene at Baratara. My companion scarcely ate any thing, but I had a good appetite and took courage. No sooner had I dispatched my quota of one dish, than up came another; this was rapidly followed by another, and another, and another; and I do believe it would have continued all night, if nature and my good humour, being entirely exhausted, had not obliged me to cry mercy. O mighty Sancho, thought I, what wouldest thou have given to have been here? thou wouldest have renounced thine island and all thine earthly glory, to have become the groom of so tasty a woman as Madame Pollet!

Having successfully begged for quarter, and taken the precaution to forbid any desert, I bade my attendants good night, after having desired to see the Cathedral on the next morning. Persons who travel abroad, must reconcile themselves to many inconveniencies, and often to a want of

* The soles in France are peculiarly excellent.

food;

food; but there are few, perhaps, besides myself (Madame Pollet is so good) who can boast of a surfeit. I would not have you imagine, for a moment, that I attacked every dish as it advanced; as I supposed that a petit souper ordered for *two* persons, would not exceed three dishes at most, I made a hearty supper on a bit of salmon, part of a sole, and some hashed hare; the rest of the feast went down untouched.

The next morning we went to see the Cathedral, which has been always considered as one of the finest monuments of the architecture and piety of ancient days. It has escaped, in some measure, the storms of the Revolution, though its decorations have been either removed or mutilated. At the grand entry, all the heads of the Saints have been struck off, and the large groupe of sculptured figures, which represented several scriptural histories, have been so much disfigured as to render them quite ridiculous. The admirable piece of sculpture, in marble, of the weeping child, has also received considerable injury; the beautiful chapels on each side of the choir, formed entirely of marble, are in an excellent state of preservation, as well as the marble statues over the altars*. Nothing is missing from them but the gold and silver candlesticks, and the rich orna-

* The Virgin was clothed in crape, and the cathedral was decorated with Hollies, from which we concluded that some respect was paid to the ceremonies of the Christian church.

ments of the Romish church; even the bones of the tutelary Saint are left unmolested, only the immense box of silver in which they were deposited has been seized. The grand altar piece of the cathedral, representing a glory and clouds, which spread across the whole breadth of the church, and rise majestically towards its top, forming a very splendid *coup-d'œil*, and magnificent effect, has outlived the fury which threatened its destruction; a circumstance that must be ascribed solely to the spirit and good sense of the National Guard of Amiens. For the revolutionary army had commenced a general sack of the Cathedral, and were demolishing its ornaments, when the National Guard arrived with its drums beating. A pitched battle ensued in the aisles, which did not finish till the revolutionary army were driven entirely out of the Cathedral; the citizens afterwards mounted guard in the Cathedral, and thus saved it from the common ruin in which a band of ruffians had involved St. Dénis, and most of the fine churches of France.

This edifice is very large, and remarkably light. Bishop Evrard began it in the year 1220, during the reign of Philip Augustus; and there were three architects who superintended the work, Robert de Luzarche, Thomas de Cormont, and Master Renoult. Evrard, who survived the commencement of the undertaking only three years, had

had the satisfaction to see the foundations completely laid, which must have been effected with astonishing celerity, when their solidity and extent are considered. For the cathedral is built on irregular ground, forming a kind of hill to the North and West, and consequently requiring very deep foundations. These foundations are supported by a piece of stone work six inches thick, extending from the nave to the extremity of the church, and joining together the piles in such a manner as that between them there is a similar piece of masonry, which renders the foundations of this vast edifice solid and immoveable, and consequently affords but a very small space for the interment of the canons.

Upon the death of Evrard, his successor Godfrey of Eu, prosecuted the building with no less zeal than his predecessor, and during the fourteen years in which he filled the episcopal see, the piles were raised, and all the rest of the cathedral constructed as far as the arched roof. These two bishops were interred at the entrance of the cathedral, in two brass coffins, which have been since removed, and placed on either side of the great portal, and in their stead, two epitaphs inscribed on marble, denote the spot where they were buried; under the first was the body of Evrard, and under the second Bishop Godfrey.

Arnold, a native of Amiens, succeeded Godfrey in the bishopric, and in his ardour for erecting

ing the cathedral. A similar spirit animated Gerard of Couchy and Alexander of Neuilly, the Bishops who followed him; until, under Bernard of Abbeville, appointed Bishop in 1260, the work was completed. This last ecclesiastic adorned the Cathedral with that immense painted glass window which is at the bottom of the choir, and ornaments its central part. Beneath it, is the following inscription,

Bernardus Epis. me dedit anno MCCLIX.

Thus this Cathedral occupied above thirty-nine years before the whole structure was finished.

No expence or pains were spared in the details and internal departments, to render them worthy of the grandeur of the edifice; a magnificent choir, the most splendid pulpit in the world, supported by the four cardinal virtues; chapels light and beautifully decorated, corresponded with the whole majesty of the scene; and during divine service, in all its ancient decency, holy and imposing pomp, represented religion in the fulness of its sublime glory, and worthy of the Eternal Being to whom this homage was addressed.

———The high-embowed roof,
With antick pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light:
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voic'd quire below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear

Dissolve

Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.

MILTON.

Measures and Proportions of the Church.

	Feet.	Inch.
Length of the nave	221	6
Length of the choir to the principal chapel	153	0
Length of the principal chapel	43	6
Total length of the inside of the cathedral	418	0
Breadth of the nave	42	9
Length of the stone cross-work	182	0
Distance between each pillar	15	9
Height of the Cathedral	132	9
Height of the wings	60	0
Height of the whole cathedral to its roof	200	0
Height of the spire	200	0
Hence to the weather-cock, the total height	400	0

Nothing can exceed the gloomy appearance of this edifice now shorn of all its former decorations. When we entered, instead of the loud peals of the organ, and the solemnity of religious worship, there were not more than six old women, and a veteran soldier of artillery, at their matins, or shivering with cold and hunger, and walking pensive along the aisles. When we associated this circumstance with the absence and former persecution of all the ministers of religion, it gave a chilly aspect to the whole scene, and damped all those finer emotions of the soul, which arise from contemplating a vast edifice consecrated to piety.

In

In order to dissipate these gloomy reflections, I here present you with a Bouquet, in Picardy rhime, on the festival of St. Charles, the patron of the cathedral. It will give you some idea of this language, compounded of Spanish, Flemish, and French.

VERS À MOÈTE CHERLOS,

Peursentés par sen Fillos, l'Jour d'es Fête.

OJORDHUI tout l'journé q'j'étoés sans mes marmots,
J'é msus occupé d'ti men cher parein Cherlos
J'é msus dis à mi même : eh parbiu chest demain s'fête.
Y feut l'y aller soéter : mais poén comm' enn' grand'béte,
Sans l'y dire én seul mot.....Allons foichonnons li
En bieu pquiot coplimen qui foéche vire, ecq' Lili
N'est mi coire si tant sot qu'o l'croi d'en seu village....
Sitôt dit, sitôt foët, j'é mboutis à l'ouvrage.
Ej pénse en pquiot momén....j'é nsais par où c'mencher.
Ej rév coir enn' sais quoi, san qu'ej' peuche avancher.
J'avoés énvi, d'dépit, d'éjter lo mn'encre et m'pléme.....
Mais j'é msus rapensé q'chés pus boens rimeux même,
Avoett' otant d'mo q'mi, pour foere én bieu morcieu ;
Qu'y frotoettant pour cho leus téte et leus cervieu,
Et d'pus qu'y falloet coir qu'Apolon leus grand Moéte
Vienche enflamber leus vingn' comm' énn bott' d'Alcumeté
J'n'en foés poén à deux fois : j'é mgratte em' tête étous,
Pour m'en cervieu, Diu sait ? j'ellertourne sans sus d'sus,
J'é mmords me doights, mes peux j'émbèsille em macoire,
Ej sus même ébahi cmént Diab' a l'y tient coire,
J'm'égosille ed crier : Apolon ch Moéte Rimeu,
Viens rade éj t'én suplie aidier ch' complimenteu....
Enfin vlo qu'il arrivé éj l'y foés énn' ploncade,
Q'y rechut bien polimén én m'réndans enn' saluade,

Enfin

Èh qué Diab' m'o t' y dis, os-tu don' á crier ?
Tu foés des cris d'brulé.... " Chest pour afin d' m'aidier
" A foer à mén parein én coplimén pour s'féte.
" Dis m'chanqui feu l'y dire, afin qu'éj l'y repéte."
Ecris : pour ten parein y gnio poén d'embaros,
Qu'éq' bien qu' os én disonch' éj sus seur qu'o diros.
Y gnio, ma foi rien d'tro. Chest l'milleur homm' du monde ;
O s'oroez bien chercher, pus d' deux chens lius à l'ronde,
O n'trovroez poén nénn' part, poén dén én seul endroét
En pus brav' homm eq'li, qui soét pu franc pu droét.
Aveu li poén d'chagrin, qu'y pleuch, qu'y vent' qu'y tonne
Il est toujours contént comme én Roi sus sén tronne ;
Pour peu qu'ol boutt' én train ; à moins qu'o n'dich ; chest d'tro,
D'puis l'matin jusqu'o Vep' y cantt' comm' én pierro,
Il o f.... ennn' bell' voiss'....Y. vous foét des roulades....
Comm' mis sus mén violon, quand éj vo juer d' s' obades.
Mais chnest poén lo l'pus bien ; chqui l' y foét pus d'honeur..
Chest q'il o toujour éus én boén, mais én boén coeur.
Il ainm' tout comm' ses yux ess' zénfans épi s'fanme,
Pour eux y baill'roèt tou, es' c' mise, s'en cor, es n' anme.
Si n' foésoét cho q'pour eux, gnioroet rien d'étonant ;
Enn' fanm' si boenn' q'el sienne, én meritt bien etant.
Ses Garc hons sont si boens, ses Fill' ont l'minn' si douche
Eq pour én poen l'sainmer, y feudroét êtt farouche.
Mais chest pour tous chés gén eq' tén parein Cherlos
Es met tout én ékueume épis en fromag' mos.
S'agit y d'four plaisi : tu l'sais bien par ti méme,
Il est toujours tout prét, chest lo sur-tout ch qu'il aime.
Combien o t'y couru pour t'rend' ten sort pus doux ?
Y couroet d'droits' et d'geuche, par chi, par lo, partous ;
Sen Frer Canoine et li, l'zo tu vu s'tenir tranquille,
Qu' y n' eutt' foet ten boenneur, épi ch ti d' ett' famille.
Mén por Lili qu' y t' ainm !.... Quand tu vos den s'moéson
Tu sais comm' y t' erchoit ! y t' régale à foeson,

Y t' bail á boir du vin, mais poén au bout d'enn plémé.
Bé, t' dit-il, comme éj bois, toujours sans ieu, foés d'méme..
F....., olo qu'est parle, olo ch' qui s'appell' boen coeur.
Port li clipquiot complimen. Adiu, t' n humb' serviteur."
Ej t' ell' aportt' Cherlos. Y gnlo rieh éj t' ell' jure.
D'en tout èh qui m' o lo dit qu' ell' vérité toutt' pure.
Aveu mén complimen, éj voudroés t' bailler coir.
Men coeur épi ch' bouquet; voudroés tu l'zerchevoir?.....
Quoi tu l'erchois, Cherlos? Ah permet qu' éj émbrache;
Que j'é m' jett' à tén cò, que j'é m' coll' contt, ett, fache.

On our return, we viewed the ruins of a building which was the palace of Henry IV. of France; it is situated at the back of the Lion d'Or, and is not worth the attention of the curious. There is only a part of one of its wings remaining, and the rooms are so small, that they resemble monkish cells more than the chambers of a great king. It is surprising that the revolutionary army in their rage for destruction, should have left untouched this vestige of royalty; perhaps, it owes its existence to the obscurity of its position. The fury of the Jacobins seems to have been directed principally against the sculptured heads of Saints, who have slept in peace for ages; for none of the houses in the close, which were formerly the residence of the Canons, have been demolished. They became national property; but it is not a little remarkable that they remain to this day without a purchaser; and I have been since informed, that it is the intention of the govern-

ment to revive the discipline of the Cathedral, and to restore these houses to the Chapter. A Bishop has been nominated to this diocese, but as the episcopal palace has been destroyed, he will be lodged in a proper house that will be provided for him at the expence of the government.

When a person is travelling in the French Republic, if he happen to arrive at any town which has been a theatre of revolutionary carnage, and he be desirous of collecting anecdotes in a short time, I would recommend him to present himself to four very important personages, a municipal officer, a bookseller, a jacobin, and the public executioner. From these gentlemen, he may pick up as many little narratives as shall make four good duodecimo volumes; and he may afterwards publish them to the world, like Helen Maria Williams, under the title of "Anecdotes of the French Revolution." It is not at all necessary that he should exert any reflection, or that he should make any laborious investigation into all the circumstances which are combined with his stories. The only quality requisite is a good memory, and in case he should *forget* some of the details, an *artificial* or *creative* memory will answer full as well, the bookseller's purpose.

I have been led to these remarks, from the multitude of anecdotes which have assailed me in the course of my short journey to Paris.

Were I to sit down coolly to arrange the number of facts, some pathetic, some ludicrous, some horribly jocose, together with the quantity of entertaining lies which I have heard, and were I to marshal them in due order for the Press, I am persuaded, without exaggeration, that they would make three good volumes. This task, however, I leave to future travellers, who will, no doubt, make a *moral* and *political* tour to this country for the benefit of the booksellers; and who, mounted on the Pegasus of invention, will gallop from one corner of France to the other, in order to collect *bloody news*. France still bleeds at every pore; she is a vast mourning family clothed in sackcloth: I would rather have drawn a veil over her crimes and her sufferings, and presented her as a gay landscape, where freedom, justice, and religion might be every where seen, amidst smooth savannahs, and fields smiling with luxuriance and plenty. But it is impossible, at this time, for a contemplative mind to be gay in France. At every footstep, the merciless and sanguinary route of fanatical barbarians disgust the sight, and sicken humanity; on all sides, ruins and loathsome monuments of mankind in a degenerated state, obtrude themselves on the reluctant eye, and compel us to inquire for what, and for whom, are all this havock and desolation?

Man! proud man!

It was in this city, that the hand of justice overtook that execrable villain, Joseph Le Bon. He was executed amidst the curses and yells of that very populace, who, a few weeks before, had received him with shouts of applause, and loaded him with caresses. While he was on mission, a poor harmless priest happened to fall under his displeasure: Le Bon issued an order for his arrest; but the priest obtained intelligence of his danger, and sought refuge in the woods. This circumstance aroused the fury of the vindictive tyrant: he wrote instantly to the Committee of Public Safety, denouncing a great conspiracy, declared that he had discovered all the conspirators, and that an agent of Pitt had fled into the woods, but from the vigorous measures he had adopted, he had no doubt whatever, that the criminal would be brought to justice. He kept his word. Vigorous measures were adopted with a vengeance. The generale was beaten, and all the armed citizens were ordered to scour the woods, in order to seize the agent of Pitt. On the ensuing day, the poor creature, exhausted with fatigue, half famished, and hunted like a wild beast, returned to the city, and surrendered himself to his tormentors. He was carried on the same night before the Revolutionary tribunal. He was asked his name, and he no sooner replied than the Jury, without hearing either the indictment or the evidence, pronounced

him guilty, and sentenced him to die. He was then remanded to prison. The whole of the night he spent in prayer, and on the next morning, when the Gens-d'Armes arrived to attend him to the place of execution, the fears which had prompted him to take shelter in the woods, instantly forsook him; he became resigned, and courageous. Fortified by his religious sentiments and conscious innocence, he proclaimed that he preferred death to living in a society, in whose breasts every spark of justice was extinguished; that the very circumstance of his having been condemned unheard, and without even the forms of a trial, proved that the time was come, when good men should no longer desire to live; and that as death was now the object of his highest ambition, he would shew his fellow citizens in how calm a manner an innocent man could die. On these considerations he refused to get into the cart, but stated his resolution to walk to the place of execution. With a firm countenance and steady step, surrounded by the Sbirri of Le Bon, and the miscreants who delighted in the blood of men, he walked to the scaffold, which he mounted with joy. But even in the moment of death, the bloody tyrant continued to torment him; he desired the execution to be delayed until his women appeared at the corridor of a house that was opposite; and when these unfeeling wretches, with a ferocity unusual in

sex, waved their handkerchiefs as symptoms of exultation, the fatal knife was permitted to fall, and released the victim from a world that was unworthy of him.

I have mentioned this melancholy event, merely to contrast it with the conduct of Le Bon at the place of execution. The night before, he suffered the most excruciating agonies of mind; his conscience, like a devouring vulture, preyed upon all his faculties, and awakened the horrors of futurity in his breast. At intervals, he attempted to destroy himself, but fear and hope withheld his hand, and he was heard to give loud shrieks, not such as are given by those who suffer from bodily pain, but the tremendous yell of a demon, implying many agitated passions, rage, disappointment, terror, and despair. When he was brought out of the prison to be seated in the cart, the shout that rent the air cannot be described. A person who was present, assured me that the howls of cannibals were nothing compared to it. The populace spit upon him; they asked him, as it was a fine day, why he did not walk to the guillotine as the Priest had done, and die like a man? He was goaded with a thousand terrible questions; and as the procession moved, women and children danced in the streets, clapping their hands, and reproaching him with a number of bitter recollections. Yet these were the very persons who, but a few days before, danced

and

and clapt their hands when an inoffensive minister of religion was led to be slaughtered.

Le Bon was silent, but convulsed with passion, and sometimes he cried; but when he reached the scaffold, he gave an horrible shriek, which produced no other effect than peals of laughter from the spectators. He was taken out of the cart, for fear had completely deprived him of strength; and during the short period that elapsed before the knife descended, a thousand different voices wished him a good voyage, and a happy meeting with all his friends in hell. Thus accursed, this ferocious monster expired, leaving a terrible example to guilty minds.

The city exhibits nothing new or interesting since the Revolution. The shag and plush manufactories, and the manufactory of woollen stuffs and goats hair continue their operations, but they have severely suffered by the late events; trade was remarkably dull, but all those of whom I made any inquiries, expected it would become more brisk on the return of peace. There was a remarkably fine regiment of cavalry sent here, to do duty over the Congress. It was preparing for its route to another part of France.

On our return to the Lion d'Or, we refreshed ourselves with coffee; and after having paid *seven pounds eight shillings*, sterling money of the kingdom of Great Britain, for a supper in the Republic of France, I ordered the horses, re-

solving never again to set foot within a house where I had been so egregiously cheated. Just before I stept into the carriage, Madame Pollet made her appearance, and exclaimed, "*Etes vous content, Monsieur? Oui, Madame, j'en ai eu tout mon soul.*" I promised to let my countrymen know what good cheer they might meet with at her house, not forgetting the reasonableness of her charges. I have now fulfilled my promise. The carriage drove from the gate, and after a few moments growling, I resolved to starve two days, to compensate for the benevolence of the amiable Madame Pollet.

LETTER VI.

Journey to Chantilly, and Description of that Place.

HEBECOURT was the next post town at which we arrived; it is only five miles and an half distant from Amiens; we found here another church consecrated to Reason. The cap of liberty was very appropriately placed on the top of the weather-cock, and thus veered about with every different gust of wind. Over the door of the church, the words "Temple de la Raison," were inscribed in large characters.

Flers, at the distance of a post and an half from Hebecourt, was the next place at which we changed horses, and thence we proceeded to Breteuil, another post and an half, where we dined, or rather starved, at the *Hotel de l'Ange*, the corner of the market-place, so that my economical plan on leaving Amiens was enforced by dire necessity. Our distress should not, however, induce you to go to any other house. This was unquestionably the best in the town, and the people are uncommonly civil and attentive; they made a thousand apologies for the wretched fare they gave us, and hoped they should be able to entertain us better on our return. The fact is,

there

there was a fair at Breteuil on the day of our arrival, and the crowds of country people who had flocked into the town had completely demolished every vestige of provision. Madame Petigny-Despeaux, our hostess, made grievous complaints against the Lion D'Or at Amiens; she stated that the English minister, (Mr. Jackson, I suppose) when on his route to Paris, passed a night there, and was charged for a petit souper forty-six louis, or pounds sterling.

After dinner, or rather after the plates were removed from the table, we walked about the fair. There was a great concourse of country people, but no noise nor disorder, like at an English fair. The women were in their holiday clothes, without hats or bonnets, and with close caps. The men were also decently attired, but with cocked hats, which gave them a most puritanical appearance. I did not see a single person intoxicated, nor was there much shew of articles of trade. There were a great number of Merry Andrews, Quack Doctors, and Puppetshews, but the booths were not well arranged, nor with that neatness which is always visible at a fair in our country.

About a mile and an half beyond Bretcuil, and on the right of the road, there stands the most elegant farm-house I ever beheld, in the center of an extensive farm, which was in a very capital state of cultivation. All the fields proved that more

more than ordinary care had been given to every department of this farm. Elegance and plenty evidently flourished in the midst of the labours of agriculture. Indeed, during the greater part of our journey from Amiens to this place, we observed lands in much better order, and farm-houses more neat and comfortable, than any we had hitherto seen in France; the country is agreeably diversified, and woods appear in every direction. Upon inquiry, I learnt that the owner of the pretty farm I have just mentioned, is extremely rich, and very expert in his profession; and one of the proofs which they gave us of his wealth, consisted in his being proprietor of two windmills on the left of the high road.

From this place, the country becomes flat and less interesting, and the soil is chalky. At Wavigny, a post and an half from Breteuil, we changed horses, whence we continued our journey to St. Just, about six miles further, and afterwards to Clermont, nearly twelve miles distant from the last post. The road from Breteuil to Clermont is paved, and in excellent order; the country assumes a more pleasing and fertile aspect; and the hills and woods are more frequent. A little before we entered Clermont, are the grounds and plantations of the Duke of Fitzjames. The elegant mansion-house was completely destroyed by the revolutionists, and is at this time an heap of ruins; but the name of the duke

duke has been lately erased from the list of emigrants, and all his estates restored to him. He is now in Paris, making the necessary arrangements for his future life; and it is hoped that this beautiful spot, returned to its ancient master, will flourish once more, and compensate him for his losses and long proscription.

At Clermont there is a manufactory of painted linens, and the environs of the town are gay and picturesque; the neighbouring hills afford several pleasing landscapes, and the culture of the vine, which we perceived for the first time, gave a charming variety to the scenery. To the left, at about a quarter of a mile distant from the road, is Liancourt, the magnificent seat of the Duke de la Rochefoucauld. This nobleman, so well known for his useful writings on agricultural subjects, and for his Travels in North America, has returned to his native country, and is improving as well as embellishing his patrimonial estate.

The cultivation in this part is much more diversified than in the more northern department through which we travelled. Besides the vineyards, there are fields of lucerne, wheat, clover and corn, and a great quantity of fruit trees; there are several inclosures, and the hedging is better distributed than any we had yet seen.

Lingueville, the next post town, is only six miles from Clermont, from which we had a most delightful ride through the extensive park of Chantilly.

Chantilly. A great quantity of the wood has been cut down, but this has made no apparent difference in the plantations, which seem as thick as ever. On our arrival at Chantilly, we slept at the post-house, where a neatness prevailed which we had not before observed in France. Even the kitchen and stables, usually the filthiest parts of a French establishment, were here clean and well arranged. The charming situation of the post-house, and the agreeable views in its neighbourhood, make this place well worthy a person's while to pass two or three days there.

On the next morning, we went to see Chantilly, so famed for the rare magnificence of its gardens, and its apartments, and still more so, for the heroes of Montmorenci and Condé, who have inhabited it. But alas! it is one vast heap of ruins. After the fatal tenth of August, 1792, an horde of miscreants ransacked, pillaged, and destroyed the greater part of the chef-d'œuvres of art. The servants, faithful to their ancient master, concealed a great number of valuable articles in the woods, and found means to convey some of them to the Prince de Condé. Of the fidelity and affection of the Prince's domestics, we heard a great deal, and nothing can exceed the respect in which his memory is held by the villagers. On more than one occasion, we have seen the honest tear start from the eye, at the mention of his name; and the solicitude they expressed for

his

his welfare, as well as the many tender inquiries respecting his situation in England, convinced us the people were sensible that they had lost their best friend. When I stated that the Prince de Condé lived in the neighbourhood of London, in easy circumstances, though by no means comparable to the splendour of his past life, when I represented him to be kindly received by the king and royal family, by the ministers of state, and by people of all classes, especially for his private worth, and public courage, they were affected to such a degree, as to excite in our minds a sympathetic emotion of soul, and on the ruins of the once stately palace of Chantilly, on the very spot where stood the statue of the great Condé, we joined with some of his former servants, in shedding tears over the fate of his forsaken and proscribed descendant.

It is impossible to make you sensible of the desolate scene at Chantilly, unless you remember correctly the former state of the gardens, jets-d'eau, and variegated plantations there, previous to the revolution of 1792. The palace (for it merited that name, although it was not remarkable for its grandeur) is now completely destroyed; there is not even a vestige remaining by which you would suppose it to have been the residence of a prince of the blood royal. As we approached the ruins, several troops of cavalry, belonging to a regiment quartered in the Stables, were exercising

cising on the lawn. On the left were the Stables, the exterior of which has escaped the fury of the revolutionists; it is a large and fine building, detached from the chateau, and has all the appearance of a palace. It was built for the accommodation of two hundred and forty horses, but four hundred belonging to the Chasseurs stationed there, are quartered in it without the least inconvenience. It is an immense oblong, well paved, with mangers and racks on either side, the whole of which are kept in a state of greater neatness than is commonly the practice in France; indeed, it would be unpardonable, with so many conveniences around them, if the French were to preserve it in any other condition. In the center, there is a spacious dome, with several apartments, which are now occupied by the smiths of the regiment. All the stag's heads which ornamented the interior of the building have been struck off, a circumstance that gives a most ridiculous appearance to the stumps which have been left behind. There was formerly a very pretty emblematical figure, which hung over the reservoir of water under the dome, but it has been completely annihilated.

A little beyond the stable, to the left, is the *menage*, an open circular piece of ground, encircled by doric pillars, in which we found the subaltern officers of the regiment, instructing their men in the art of riding, a function which, in our service,

service, is improperly left to the adjutant and quarter-master. The French soldiers in general keep their seats very well, but their position does does not appear so easy as that of the English. They ridicule our long trot as extremely ungraceful, perhaps with some reason, but we may retort with great truth, that our horses and our riders are better able to support a long journey than a Frenchman erect as a post, jogging on a dancing horse.

On one side of the ménage[†] is the court for the carriages and grooms; and a few yards behind it, the tennis court, which is as large as the one at Versailles, and enclosed within a very noble stone building. This place was purchased by a merchant, who, for some particular reason, has resolved to convert it to no other than its original purpose. A person resides in the lodge to keep it in good order. From these edifices, which upon the whole are in a state of tolerable preservation, we advanced on a gentle declivity to the scene of havoc. The principal palace is now an heap of ruins; it was purchased by two persons, who demolished it for the sake of the materials, which they sold for above ten times the sum of the original purchase money. As it is just that the names of these two vandals should descend to posterity, I shall inform you who, and what they are; the first is called Damois, an ironmonger in the Fauxbourg St. Antoine, at Paris;

† manege

Paris; the other is Boulet, a carpenter, of Compeigne.

The Chateau D'Enghein has not been pulled down, and is now used as a barrack for the Chasseurs; but the chateau of the Duke de Bourbon, in which the family of Condé commonly resided, was converted into a prison during the days of the revolutionary tribunal. Seven hundred and fifty persons were confined there; and men and women, without any kind of discrimination, and in defiance of all decency, were intentionally huddled together in the same apartments. This refinement of cruelty was perpetrated among a people famed for their gallantry, and who have now baptized themselves the *Greatest Nation of the Earth*; but whether their greatness consist in extent of territory, physical strength, moral virtue, or inordinate wickedness, is a question that you will be capable of resolving by the time you have read through my future letters. The Chateau Bourbon has been completely stripped of its decorations and furniture; and nothing remains but bare walls. The beautiful bridge of La Voliére, which formerly afforded a communication between the palace and the island of Love, was broken down, and the materials removed, lest the prisoners should find an opportunity of escaping over it.

In traversing the lonely apartments, we were shewn several that must have recalled a thousand

pleasing images to the proscribed family: the study of the present prince of Condé, a room in the Chinese style, of the beauty of which, the mutilated paintings which remain gave a lively idea: the gallery of Conquest, formerly filled with pictures, representing the atchievements of the Montmorencis and the Condés, is now shorn of all its trophies, and exhibits merely a dead wall. As we descended the great stair-case, we noticed that all the walls were covered with the names of the prisoners, often accompanied by an apt allusion in poetry to their forlorn condition. The genius of poesy is always favourable to misfortune. Among a great multitude, I copied the following appropriate lines, signed by a person of the name of Mouton:

Voila ce vaste et superbe palais
Metamorphosé en maison d'arret
La loi sur les coupables exercera sa vengeance
Toujours juste, elle epargnera l'innocence.

The gallery of marble vases opposite to the pavillion of Apollo, consisting of two and twenty rams' heads, from which the water was spouted into a similar number of basons beneath them, has been utterly destroyed. The Island of Love is now a bog, and the pavillion of Venus, which stood at its extremity on the borders of the canal, is no more.

At

At the foot of the grand stone stairs there was a *jet d'eau*, remarkable for its size and beauty; it had a superb marble column in the center, around which the swans sailed in majestic order, while an immense quantity of uncommonly large tench played upon the surface of the water. But the column, the jet-d'eau, and the swans, have been destroyed, the water was entirely drawn off, and all the tench were devoured by the revolutionary army. The romantic cottage, close by the mill, has been pulled down, but the latter still exists; the carcass of the dairy is standing, but every article it contained was pillaged; for as the person who accompanied us justly remarked, *the jacobins never slept while there was any thing to seize.*

The small cascade, with five rams' heads and basons underneath, which was situated opposite to the ménagerie, was completely demolished for the sake of the lead pipes and other materials, which were profitable articles of sale; indeed, all the lead conduits were removed, so that the numerous communications between the different reservoirs of water with each other and the great canal having been broken up, the waters in the rainy seasons overflowed the basons, and poured upon the adjacent flat ground. Hence every step we advanced we trod in water, and to this circumstance must be ascribed the present wretched appearance of the Island of Love. The beautiful

dairy and manageric on the opposite side of the canal, have been also swept away amidst the general devastation. The inhabitants of Vineuil, a village exactly opposite to the place where the chateau formerly stood, resolved to shoot the wild beasts in the manageric, as agents in the conspiracy of Condé to starve the people. But they were apprehensive that these animals might make a sally, and wage a war of extermination against them; upon which considerations, feeling their courage to be unequal to the shock *d'une bataille rangée*, or of a pitched battle, and being afraid to butcher the animals in detail, they determined in solemn council to call in the revolutionary army as their auxiliaries. As soon as their allies arrived, and had stationed a couple of pieces of artillery on the neighbouring height, a general action commenced. An heavy fire was opened on the imprisoned sovereigns of the forest, by the sovereign people now broken loose. After a breach had been effected, the drums beat a general charge; the center of the revolutionary army advanced to the pas-de-charge, bayonets fixed, while the right and left wings kept up a smart fire of musketry upon the invisible enemy. The inhabitants of Vineuil were in the rear. At length the revolutionary army entered the breach, and the whole garrison was put to the sword. The majesty of the people now shone forth in all its glory.

Th'

Th' *imperial* ensign, which full high advanc'd,
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,
——————————— all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds:
At which the universal host up sent
A shout, that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos, and old Night.

You may rely on the accuracy of this description, as I had it from a person who was an eye witness of the action. While the revolutionary army were busily occupied in this patriotic scene of carnage, the good people of Vineuil were not less active in plundering, and contrived to bear away, as trophies of their matchless heroism, two hundred sacks of corn, and other grains, which had been deposited in the fortress for the support of the garrison.

At the end of the great canal there was a place erected by the urbanity of the prince of Condé, for the accommodation of the sick who were accustomed to resort to that spot for the benefit of drinking the water of a mineral spring which flowed there. The spring is now filled up, four mills for boring canon supplant the building, which was sacred to disease and pain, and the violence of destruction was so great, that the source of these mineral waters has never since been retraced.

The immense kitchen garden, leading to the great cascade, has been preserved, as well as the house of M. Hatem de Sterval, *homme d'affaires*

to the prince. It is situate in front of the church, opposite to the canal, and is inhabited by Damois, one of the vandals who bought and destroyed this once beautiful elysian spot. There is a small door at the back of this house, through which M. Hatom escaped, when the jacobins came to murder him.

In short, I cannot give you a more complete idea of the general havock effected by the revolutionists, and the desolation of the whole scene at Chantilly, than by stating a fact which is always demonstrative of extensive ruin. Thistles and grass cover every part of the gardens where the florist's art was formerly conspicuous; and here and there a few solitary and neglected roses and tulips peep out of the earth, as if to reproach the rude hand of violence, that despoiled the fair face of nature of its former variegated and beautiful drapery. The fox, that peeped through the crevices of the desolate castle of Ossian, could not give a more faithful conception of ruin, than these lonely and degenerated flowers.

I have now discharged the painful office of delineating the ruins of Chantilly. Let me recal to your mind the description of that place by that acute and intelligent traveller, the celebrated Mr. Arthur Young.

" Chantilly! magnificence is its reigning character; it is never lost. There is not taste nor beauty enough to soften it into milder features: all

all but the chateau is great; and there is something imposing in that, except the gallery of the great Condé's battle, and the cabinet of natural history, which is rich in very fine specimens, most advantageously arranged; it contains nothing that demands particular notice; nor is there one room which in England would be called large. The stable is truly great, and exceeds very much indeed any thing of the kind I had ever seen. It is 580 feet long, and 40 broad, and is sometimes filled with 240 English horses. I had been so accustomed to the imitation in water, of the waving and irregular lines of nature, that I came to Chantilly prepossessed against the idea of a canal; but the view of one here is striking, and had the effect which magnificent scenes impress. It arises from extent, and from the right lines of the water uniting with the regularity of the objects in view. It is Lord Kaimes, I think, who says, the part of the garden contiguous to the house should partake of the regularity of the building; with much magnificence about a place, this is almost unavoidable. The effect here, however, is lessened by the parterre before the castle, in which the divisions and the diminutive jets-d'eau are not of a size to correspond with the magnificence of the canal. The menagerie is very pretty, and exhibits a prodigious variety of domestic poultry, from all parts of the world; one of the best objects to which a menagerie can

be applied; these, and the Corsican stag, had all my attention. The *hameau* contains an imitation of an English garden; the taste is but just introduced into France, so that it will not stand a critical examination. The most English idea I saw is the lawn in front of the stables; it is large, of a good verdure, and well kept; proving clearly that they may have as fine lawns in the north of France as in England. The labyrinth is the only complete one I have seen, and I have no inclination to see another: it is in gardening what a rebus is in poetry. In the Sylvae are many very fine and scarce plants. I wish those persons who view Chantilly, and who are fond of fine trees, would not forget to ask for the great beech; this is the finest I ever saw, strait as an arrow, and, as I guess, not less than eighty or ninety feet high; forty feet to the first branch, and twelve feet diameter at five from the ground. It is, in all respects, one of the finest trees that can any where be met with. Two others are near it, but not equal to this superb one."

We were accompanied in our visit to Chantilly, and our walks in the surrounding forest, by a very sensible and good natured man, who was formerly *garde chasse* to the prince of Condé. His name is *Touret*, and he is frequently to be found at the post-house. Permit me to recommend this poor forsaken soul to your notice, in case you should pass a day at Chantilly. His history

history is altogether romantic and affecting; but existing circumstances forbid me to detail it. He was accused of an attachment to his ancient master, and for this *crime* he was pursued, with unrelenting rigour, by the jacobins. He was at length compelled to fly into the woods, where he subsisted himself on acorns and nuts for several days, and concealed himself from his pursuers amidst caverns and haunts, which from his former situation as gamekeeper were known to him alone. On the rest of this man's history, which I had from himself, and heard attested afterwards by the best authority, I drop the curtain for the present; but an honest man ought never to be forgotten by the loyal, and the virtuous mind.

How great is the contrast between the mild *Touret* and that despicable ruffian *Hautain*, administrator of the district of *Senlis!* The former, like Shakspeare's Adam, fled into the woods for the love he bore to his beloved master; the latter is an ungrateful miscreant, who rioted on the spoils of his ancient patron. The prince of Condé had granted to this fellow, who was a grocer, every species of parental favour and indulgence, even what was called in France, *la plus belle permission de chace.* In return for these acts of kindness, he marched at the head of the revolutionary army to the superb chateau, opened it to the ravages of those sanguinary vagabonds, and afterwards affixed the municipal seal on the property

perty and doors of his former benefactor. Such actions which revolt every moral sentiment, and disgust mankind, were too common in France; fanaticism transported many individuals to the commission of outrages, of which I have heard them express the deepest and most heartfelt repentance. But this rogue cannot plead the influence of any animating principle, but the thirst of pillage. Amidst the eccentric range and aberrations of the human intellect, in moments of fervour and convulsion, the philosopher may be disposed to pass over with pity the follies and absurdities of the agents in such scenes; but when low minded, groveling, and avaricious wretches, under the assumed (but too often prostituted) names of liberty, equality, and justice, convert the mischievous, perhaps well intentioned enthusiasm of ignorant men, to personal advantage, they merit the execration and contempt of all their fellow creatures. I have been all this time preparing your mind for a brief but very comprehensive account of the thief *Hautain.*

The bishop of Chalons had a very pretty pavillion on the lawn, leading from the post-house to the stables of the prince de Condé, which I have already described. This prelate was compelled to withdraw, and his little retreat was occupied by the jacobins. Some time afterwards, the bishop's property was advertised for sale, and *Hautain,* as administrator of the district, was under

under the necessity of being present to superintend the business. While he was in the act of announcing the business of the day, he was detected with having in his pocket a gold snuff-box that belonged to the bishop, and which he had *stolen* from the cabinet of that ecclesiastic, while he was occupied in placing the seals on his property. This action would have caused the execution of an *ordinary* republican, but this robber being *au fait, et à la hauteur de la revolution*, was suffered to pass unpunished. He was, however, severely hissed at the auction, and shortly after he retired to *Marli la Ville*, where he now resides.

It is with infinite pleasure I return from this disgusting narrative to the history of the continuation of my route to Paris; at the same time, I must not omit to recommend to you, in terms of the highest eulogy, the post-house of Chantilly as the most comfortable, polite, and reasonable inn, which you will find between Boulogne and Paris. After having taken a kind, and I must say affectionate leave of *Touret*, who had attended us from morning till night in all our excursions, in the immense forest of Chantilly, which, with the territorial domains, extends to more than one hundred miles circumference; after having heard his last words, "If you should ever see my beloved ******, bless *** for me, and say I am here," we drove from a spot, where, from

from the charms of the surrounding country, the serenity of the season, and the uncommon attentions of all around us, we passed, though from the reflections excited not the most lively, yet the sweetest days of melancholy we ever experienced.

LETTER VII.

Journey to St. Denys; Description of that Place, and the Feudal Castle of Ecouen: Arrival at Paris.

THE road to *Luzarches*, the next post town from Chantilly, is one of the prettiest in the route to Paris. After passing through a part of the forest, we entered upon a magnificent paved road, bordered with trees and lands on either side, exhibiting a *little* better appearance of cultivation than those we had hitherto passed. There were also many vineyards; but from subsequent information at Paris, which I obtained from some members of the Board of Agriculture, I find, that there is no good wine made from them. Luzarches is one post and an half, or about seven miles, from Chantilly.

It was by no means my wish to have stopped one instant at this wretched town, which, for many reasons, I would willingly have avoided; but an unforeseen accident compelled us to descend at a miserable inn, where we were obliged to dine, or rather to starve. One of the wheels of our carriage was broken, and the cries of the people announced our danger. In a miserable room, containing two beds, cold and famished,

(for we could not touch a morsel that was brought to us) we remained *seven* hours. At length the wheel was repaired, and we proceeded to Ecouen, at the distance of one post and an half from Luzarches. From Ecouen to St. Denys there is only one post, but we quitted the public road for the express purpose of visiting the very ancient castle of Ecouen, built by the celebrated Constable of France, Anne of Montmorenci. The chateau is completely stripped of its furniture, and even all the tapestry has been torn away; and the great hall, which was formerly an orangerie, is now quite empty. Two hundred of the unhappy Vendeans were imprisoned in this castle, and it was afterwards converted into a military hospital. At this time it is retained for the use of such artists as may choose to repair there for the sake of cultivating the fine arts. There are two good pieces of painting, taken from scriptural history, in the *Salle de la Fraternité*; the History of Jacob is painted on the walls of the *Salle du Bonnet Rouge*, and in the *Salle des Gardes* there is an excellent picture of the exterminating Angel, by John Goujon. All the pictures, and a beautiful copy of the celebrated Last Supper, of Leonard de Vinci, as well as the painted windows, which represented the history of Psyche, have been removed to Paris; so that upon the whole, nothing is left of this stately castle but the walls.

The

The chateau stands on an eminence, and commands an extensive prospect of a rich and well cultivated country; in front of the grand entrance is a large kitchen garden, in an excellent state of preservation. A swiss, formerly in the service of Spain, during the siege of Gibraltar, with a large family, inhabits two apartments on the ground floor, and is entrusted with the care of the place. He conversed with us in the English language, and conducted us over every part of this sequestered castle. The best idea I can give you of it may be compressed in a few words; it has all the aspect of a modern prison, and by no means conveys that appearance of stateliness and ancient grandeur, which distinguishes the feudal castles on the banks of the Rhine and the Danube. While we were traversing the apartments, we often remarked the scope afforded for poetical imagery, and marvellous romance. The solemn sound of the clock, the round tower, the echo of our steps and voices, amidst the darkness of the night, would have furnished precious topics for our modern novelists. But to us, these circumstances announced that it was time for our departure; accordingly we returned to our carriage, fully convinced that the cottage of a British peasant was far preferable to those lonely cells, and bleak walls, which depictured the state of man in society neither enviable nor enlightened.

We

We arrived at a late hour at the post-house of Saint-Denys, one post and a quarter from Ecouen, where we were well entertained and comfortably lodged, and the next day we went to view the cathedral of St. Denys. You may guess my astonishment when the old Swiss, whom I had remembered ten years before, opened the doors, and exhibited to my view this once beautiful Gothic cathedral an heap of ruins. He seemed fully to enter into our sentiments, and he certainly did not spare the authors of such devastation. The tombs and mausolea of the kings; of Guesclin and Turenne; and of the illustrious warriors of France, were deposited in various compartments of the cathedral, and formed its most striking and splendid decorations. But these, together with the oriflamb of Clovis, the scepter and sword of Charlemagne, the portrait and sword of the Maid of Orleans, the bronze chair of Dagobert, the reliques and shrines, the crowns, royal robes, ancient manuscripts, and an immense number of rare curiosities, sacred and profane, have all vanished; some of them having been destroyed, others having been removed to the museum of French monuments at Paris, by the industry of M. Le Noir. The cathedral has been unroofed, so that it is very dangerous to traverse every part of it, as the stones are continually falling. We descended into the chapel under ground, but we discovered nothing in it worthy of remark. Our

Swiss

Swiss described, with minute precision, where every tomb formerly stood, from Pepin to Lewis xv, but such a description, when the present state of the cathedral is considered, served only to create disgust instead of exciting curiosity. The place which most attracted our attention, was a small room formerly used for depositing the vestments of the priests, which this pious old guardian of the church had converted into an ossary. There lay in one undistinguished heap the bones of kings, princes, heroes, and conquerors, who for ages had slept undisturbed in the mansions of death.

Upon my inquiring into the cause of all the destruction around us, I found that the revolutionary committee of St. Denys, composed of twelve citizens, six of whom were labouring men, and among the rest a fellow of the name of Massé, a starchman, decreed that this ancient and noble ornament of their town should be pulled to pieces for the sake of the lead and iron which it contained. Their determination was fatally carried into effect, at a period when the French were taught to believe, that arts and sciences were of no utility to mankind, and that respect for the habitations of the dead was a mark of puerile superstition. In those times, Lavoisier was murdered, and told the day before his execution, that the French republic stood in no need of chemists. It is, however, not a little

gratifying to hear that justice is at length overtaking these perpetrators of mischief; one of them, who was authorized by the Committee of General Vigilance to take an account of all the things in the cathedral of St. Denys, is at this time in prison, charged with the embezzlement of several articles, with having robbed the church, and with having sent an unsatisfactory account of his conduct. Our guide very justly remarked, that he deserved a place in one of those caravans which are continually on their route to Cayenne, much better than many unfortunate victims of Fouche's system of tyranny and espionage.

After we had quitted the cathedral, we went to visit the chapel of Mesdames of France, situate at the upper end of the town. We entered during the time of the celebration of divine service, at which a few old women only attended. The portico of the chapel is pretty and light, but the interior has been stripped of all its ornaments, and was not worth the trouble of a walk to it; neither was there any thing interesting in the appearance of the adjoining convent. These constitute the only objects at St. Denys that are deserving of the curiosity of a traveller; but as I am persuaded, you would rather see a rich corn field than muse over the ruins of churches and chapels, I shall no longer dwell upon the subject, but hasten to complete the description of our journey to Paris.

St.

St. Denys is the last post town before you arrive at Paris, from which it is distant not more than four miles, though you are obliged to pay, both on entering and leaving Paris, double the regulation for each horse; for the revolutionists have not discarded with royalty the old tax called poste royale, which was always imposed on the entry and exit from every town, that was the residence of the French king.

The approach to Paris from St. Denys is through a wide and magnificent paved road, bordered with double rows of trees, on either side of which are extensive and well cultivated fields of corn and other grain; but none of those neat and diversified habitations are to be seen, which in our country denote the fruits of commercial industry, and mercantile opulence. For that order of men, which in England we denominate country gentlemen, or persons living on their own small estates, the Republic has done nothing; in truth, there are no such persons in France, neither are there any country-houses erected with a view to their being inhabited by such a description of beings, much less by merchants and tradesmen. In the Great Nation, nothing is so conspicuous as disparity, or in other words, inequality. Magnificence and filth, opulence and beggary, are beside each other. A gorgeous and stately chateau stands alone, as if claiming for its proprietor, the exclusive enjoy-

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ments of the comforts of life, while a number of neighbouring hovels, the haunts of indigence and penury, denote the wretchedness of their inhabitants. There is no medium in France; that powerful and most important body of men, which intervenes between rich and poor, controlling their mutual propensities to insolence and avarice, holding in excellent equipoise the scales of property and labour, causing both to respect the laws and each other, and forming the solid Doric pillar of society, is unknown in any great empire of Europe, excepting Great Britain. I look upon this class to be the most substantial base for the consolidation of an enlightened form of government; it is the nursery of statesmen, freedom, and equal laws; to the want of it, France must ascribe the origin of the greater part of her misfortunes; to the possession of it, England is indebted for her independence, her regulated power, and glorious system of jurisprudence. Rational liberty never *can* flourish where there are no other classes but high and low, laws never can be executed in any other shape than by the force of the bayonet, in any state, where there exists not a numerous body of men sufficiently independent to prevent the oppressions of the great from trampling the poor under foot, and sufficiently strong to repress the reaction of the poor on the property and security of the great.

This

This is not an idle theory; it is founded on practical political facts, which have been demonstrated by a long course of experience. Every Englishman, who thinks at all on the interior machinery of the public polity of his nation, must feel the force of this maxim; foreigners acknowledge its influence, and are aware of the mighty effects which it has wrought upon our welfare and glory. If there be any of our countrymen who entertain a contrary sentiment, they must be enemies to free government, and consequently to the British constitution; for the dissolution of this middling order of men would either transform the state into an absolute military power, or what is as bad, a tyrannical and licentious democracy. It is pleasing to remark the illustration of this political axiom, even in a great commercial city, which is under an aristocratical form of government. Hamburgh, by the encouragement afforded to this body, is one of the best regulated cities of Europe; nothing can be more delightful than the multitude of country seats belonging to its merchants and traders, which are scattered plentifully on the banks of the Elbe; and even Denmark, although a pure, unmixed monarchy, owes much of its happiness and strength to the importance attached to this order of men. In France, however, this order never has existed. Hence, during the old monarchy, we have seen despotism wantoning in power, or

mild in its exercise, according to the prevalent disposition of the ruling power; and during every stage of the republic, we have witnessed the leaders of the people drunk with authority, running riot with popular adulation, and wallowing in the blood of their fellow-citizens. At present an absolute military power has superseded every claim to well balanced and legitimate government; and thus now as before, the people are as they have been, mere slaves, insecure either of property or personal security.

Nothing can give a foreigner a more unfavourable idea of the capital of the Great Nation than the entrance into Paris by this road. The city has every appearance of filth and poverty, and even the triumphal arch under which we passed, has such a *sombre* cast, as to induce the traveller to fancy he is going into the court-yard of a prison. What can be more gloomy than passing between dirty mud walls and narrow streets with linen rags hanging out from the windows? I ordered the postillion to drive to the hotel in the Rue Coqueron, where you and I formerly resided in 1792 and 1793, and where I had left all my books. We had no sooner arrived, than I observed, in large letters over the gate-way, "*Maison de Commission.*" However I alighted, and inquired what had become of the *Maitre d'Hotel*; the answer I received was, that he had left the house some years back, and had

had been since guillotined. This was a very unpleasant piece of intelligence for an English lady at her first entrée into Paris; however, without loss of time, we drove to the Hotel de Marigny, where I afterwards learnt, from the best authority, that a celebrated Corsican, when times went hard with him, lodged in a small apartment at seven shillings sterling per week. This is an excellent hotel, near to the Louvre, and in the center of business and pleasure; but to my great mortification, there were no apartments vacant. We were therefore obliged to retrace our steps, and to return to the Rue Coqueron, where we resided for a week, at the Hotel du Coq Heron, lately established, and kept by an Englishman, of the name of Guillaudeau, the greatest blackguard in Christendom. We afterwards removed to private apartments in the Rue Montblanc, formerly the Street Mirabeau, ci-devant Chaussée-d'Antin, on the Boulevards, where we had a very good suite of apartments, which had just been vacated by M. Mareschalchi, ambassador from the Italian Republic.

LETTER VIII.

A Description of the Mode.

BEHOLD me once more in Paris! a thousand painful recollections obtrude themselves on my mind, and I am almost afraid to enquire after my former acquaintances. I know not to whom I shall first address myself for information, nor where I shall first venture to set my foot. When I reflect on the strange vicissitudes of fortune I have experienced from the unguarded habits of thinking, to which my last residence and the connections I formed here carried me; when I recal the image of the whirlpool of danger I have passed, and contrast the former serenity of my days in Swisserland and Derbyshire, with the sufferings I have endured, and the proscription which with some mean and pusillanimous minds, is yet considered as proper to hang over me, I am doubtful whether I have acted with prudence in venturing again into this source of all my injuries.

But I console myself with the motive that brought me from England; and though it may end in sorrow and disappointment, yet, surely, the

the desire of ascertaining the fate of a relative so dearly beloved, and so long lost to his friends, is a motive of no ordinary weight, dissipates the personal anxieties of this excursion, and gives strength to my resolution. Notwithstanding, I am most unaccountably low and dejected.

While I reside here, I shall give you a faithful account of the state of this capital, which has always taken the lead, and may indeed be considered as the manufactory whence all the horrors and changes of the Revolution have originated. France ought not to be judged by the manners and dissolute principles of the inhabitants of the metropolis. In the provinces remote from the center of government, there are to be found as much character and simplicity as in the distant counties of the best regulated empires. The effects of the Revolution may, indeed, have contributed to operate *some* change in the former innocence of the peasantry, and to have corrupted, in some degree, the primitive integrity of their character. But where this has been the case, the cause may be easily traced to the polluted streams of Atheism, and to the artifices of demagogues. I apprehend that it may be affirmed, without fear of contradiction, that where the people are most ignorant, they are most simple in their manners, though I do not wish it to be understood that they are most happy on this account. In the mountains of the Vosges, in La Vendée,

Vendée, and in the South-western parts of the Republic, I have been informed by very able, acute, and impartial persons, who are fully competent to discriminate the characters of men, that the people both of the towns and country, possess a very strong originality of character, founded on the best sentiments of generosity and virtue. But this is not to be said of the many other departments of the Republic, much less of the department of the Seine, where every principle of social order is inverted, and society itself is loathsome, abhorrent, corrupted, poisoned, and poisonous.

The first duty which I conceived it right to perform, was to visit those ancient friends (whatever might have been their past, or whatever might be their present opinions) who had survived the general wreck of moral order. From them I hoped to learn the history of those who had perished, and in the narrative of their various fortunes, to obtain lessons of prudence, and food for meditation. With an anxious mind, I hastened after dinner to the Rue Jacob, in the Fauxbourg St. Germain, to see if our old friend, M. Suedaeur were still alive. The moment the door opened, I inquired if the Doctor resided there; I was answered in the affirmative, but that he was not at home. I left my card, and proceeded to the Rue Niçaise, where I found M. de la Metherie, in perfect health, and in better spirits than on

that

that gloomy night in 1793, when I took my leave of him. It is impossible to express the affectionate reception which I experienced from the Doctor, nor the many kind inquiries which he made respecting you. We had a long, and I need not add, a very interesting conversation. He invited me to breakfast with him in order to meet M. Volney, who is a member of the conservative Senate, and to talk over old affairs. From him I learnt the fatal end of ***** and ***, as well as of several other of our acquaintances; but what was far more cheering, he mentioned several who were still in existence and in prosperity; and gave me great encouragement respecting the main object of my journey to Paris.

I returned home much relieved, and that despondency of mind which before oppressed me, began gradually to abate; especially when, on entering my apartments, I found that the Citizen Hair-dresser was playing the very devil with my companion's locks. He had so clipped and twisted them, as to give her the air of a person just issued from the bath. Upon my remonstrating seriously against this wild appearance, he very coolly replied (holding his shears in one hand, and a comb in the other) that it was the *mode*, and unless my crown was better *organized*, it would be impossible for me to go into *good* company. Being fully sensible of the propriety of conforming to the *mode* in a land of monkies, I im-

I immediately submitted to an operation. My tail was instantly amputated, and the hair of my unfortunate head was frizzled into such a multitude of compound forms, as to give me precisely the appearance of one of the Orang-Outang's, which is to be seen over Exeter 'Change. Having undergone this ceremony, I flattered myself that I was now in the mode. No! he pulled from his pocket two horrible whiskers, which were to extend from my cheek-bones, and meet at the bottom of my chin; and another piece of hair, which was to be hid under my neckcloth, and to fly up so as to cover the whole of my chin. "What is all this apparatus for?" "To complete you *à la mode de Paris.*" "I prefer the English mode." But that is vulgar, all our young gentlemen *comme il faut*, are dressed in this style." "You have made a monkey of me already, I will not submit to be made a baboon of." "But, Sir, *you must!*" "Is it a law? "No, Sir, but it is the mode." "Then, I tell you, I will not obey the mode." "*Donc vous êtes perdu.*" "If you trouble me with another syllable on this subject, I shall be under the indispensable necessity (which I should much regret) of knocking you down."

Thus, by an act of matchless fortitude, I rescued myself from the hands of this prattling puppy; but not until he had extracted from me the sum of eighteen shillings sterling money of Great

Great Britain, for having made my companion look wild, myself like a monkey, and annoyed me with perfumes and gallipots, in defiance of the *imposing attitude* which I had assumed.

However, though displeased with the obtrusive impertinence of this powdered coxcomb*, I was much diverted with the incident. These little things often exhibit a nation in its proper character; and I had already made up my mind, that the people of this capital are as great monkies now as they were twenty years ago.

Before we were allowed to retire to rest, the taylor, the hatter, and the glover, successively made their appearance. These men, and all honest tradesmen in Paris, are really to be pitied; a long and sanguinary war has entirely ruined commerce, and rendered these poor hungry wretches as voracious as sharks. They are aware, that the English who visit Paris are generally laden with coin, and they now hope to compensate their losses, by bleeding those who were the cause of them. It is impossible to complain of them. But it is necessary you should be apprized, that they are always sent for by the master of the hotel, who receives a douceur upon every order which may be given by an English-

* The common people continue to wear powder, long tails, and cocked hats. Affinity to the monkey breed is chiefly apparent in the higher circles, as you will see hereafter.

man; and being once in the possession of so many active hands, you cannot be surprized if our people return to their native country *clean shaved*. At present, there are very few English in Paris; but they are expected with avidity, for no other reason than on account of their possessing plenty of money.

To all these *civil* gentlemen, I returned a plain answer, observing that I had brought from England every article necessary for me during my residence in France; on which they retired with great politeness, and left me for the first time in the course of nine years, to take repose in the capital of a nation, whose former rulers thirsted to shed our blood.

LETTER IX.

Attendance at the Bureau of the Minister of Police.

THIS morning Guillaudeau acquainted me, it would be absolutely necessary that I should repair to the *bureau* of the Minister of Police, to present my passport, that it might be certified; and that unless I complied with this requisition, *I* might experience some trouble, and *he* should be called to account, as a Commissary of Police frequently and unexpectedly called at every Hotel, to know who were resident in it. To this request I expressed the most perfect willingness to comply; but observed, at the same time, that I should first present myself to the minister of my own Sovereign. Accordingly, I engaged a very good chariot, at six Louis per week, during my stay in Paris, and drove to the Fauxbourg St. Germain, the residence of Mr. Jackson, our Minister, whence I hastened to the office of the notorious Fouché, the Minister of Police, on the Quai de Voltaire, opposite the Louvre, where I was ushered into an antichamber, crowded with ninety persons; for on my entering, I received from a soldier, a billet marked with the number ninety-one. I was compelled to wait attendance here

for

for two hours and an half, until my turn came to be admitted, during which time I made a few observations that I shall now detail.

In the first place, I wish you to observe, that the equality, or rather the regulation that prevails respecting your admission to the Grand Inquisitor, however unpleasant the delay, meets with my fullest commendation; for, I apprehend, the man of *business*, who arrives in Paris from a distant province, whatever may be his condition, is much better entitled to precedence, if he arrive before me, than the man of *pleasure*; and the only true way of dispatching public business, is by giving an undistinguished attention to every citizen *in his turn*. But ought this rule to apply to the female sex? I think not. Indeed, I never was more surprized, than at this inattention to courtesy, in a nation which has always boasted, and justly boasted, more of its gallantry than of its virtue. Several well-dressed ladies received their billets long after mine; and when I offered them the precedence, the brute who attends at the entrance, pushed them back with an insolence and hauteur that were horribly disgusting. On my remarking, that I was a foreigner, and most cheerfully resigned my right to the ladies, he replied, with a savage sneer, "then if you don't choose to take your turn, pass to the bottom." I returned, that I was willing to exchange my billet with one of the ladies. "Oh," said he

he, "we don't make any distinction here; women must wait as well as others; if you will not go in, give me your billet, and go to the bottom." In the most handsome manner, the ladies pressed me to enter, before which, however, I must give you an account of the scene and ceremony.

In this anti-chamber stood a motley groupe, whose countenances evidently bespoke the sentiments of their hearts. The returned emigrants might easily be distinguished; they were supple and servile, occasionally paying their respects to the door keeper, and never suffering the lowest Commissary of the Police, who wore a little gold or silver tinsel on his coat, to pass without receiving from them a profound reverence. Yet, if a change should happen, and these unfortunate men were to resume their stations in civil life, what pride and disdainful hauteur should we not see them display? The ancient aristocracy were lofty and self conceited, but withal affable and courteous; the modern aristocracy of France, that is, those men who have been transplanted from the dunghill to the exercise of public functions, are, in general, brutal in their manners, reserved, suspicious, cringing to their superiors, and insolent to persons out of office; to which may be added, bearing strong traits of a ferocity of character.

An unanswerable proof of this degeneracy may be found in the degraded condition of the fair

who, as I have already mentioned, are no longer held in that estimation, and treated with that decorous respect, which heretofore characterised the French people. This is a nation of soldiers, and not of cavaliers; not a solitary blade would leap out of its scabbard to resent a look which gave offence to the finest woman in the Republic. The sword here is considered and used as an instrument for the acquisition of power and wealth, not for the protection of the feeble; and though the Republican soldier is full as brave as the soldier under Lewis XV, yet he is destitute of the honour and urbanity which eminently distinguished the latter. An army of soldiers organized for conquest, propelled by avarice, and inured to victory, resemble more the subjugating hords of an Attila or a Ghengiz-Khan, than the disciplined forces of a polished empire. Hence, the Republican troops are masters of the state, their defeats are obliterated, and their victories confirmed by a triumph over the liberties of their fellow citizens. This order of things may last, but it will be in the midst of civil slaughter and ambitious enterprise; and whether the germs which now lie concealed, when freshened into maturity, will produce that situation of affairs which some politicians desire, is a subject on which all may speculate, but none decide with certainty. When further experience and information shall have entitled me to give an opinion, I may,

I may, perhaps, hazard one before I leave this country.

The other personages who composed this assembly, were waggoners, farmers, tradesmen, persons about to depart for the colonies, ladies, barrow-women, and myself. A subaltern officer in the army came in while we were in waiting; every person made way, and without taking a billet, he entered the bureau. As I was extremely anxious to ascertain whether he were at all connected with the office, or whether it was a privilege or mark of distinction peculiar to the army, I inquired of the door-keeper the reason of his being admitted before his turn; to which he replied, that all officers of the army had precedence, as an order had been issued (which he shewed me) that none should be kept in waiting. This precisely confirms the reflections which I have just made on the state of the soldiery.

We were drawn up in the anti-chamber, in two opposite lines, like files of soldiers; a centinel patrolled backwards and forwards in the intermediate space, with a drawn bayonet in his hand, and maintained discipline; for if any of the line happened to advance a little too forward, he was sure to receive a gentle tap from the bayonet, to remind him of the propriety of keeping his position.

At length I was admitted into the bureau, and you may well conceive my surprize, when I was informed, that in consequence of a recent regulation, the business of examining passports, and giving certificates, was transferred to the office of the Prefect of Police, on the *Quai du Louvre*, whither I instantly repaired. In the office of the Prefect, I experienced no delay; on my presenting my English and French passports, the one which I received from the Municipality of Calais was taken from me, and I received another containing very peremptory mandates. On its top was a medallion representing Minerva (I suppose) with her right hand supported by the fasces and hatchet; in her left she holds her spear, whence a streamer is suspended; at her feet a game cock standing on one leg, denotes vigilance. On either side of this medallion are the laughable words, *Liberté, Egalité*, and below as follows, which I insert here by way of contrast with the passports of former times.

PREFECTURE OF POLICE.

WE, PREFECT OF THE POLICE OF PARIS, *invite the Civil and Military authorities, to permit to pass freely in the interior of this Commune, the S^r.* Redhead Yorke, : (Henry) : domiciliated*

* On the original are the words "*Le Cit.*", but they were blotted out, and the letters *Sr.* inserted.

in

in England; profession, Gentleman; who has declared that he lodges at Paris at the Hotel Coq Heron, street of the same name, division of the third arrondissement; passport given at Calais to bring him to Paris, accompanied by his wife.*

And has this day deposed in my office, the passport of which he was the bearer. The present pass shall be in force only for two months, at the expiration of which time, it ought to be revised at the Prefecture, to obtain a prolongation of his residence, under penalty of being arrested, conformably to the law of the 4th Floreal, in the year 3. *Done at the Prefecture of Police at Paris, the* 23 *Germinal, of the* 10*th year of the French Republic, one and indivisible.*

For the Prefect,

Signed, [No mortal but a Frenchman can make out this man's name.]

Foreigners, N°. 3024 *of the Register.* } Fourth Division.

* In the Calais passport, the words ran *accompagné de Madame son épouse*, "accompanied by his *Lady*;" at Paris, where *equality* and *gout* reign, the words are, *accompagné de son épouse*, "accompanied by his *wife*."

OFFICE OF PASSPORTS.

Note.—*No passport can be delivered on the present pass, and the bearer shall be arrested if he be found out of the Department of the Seine.*

Persons who wish to reside in Paris, shall present, without the shortest delay, a petition to the Minister of General Police.

Don't change your residence without acquainting me.

Then follow the descriptions of my age, person, and signature. On changing my residence, the Secretary wrote the day of the month, the street and number of the house, and returned me the same passport.

Vexatious as this ceremony certainly is, it behoves every one carefully to conform to it, both from respect to the order of the government which permits him to reside in France, and for the sake of his personal convenience. The want of a pass is often attended with very disagreeable circumstances, an instance of which befel me in traversing the square in front of the Consular palace. Being desirous of saving a little distance on my way to the Pont-Neuf, I crossed the square, and entered the passage that leads from that part of the Thuilleries occupied by the Consul Lebrun. Here I was stopped by a centinel, and desired to produce my pass; but not having it about me, I was compelled to return, notwithstanding my plea

of

of being a foreigner (which in former times would have availed) but to make a very considerable detour before I reached the place of my destination. The same circumstance occurred at the gallery of the Louvre, where strangers are indulged with greater privileges, and freedom of access, than even the citizens of Paris.

In England, the introduction of such a system would of itself prove the destruction of commerce; for it is utterly impossible to give circulation to trade without liberty. There are merchants who will travel from Bristol, Manchester, or Liverpool, to London, merely to settle, in the course of a few hours, their great concerns, and return. Conceive what an obstacle to their affairs, would be the attendance at the antichamber of a Minister of Police for two hours or more. The fact is, suspicion is the result of fear; it is the jealousy of despotism dubious of its existence. Such a system is therefore proper for France under its present government; and it is necessarily accompanied by a rigorous inquisition; but, as I shall demonstrate hereafter, there is much more of *charlatanerie* in the boasted police of M. Fouché, than of real effective vigor. And it is chiefly this reputed vigor, which renders it formidable to the people.

Throughout all the parts of Europe where I have travelled, none of these precautious measures were adopted; and even in the German

 Empire,

Empire, during a period of warfare, I have never been subjected to any obstructions, though I was destitute of any passport. This fact is sufficient to establish my proposition; and you must remember, that when we were last in France, though unprovided with passports, we were neither interrupted in the Provinces, nor questioned in the capital. Hence, if the French government be as seriously intent on extending mechanically their commerce, as they are so thoretically, there must be a relaxation in this perplexing system of police; they must give free scope to industry, and not pretend to inquire into the motives which may lead their subjects to visit the capital, or to pass from one district of France to another. As there is no immediate prospect of the dereliction of their present plan, we may justly infer, that their commerce will remain stationary, or at most, be little progressive. The revenues will be necessarily less productive, and the support of an immense military establishment, as well as all the expensive pageantry of a pompous government, will be provided for with difficulty, and only by imposing such severe taxes as must cramp mercantile speculations, and depress the cause of Agriculture. I would not be understood to affirm that these consequences are to be traced to this Parisian mode of police and espionage exclusively; but when the latter is contemplated

plated as a branch of a widely extended system of jealous government, it enters into the consideration, and forms a constituent of that policy, which the French Republic will long have good reason to deplore.

LETTER

LETTER X.

General View of the State of France.

FOR several days, we have been engaged in paying and receiving visits, in the renewal of former acquaintance, and in digesting a plan for the useful employment of our time. Without a preconcerted plan, a person who visits Paris will be lost amidst the multitude of captivating objects which surround him. There are so many subjects which require his attention, and they are so diversified in their nature, that unless he well considers what are the principal objects of his pursuit, and distributes his time with judgment, for the purpose of affording them a thorough investigation, he will assuredly return to his native country, with the satisfaction of having seen many things, but with the consciousness of having obtained a knowledge of none.

Apart from the motive which brought me to this metropolis, I live in it only for the good of my country. All my inquiries, conversation, and labours are directed to that end, and I pay but little regard to the narratives of those who travel for personal gratification merely, and not with a view to national benefit. On the final result

result of this examination of the state of the French Republic, will depend, as you know, my future resolutions, perhaps, my future destiny. Whatever opinions, therefore, I may be induced to form from the facts which may be laid before me, or the events that I may witness, must be regarded as the conclusions of a man about to enter either on a new scene, or to take an everlasting leave of Europe and its unsteady politics.

After twelve years of active engagement on the disturbed theatre of public life; after having seen the rise and fall of contending factions here, and the political struggles of party at home; after having beheld the practise of the world completely belye the theories I had studied, I think, I may be entitled to give an opinion on political occurrences and public establishments. Fortunately, my present temper of mind, is adapted to the nature and scope of my inquiries; and though my observations may evince partiality to the institutions of my own, I am persuaded my judgment is divested of all prejudice against those of any other country.

On such considerations, I proceed on my voyage of discoveries; not indeed, to explore an unknown land, but to describe the government, laws, institutions, manners, relative force, internal resources, and ultimate views of a people, whom I have seen assume a variety of dissimilar shapes; at one time frivolous, abject, and superstitious;

at

at another time, starting like Lazarus from a dead repose, and roused to arms and the vindication of national liberty; afterwards the base tools of sanguinary demagogues, furious, vindictive, and cowardly, renouncing their obligations to God and man, and astounding the civilized world by their follies and their crimes; next, sensible of their errors, and partially repentant, looking up for mercy to the Deity they had proscribed, and sighing after that regulated freedom and social order for which they had shed the blood of millions, but which they have never been able or worthy to establish; lastly, conscious of their unfitness to be free, relapsing again into the bosom of that ancient despotism which they had disdainfully trodden under foot, with all the superadded terrors of military government, and a suspicious administration; laughing at the very names of public virtue and public liberty, and themselves the terror of one part, and the mockery of another portion of Europe. These are great events, worthy of solemn investigation; they have no parallel in the records of mankind, and therefore they must be decyphered and judged by other rules than the mere analogies of history. The principal agents in these scenes, and the nation that were spectators, merit our alternate pity and indignation; but the scenes themselves, illustrate the most profound political truths, and

present to our minds, during the short space of ten years, the history of man for ages.

Such are my leading objects. If I have occasionally departed from them, it is solely with the view of relieving my mind from the painful sensations they have excited. I have, therefore, interspersed my narrative with more pleasing images, and with an account of more happy institutions, rising up from amidst the ruins of a country which yet reeks with the blood of its people; and which, under a mild and patriotic administration, may in some future day, lay the foundations of a rich and powerful empire, as illustrious in arts, science, and literature, as it has unquestionally proved itself in arms and military glory.

CHAP-

LETTER XI.

Description of the Promenade of Longchamp, the Bois de Boulogne, and the Boulevards.

STRANGERS, who on their arrival at Paris inquire what is to be seen, are always recommended by the inhabitants to the theatres and places of public amusement. Arts, manufactures, courts of juſtice, useful institutions, distinguished characters in the literary and political world, are objects on which they rarely trouble themselves. It happened, that we arrived in good time to see the annual promenade de Long-Champ, in the Bois de Boulogne. This ceremony being uppermost in the heads of the Parisians, it was the only subject of conversation; and every one quitted his house and shop, to take a share in the festival, or to be spectators of it. From this idea of a favourite spectacle of the public, you will naturally conclude, that it must be a grand and splendid scene, rivalling the marriage of the Adriatic, or the Carnival at Rome. Quite the contrary. It is the most insipid and contemptible shew I ever witnessed, consisting merely in the procession of a long string of coaches, cabriolets, carts, and horsemen; with a

few

few boobies, mounted on asses, making wry faces; and a number of Merry Andrews, playing their fantastic anticks for the diversion of the populace. Yet these three afternoons are considered as the gayest scenes of the Parisian Carnival! There was, indeed, much noise, but no real mirth.

The Bois de Boulogne, which has been so much extolled, does not present a single object, or coup d'œil, that is either agreeable or attractive. You ride through miserable tracks of sand, which scarcely merit the name of roads; and the *wood*, in which you would expect to find large and lofty trees, abounding with a rich foliage, consists merely of an extensive copse, without any variety, and composed of shrubs, none of which reach to eight feet in height. There is a garden on one side of it, in which there is what the Parisians call a labyrinth, and a *vast* sheet of water laden with boats for their amusement, which *we*, plain calculating islanders, should call a duck-pond. I know of no part of England to which it can be compared, excepting the fens of Lincolnshire, near Boston; but the comparison is not exact. In the horrible roads of Mecklenburgh, however, I have seen a complete resemblance of the Bois de Boulogne, with this only important difference, that in the latter you are amused with the sight and busy hum of men, in the former, you hardly ever meet with a solitary human

human being to remind you that you are in a civilized world.

On our return from this excursion, we drove round the Boulevards * of Paris. These are by far the most pleasant, neat, and lively parts of the capital. Indeed, the expressions I have employed do not convey an adequate idea of their beauty and elegance. They extend around the city, above 12166 yards in length, and are at least 80 feet wide, bordered by four rows of trees, which form three alleys, the middle for the use of carriages and horsemen, and the two collateral ones for foot passengers. The Northern boulevards, which are the most ancient, and called the Great Boulevards, differ materially from the Southern or more modern, though they are disposed nearly after the same taste.

On the Northern Boulevard, the fashionables and the idle of Paris resort, to while away their time in theatres and puppet-shews, at Tivoli, Frascati, Public baths, and eating-houses; but especially at an exhibition of wax-work, for ever crowded with young persons of both sexes, but the description of which would be so horrible and disgusting, as to make the hair of the most abandoned libertine of England stand on end.

* The term *Boulevard*, in its ancient and strict sense, means a bulwark; but it is at present used to denote a mall or public walk.

M. Ri-

M. Reichard, in his *Guide des Voyageurs en Europe*, published in 1793, mentions that every thing on this boulevard breathes the air of fairy-land and enchantment. This compiler, in many respects accurate in his accounts of other parts of Europe, is remarkably deficient in his description of this metropolis. I have examined minutely his fairy-land, and I feel no hesitation in asserting, that notwithstanding all the charms and magnificence of that boulevard, I would rather a child of mine should inhabit Hell itself, than be a spectator of what I have seen there.

The Southern boulevard, though less frequented, is far more agreeable and serene; it has many rural views, and though no meretricious forms render it the haunt of fashionable votaries, there is an air of tranquillity about it, which denotes the absence of guilt, and the resort of innocence. This is the part frequented by the industrious tradesman and his family.

There are two public gardens on the Northern boulevard, which, from the decorum observed, and the appearance of the company who frequent them, are justly deserving of the highest encomiums, especially when contrasted with the other public places of Paris; I mean *Tivoli* and *Frescati*.

Tivoli is as celebrated for its mineral baths and waters, as for its gardens. It is not situated on the boulevard, but it runs parallel with it. The walks of this place are esteemed by the

French equal to our Vauxhall gardens, but the comparison is ridiculous. Without exaggeration, they might as well compare the sun to a farthing rush-light; for, in the first place, there are no variegated lamps; secondly, the lights (such as they are) are placed so distant from each other, as to cast rather a melancholy gloom, than a cheerful blaze on the festal scene. A considerable part of the gardens are not lighted at all, and the only part which may be said to be illuminated is the boarded platform appropriated for dancing, which constitutes the most lively portion of the evening's recreation. Here is also an *immense sheet of water* for the gay Parisian to recreate his lover. It is about sixty yards long, and three yards broad, on which they perform their nautical exploits, or promenade sur l'eau. At the upper end of the boards allotted to the dancers, is a round-about, where we were greatly enlightened by seeing officers of Hussars, mounted on motionless Pegasuses, dart at an apple through a ring, at six sous a piece. A little beyond, a stage was erected for the exhibition of such fireworks as are surpassed by our little children at a Preparatory School for the sum of ten shillings. In a field to the left, was an exhibition of Chinese shades in two acts, but too ridiculous to require comment, though it attracted the greater part of the spectators. At the foot of the stage erected for the dancing companies, was a groupe

of

of tumblers, who excited great applause; but their performance was so miserable, that I am persuaded if Flockton's company at Bartholemew Fair, were to exhibit themselves in the capital of the Great Nation, the Consuls would pass a decree enjoining the Conservative Senate, the Legislative Body, the Tribunate, and all the constituted authorities, not forgetting the Bishops, to attend the representation.

Indeed, the illuminations and fire-works are on such an inferiour scale, that the price of admission (three livres) is too exorbitant for any person who does not wish to take part in the cotillions. There are a few musicians, or rather fiddlers, and a long drum, planted on a stage erected on one side of the platform; the leader of the band officiates at the same time as master of the ceremonies, and gives out the figure in an audible voice at the commencement of every *contre-dance*. Every person is at liberty to trip it on the light fantastic toe, and to address himself to any lady as a partner, in the same manner as at our masquerades. This must not surprize you, for capering is natural to a Frenchman, and without a rigadon, or an entrechat, it is as impossible for him to transact business, as it would be for a British trader to address himself to his customer with a *pas grave*. Considering the light and elegant style of dancing which I had formerly seen in France, I was much surprized to

find so few persons who had any pretensions to the character of dancers. I accompanied some English ladies thither on Sunday evening, which is looked upon as the most fashionable time of visiting Tivoli, and we were all of the same opinion, that in point either of dress or good dancing, (with a few exceptions) they were by no means comparable to an assembly at any of our county towns. Strange as this comparison may seem, it is nevertheless just. Dancing is a charming accomplishment, which, in my opinion, our fair countrywomen should attend to before they look into a book, on account of its contributing to health, ease, and grace; and I will also add, that it is even preferable, in most instances, to squalling a few notes over a pianoforte. But dancing is one thing and figuring another. Nothing can be more disgusting than the sight of a modest woman affecting the *figurante*; it is therefore to be hoped, if this sprightly art has changed sides, that *our* fair-ones will not consider all their good qualities to reside in their heels, instead of their heads.

Frescati, at the corner of the Rue de la Loi, on the boulevard, is by far the most elegant lounge at Paris. The garden is small, but well lighted; along each walk, are busts of the French and English poets; and at the extremity, is a pretty little hermitage, arranged with great taste. The rooms of the house are spacious, illuminated with

with great magnificence, decorated with large glasses, and communicate with each other. Nothing is paid for admission, but the proprietors are amply compensated by the exquisite ices in the form of peaches, and other refreshments with which the most fashionable company of Paris are supplied, at no immoderate price. There is no place of public amusement here, which unites so much elegance with decency; and I must confess that I was never satiated with the fascinations of Frescati, *below stairs*, for above, the apartments are exclusively appropriated to the use of gamblers.

Chantilly, in the *Champs Elysees*, is the resort of the lower orders of tradesmen, and bears a strong resemblance to Tivoli, both in its appearance and amusements. Ten pence is the price of admission, refreshments included, so that you will readily perceive that the society is not of the most desirable kind. However, it must be acknowledged that the inferior orders in France conduct themselves at such places with much more propriety, and are less riotous than the Londoners who assemble at Bagnigge Wells, and the tea gardens*, as they are called, in the vicinity of the capital of the *Little* Nation.

I know not how to describe *Mousseaux;* it consists of a number of little hillocks, stones

* They should be called *Bear Gardens.*

heaped on each other, little defaced walls, and puddles, which are called here mountains, rocks, ruins, and rivers.

The garden of Marbœuf, at Chaillot, is said to be executed in the English taste. Every one who has been in France, knows what is meant by the term, *Jardin à l'Anglaise*; it is nothing more or less than a formal Dutch garden with occasional mounds of earth planted with half a dozen trees, a little plot of rising ground, and the landscape terminates with a ditch filled with water, which the descriptive language of the Parisians, magnify into the name of a river.

On the other side of the water, near the residence of our Minister, in the Fauxbourg St. Germain, is a very fashionable walk in the garden of Biron; but it is utterly devoid of all claims to taste. What can be more disagreeable than rows of trees, formed like so many battalions of soldiers? We may as well call the long and tiresome road through Bushy Park, a romantic promenade, as apply the term garden to this geometrical arrangement.

But that which gave me the most pleasure, was the solitary and unfrequented garden of the Luxembourg; it is more elevated than the others, the air is more pure, and the silence which reigns in it, casts a melancholy over the scene, which is truly enchanting. To this solitude I always fled, when I wished to avoid the noise and grimaces of

the Parisians; besides, it was the place of my conversations with my friends. Here I learnt the history of the French Revolution, from persons who had distinguished themselves in all the stages of that wonderful event; here I was instructed in the characters and probable views of those who now govern France; this was the rendezvous of concealed royalists and avowed republicans, the former laughing in their sleeves at what they denominated *the circle of causation*, which they hope will in its evolutions, work out a royal sphere; the latter bemoaning the enslaved state of their country, and cursing that very government under which they actually fill the situations of Legislators, and the highest authority in the state, next to the Consuls and army. I shall never forget the walks in the garden of the Luxembourg; we were too remote from the office of Fouché, for our whispers to reach it; and we were too well guarded to suffer ourselves to become objects of suspicion.

The government are making several reparations in the palace, which is the place where the Conservative Senate holds its sittings; and the garden is about to be cleared and beautified.

There are three or four other public walks in Paris, such as the Garden of the Arsenal, of Soubise, and the Temple; but they are totally deserted. The garden of the Thuilleries, attached to the residence of the Consuls, the gar-

den of the Palais Royal, and the garden of plants, are the only remaining public walks which I have not yet described. Each of these gardens merit a more detailed account, from their having been the scenes of most extraordinary events; at least, the first and second: the latter requires of itself a separate letter, as it contains a collection of rare and precious curiosities, highly interesting to the botanist and to the natural historian; and because I had the good fortune to be accompanied thither by a philosopher, whose private virtues and whose profound researches into many parts of natural science, have justly obtained him the approbation of all the learned in Europe. Through his obliging condescensions I was not only enabled to examine the Cabinet of Natural History with attention, but also to be admitted at a time, when it was not opened for public inspection.

LETTER XII.

The Garden of the Thuilleries—Foundation of the Republic—Anecdote of Mademoiselle Therouanne—Knights of the Poignard—Hall of the National Convention—Trial of Lewis XVI.—Attempt to save him.

IT is impossible to traverse this large and handsome garden, without calling to mind the glorious efforts of the brave Swiss guards, who were murdered for having been faithful to their trust, on the memorable 10th of August, 1792. The trophies which they left behind them are still visible along the whole front of the Consular Palace. I have been informed from very good authority, that if the king could have been persuaded to have remained in the palace, surrounded by his faithful guards, the victory would have terminated in favour of the royal cause; and what confirms me in this opinion is, that several persons who were then members of the Legislative Assembly have since assured me, the majority of the Convention never dreamt of deposition, though they had often heard a republic mentioned, until they perceived their victim at their mercy. This fatal resolution of the king emboldened the daring spirit of the ambitious, and determined those

who were yet undecisive. But even at that moment it was supposed that royalty would be continued, though in different hands. It was intended that the deposition should relate to the *person*, not to the thing itself. The Orleans faction, for the first time, felt its power, but was afraid to exert it. All those who were engaged in the conspiracy of the duke, refined away their time in idle preparations, while they should have seized the moment, and secured their object. They suffered themselves also to be duped by those who had no share whatever in their treachery, which is a convincing proof, that in political affairs too much refinement and fine-spun preliminaries will never avail against unity of principle. In a future letter, when the present government and the Abbé Sieyes shall fall under consideration, I shall have another opportunity of illustrating this political maxim.

Above a month was suffered to elapse before the Orleans faction and the Republican faction felt their mutual strength. The former were employed in sounding the minds of others, and in treaty; the latter, while they held out encouraging hopes to the former, were concentrating their force, and preparing to strike a decisive blow. Thus they compelled the partizans of Orleans to be their blind instruments.

At length the National Convention assembled on the 21st of September, the Orleans party awaiting

awaiting, with eager expectation, for some distinguished member of the other side, with whom they had been tampering, to move the deposition of the king, on which they were prepared to ground their proposition of nominating a regent in the person of Orleans; while the republicans, too cunning for their adversaries, expected a motion on their part, for the abolition of royalty. A solemn pause ensued, like that between two hostile armies, which had never met before *. How the heart of Orleans must have palpitated! On a sudden the thunder burst from a quarter where it was not expected. It was reserved for an ecclesiastic to pronounce the fall of a throne which had existed for centuries. A member arose, and submitted to the Convention the propriety of discussing the abolition of royalty. Instantly Gregoire, bishop of Blois, exclaimed, "Why should we debate when we are all agreed? "Kings are, in the moral economy of the world, "what monsters are in the natural; and courts "are the repositories of crimes, and the dens of "tyrants. The history of kings is the martyrology "of nations: when we are convinced of these "truths why should we debate?" The fate of

* This was literally the case when the Russians and French first came into contact in Italy; for a few seconds they gazed at each other with great amazement, and then the action commenced. I had this anecdote from a general officer who was in the engagement.

empires

empires has more than once depended on a liquid sentence, from the Spartan *If* and the *Quid times, Cæsarem vehis,* to the *Why should we debate,* of Grégoire. This speech operated on the Convention like an electric shock, and without entering into a discussion on the advantages or disadvantages of monarchical government, without inquiring into the possible moral evils which might be engendered, from the adoption of a new order of things, by which all the ancient habits of thinking and of subordination would be subverted, the members rose in a mass, and called for *the question.* Another solemn silence ensued, when Grégoire again addressed the Convention, and on his proposition it decreed, that *Royalty is abolished in France.* Thus vanished the prospects of Orleans and his abettors, and in this tumultuous manner was a republic established in France. This account is true; for I received the former part from those who were engaged in the conspiracy of Orleans, and the latter from Grégoire himself.

This statement is, I apprehend, sufficiently confirmatory of the observation already advanced, that the fears and the listnessness of Lewis XVI. were the proximate causes which led to his overthrow and ruin. If any corroborating proof were necessary to establish it, I might alledge the evidence of a young, but fanatical girl, Mademoiselle Therouanne, who has repeatedly declared to

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me que c'etoit la poltronnerie seule du tyran, qui sauva la France.

Before I quit this subject, I cannot avoid noticing the conduct of this young woman. During the attack on the Thuilleries, on the day of the 10th of August, she headed a body of pikemen, and greatly distinguished herself by her courage and presence of mind. I have often been in her company, and remarked, that she possessed by nature a fund of humanity, and a tolerable share of information; but the vain desire of popularity, united to a considerable portion of fanaticism, made her forgetful of her sex, wild, savage, and ferocious. She was young and handsome: had she not disfigured herself, and had she never disdained those playful graces, which upon some occasions she could display with effect, she would have been esteemed one of the finest women in France. One day she invited me to breakfast with her, and on my entering her apartment, the first objects that struck my sight were a pike, a dagger, a broad sword, a brace of pistols, and the *bonnet rouge* suspended over her chimney-piece; scattered about the floor, lay above an hundred volumes and pamphlets, on her bed the Paris Journals, and on her table, *L'Ami du Peuple*, by Marat. On my inquiring "why a "lady of her charms"—(I was going to say, kept such dreadful instruments in her room) "No "compliment, *Citizen, society is undergoing a*

"*grand*

" *grand reorganization, and women are about to*
" *resume their rights. We shall no more be flat-*
" *tered in order to be enslaved; those arms have*
" *dethroned the tyrant, and conquered freedom.*
" *Sit down and take your chocolate.*" The countenance, tone, and manner in which this chastisement was conveyed, left no room for reply; I obeyed her mandate, and was submissive during the rest of the morning.

With all this severity of character, she possessed some winning attractions, so much so, that she captivated the heart of John Sheares, the counsellor, who was executed at Dublin, during the late rebellion. His affection for her was carried to so great an height, that he went so far as to propose marriage to her. Had he been gratified in his inclination, there is good reason to suppose, that *he* would have been now alive, a peaceable and loyal subject, and *she* in a much happier situation than at present. For he has often assured me, that if he proved successful, he should abandon politics altogether, and retire into private life.

He was one of the finest young men I ever beheld; and sure I am that a handsomer pair would have been rarely seen. But fortune ordered their fate should be disastrous. When he tendered his proposals, she pulled a pistol from her pocket, and threatened to shoot him if he uttered another syllable upon the subject. This unexpected conduct

duct damped his hopes, but not his affection. *He* returned to Ireland, and fell a victim to offended justice; *she* is now in a miserable state of insanity, and confined in a madhouse in the *rue de Sevre, fauxbourg* St. Germain. In the dark walks of this garden, the second ——— **********, was wont to take his nightly rounds in search of his Alexis; for it is but too true that even among the highest in this capital

Pastor formosem Corydon ardebit Alexim.

His reputation is so well established for this detestable vice, that a greater personage found it absolutely necessary to question him respecting the truth of the current reports. "How is it, ******," said he, "that I hear such strange reports about you?" The other instantly replied, "General, they do me injustice. Every evening a young female comes to my house by appointment, and passes the night with me; and early in the morning, before any one is up, *he* takes his hat and cane, and steals out unobserved." Truth will out! Out of his own mouth the impure beast stood self convicted.

The garden of the Thuilleries has also brought some other circumstances into my recollection; among others, the famous story of the *Knights of the Poignard*, on the 23d of February, 1791, when a number of the Knights of the Order of St. Louis were supposed to have entered into a con-

conspiracy to carry off the King. I was present on the occasion, and was a calm spectator of the scene. An immense concourse of people collected about the Chateau, and I heard a great noise about concealed daggers and brandished weapons, but I saw none. Every man repeated whatever he heard from his neighbour, with many additions of his own; but I declare I saw no blade excepting that of La Fayette's, who, mounted on his white charger, was galloping to and fro, as if the fate of the world depended that night upon him. At one instant he was forming the National Guards in line; at the next, he was ordering them to file off; then he dismounted, and bolted into the Palace; in a trice he was again on horseback: the little man was so busy, that he created more alarm among the people than if an Austrian army had reached their barriers. At length, after a great deal of marching and counter-marching, bustling and puffing, the Marquis assured the mob that all was safe, and from the measures *he* had taken, he would be responsible for the safety of the monarch. Here followed great applause, and the populace quietly dispersed. Some *real* Knights of the Order of St. Louis were unquestionably present, and were very roughly handled by the people; but it never appeared that any other motive carried them to the Thuilleries, than an anxious desire to defend the person of the king against any attacks of the mob,

mob, who had *previously* assembled thither. The cause of this assemblage originated in the mere circumstance of the brother of the king (Monsieur) having paid a visit to the Chateau, escorted by a greater number of attendants than usual. What a superstructure of falsehoods has been raised on this simple occurrence! There is one fact, however, established by this event, namely, that even at that period, the person of Lewis XVI. was respected by the people, and they considered their security to be identified with his presence; and I entertain not the least doubt, but at this day, a decided majority of the people would rejoice in the restoration of their ancient line of princes, especially in the persons of the Duke and Duchess of Angoulême.

The hall of the National Convention stands on one side of the garden of the Thuilleries. This building was formerly the king's stables, and I understand it is the intention of the First Consul to appropriate it to its original purpose. Curiosity induced me to enter a place, which had been the focus of so many wonderful revolutions, whence issued the most tremendous decrees of death and proscription, where the Republic was declared, the unhappy king tried, religious worship abolished, and more bloody tragedies performed in one twelvemonth than in all Europe in the space of two hundred years.

You may guess my astonishment when, on my entrance, I beheld it completely dismantled, and exhibiting nothing but bare walls: the galleries, the tribune, the flag of liberty that was planted over the Bastille, and suspended in triumph over the center of the hall, have been destroyed: even the floor has been removed, and we trod upon the bare earth. The place was, however, so familiar to me, that I was able to give a very accurate description of it to an English gentleman who accompanied me, as well as to point out, with tolerable exactitude, where sat the leading members of the different assemblies, as well as the spot on which the unfortunate king was placed during his trial.

Now that I am upon this subject, I shall mention a few circumstances respecting this last event, which have not, I believe, been ever made known to the public. I was present at the trial of the king, and sat very near to him. Before he was brought to the bar, it was decreed, on a motion of Legendre, the butcher, one of the Deputies of the Great Nation, that "no person, excepting the President, should be allowed to speak a word, while Louis Capet was present." The motion of Legendre was premised by the following speech, which I well remember, and give *verbatim*. "Citizen President, I demand that this Assembly preserves the mournful silence of the tombs, that when the bloody tyrant enters,

it may strike his *guilty* soul with horror." *Guilty* soul! condemned before evidence heard, and prejudged before trial! This speech was received with unbounded applause; and the blood-stained hypocrite Barrére, who was president on the occasion, apostrophized the people in the tribunes, on the propriety of observing silence and decorum. It is remarkable, that there were very few persons of any respectability, or even decent appearance, in the galleries; they were filled with fishwomen, and the vilest of the rabble. During the whole night preceding the day of trial, (as it was called) the people in the galleries kept themselves awake with singing the Marseillois hymn, which, I believe, was vocife rated an hundred times. The officers of artil lery, attached to the national guard, who were on duty that night, procured wine and cakes for such as were willing to purchase them. In the morning the deputies assembled, and proceeded upon the order of the day; and while Santerre the brewer, and commandant of the national guard of Paris, was sent to the temple to conduct the king to the convention, it was arranged that the president should first read the whole of the charges, and should then propose each of them successively to the king, and demand his answer. He was also authorized to interrogate the monarch, and if he refused to answer, such refusal was to be considered as a confession of guilt.

During this discussion, and before several other points had been adjusted, Santerre presented himself at the bar, and thus addressed the president: "Citizen President, I have executed your command; Louis Capet is here, and awaits your orders." Before Barrére had time to reply, Mailhé, one of the secretaries, exclaimed, "Bring him in." A very profound silence reigned throughout the Assembly, when attended by several officers of the *Etat Major* of Paris, and followed by Santerre, the king advanced to the bar, standing erect and firm, and casting (as appeared to me) a strong look of defiance, but not of dignity. A little before the king entered, a member of the Convention said, in my hearing, to *****, "this will give you a correct idea of your country in the last century." To which he answered, with uncommon spirit, and with a forcible equivoque, "No, we shall see too many tricks here."

I watched the king with the minutest attention, and I observed, that in looking around the Assembly, he happened to cast his eyes on the standards which had been taken from the Austrians and Prussians, and gave a sudden start, scarcely perceptible to any but a very close observer, and from which he recovered himself in an instant. A wooden chair was brought, and Barrére invited him to be seated. He then read the whole of the charges, during which the king fixed his eyes

eyes upon him, but seemingly not with attention. From this circumstance, I did flatter myself, (and there were many members of the Convention who also wished it) that like Charles the First, he would either deny the competency of the tribunal to try him, or have appealed to the people; but he adopted neither the one nor the other. To every charge he answered directly, without premeditation, and with such skilful propriety, that the audience were astonished; and this gave rise to an idle report, that Pethion had contrived to furnish him with a copy in the Temple.

There occurred three other circumstances during this solemn occasion, which have not been noticed elsewhere. When he was accused of shedding the blood of Frenchmen, he raised his voice with all the consciousness of innocence, and in a very strong tone of indignation, replied, "No, Sir! I have never shed the blood of Frenchmen." His spirit was evidently wounded at this charge, and I perceived a tear trickle down his cheek; but as if unwilling to give his enemies an opportunity of discovering any weakness in his conduct, he instantaneously wiped it away with his hand, and then gently rubbed his forehead, to denote that he was oppressed with heat.

After all his answers had been obtained, several papers were handed to him, with some degree of politeness, by Rose, a Scotchman, and one of the

Huissiers, or Gentleman Usher of the Convention. I have employed the term *politeness* by way of contrast with the brutish behaviour of Mailhé, the secretary, who was afterwards desired to present the papers successively to the king. These papers were said to have been signed by the monarch, and to have been contained in a box, which was found in a secret part of his cabinet. Their contents were not of any great importance, as they related to some pecuniary supplies and donations, sent to support his relatives and faithful servants on the other side of the Rhine. The object of the Convention was to identify the king's hand writing, by extracting from him an acknowledgment that any one of them was written by him. A chair was placed for Mailhé close to the king, but within the bar. Immediately that he seated himself, the unfeeling monster turned it completely round, presenting his face to the president, and his back to the king. I believe I can venture to assert, that I heard something like a murmur of disapprobation at this indecent action, to say no worse of it. The insulted monarch felt the affront, and shewed, by the manner in which he resented it, a proud superiority over his dastardly enemy. He rose instantly from his seat, and remained on his legs during the whole of the examination. Mailhé retained his position, and sitting with one leg over the other, read aloud each paper, and then,

then, without turning towards the king, handed it over his right shoulder to his sovereign, accompanied every time with the following question; " Louis, is that your hand writing?" he unfortunate monarch, without deigning to give him a look, snatched it abruptly from his hand, and after having glanced his eye upon it, returned it in the same manner, and answered in a very indignant tone, " No ! it is not my hand writing." A multitude of papers were presented on the one part, and denied on the other, in the same style; at length, when the king disavowed all, Mailhé rose from his seat, and as he was returning to his station of secretary, exclaimed, " Louis denies every thing; Louis recollects nothing at all." A voice from the boxes behind the deputies shouted, " Take off his head," but it was not noticed. Thus far, victory was evidently on the side of the king; never were charges more completely refuted by any forsaken individual, unsupported either by friends or counsel. The president was wholly at a loss how to proceed. Barbaroux and several members ran up to his chair, and whispered something in his ear. This confused him the more. At length Manuel, nicknamed the Solon, the Solomon, or the Socrates of France, (I forget which) advanced from his seat into the area of the hall, in the most bungling manner, and in the most ridiculous tone I ever heard, thus delivered himself; " Presi-

dent, the representatives of the people have decreed, that none of us shall speak while *the king*, Louis I should say, is amongst us. Now I propose that Louis withdraw for a little, and then every member may deliver his opinion." No language can give an idea of the silly appearance he made, when he found that the word *king* had escaped unguardedly from his lips. At the sound of that name I could plainly perceive Legendre, standing at the top of the mountain, his body writhing, and distorted, and his mouth preparing to bellow. As he was sitting down, he gave Bourdon de L'oise a most tremendous blow for calling him to order, which the other returned by a sound box on the ear. Several deputies parted them. In the midst of this confusion, when all the members were talking together, (for the battle on the mountain was seen only by a few) the president's chair was assailed by a number of deputies, who were making various propositions. At length Barrére rang his bell to obtain silence, and then told the king he might withdraw. All these things passed in the space of four minutes. The king then addressed himself to the president, and said, "I request to have the assistance of counsel," and immediately retired before any answer was given.

The artful and infernal villain, Barrére, who during this mock trial affected the greatest sympathy towards his injured sovereign, and even articulated

lated all the charges in faultering accents, now resumed the natural tone of his voice. A smart discussion had taken place on the propriety of his wearing his hat in the presence of the king, to denote, according to some, that the nation was in danger, and according to others, to display the majesty of the people, sitting in judgment on their chief magistrate. The question was undetermined at the time the king entered, so that it was left to his own option. He remained, however, the whole time uncovered; the majority of the members wore their hats, but the Duke of Orleans, who had seated himself in full view of his fallen relative, was also uncovered. The king was plainly dressed in an olive silk coat, and looked remarkably well; Barrére the president wore a dark mixture, a scarlet waistcoat, and a lead coloured pair of kerseymere breeches, with white silk stockings. Pethion was elegantly dressed in black, as well as several of his party; Robespierre was also dressed in black; Orleans was habited in blue, and the majority of the members looked like blackguards; Legendre wore no neckcloth, and had his collar open *à la Brutus.*

Manuel seemed much agitated by the misapplication of the word *king*, and extricated himself from the difficulty in a most laughable manner. Not so the monarch who dropt a similar expression, even in his painful and untoward situation. When he was giving an account of the

the invitation to the entertainment at Versailles, which the queen had received from the *Garde du Corps*, he caught up his words, and said, *La Reine ci-devant, ma femme.*

The rest of this affecting spectacle, which by no means corresponded with that pomp and dignity so eloquently described by Mr. Hume on another occasion, is sufficiently known. I have mentioned the incidents above, because I have never seen them recounted in any printed account of the transactions of that melancholy day.

It has been generally asserted, that no effort was made on the part of any of the Parisians to rescue their captive monarch from the horrors of a public execution. This assertion I know to be false. I am personally acquainted with a very able literary man, now resident in Paris, who had fifteen thousand livres deposited in his hands, for the purpose of saving the king. What! you will exclaim, not more than 600l. sterling to snatch a monarch from the scaffold! It is true, that this sum is a mere trifle, but it is a proof that his cause was not altogether abandoned; and perhaps, you will start with surprize when I inform you, that this insignificant sum was so prudently distributed, and the plan so judiciously arranged, (for I have seen all the documents) that if Santerre had not ordered the drums to beat, in order to drown the forcible appeal which the royal sufferer was making to the people, I do most

most sincerely believe, that it would have been carried into effect. Most assuredly, there were persons on the fatal spot prepared to seize the moment of opportunity; and there can be no doubt, from the acknowledged fickle and atrocious character of the Parisian populace, who would send up shouts to heaven to-morrow at the execution of the First Consul, whom to-day they adore, that they would have joined or divided in the enterprize. At all events, measures were taken to facilitate the king's escape during the struggle, and that was the object for which the 600l. were expended.

There is not a spot in this hall of the Convention which does not revive a thousand sublime and painful recollections. Here, on the front bench, to the left of the president, I remember seeing Mirabeau, Barnave, the Lameths, and on the same side of the hall those conspicuous members of the Constituent Assembly, who thundered against the power of the clergy, the feudal laws, and the despotism of the throne. To the right of the president's chair, I remember to have heard the virtuous Mounier pour forth the language of generous indignation against the motion of Barnave on the emigration of the aunts of the late king. At the extremity of the hall, methinks I hear the nervous eloquence of Cazalés, in behalf of his king, and the established laws of his country. On yonder spot, opposite to the chair

chair of the president, stood that famous tribune, alternately filled by the brave and the virtuous, by knaves and cowards. There have I heard the impressive oration of Mirabeau on the *Veto*, the celebrated speech of Cardinal Maury on Avignon and the Comtat Venaissin, the gloomy metaphysics of Condorcet, and the eloquent enthusiasm of Gregoire.

I have also beheld it, O wretched change! polluted by monsters, breathing nothing but death and devastation. I have heard in that tribune, the sanguinary suggestions of Danton and Robespierre, the howlings of Marat, the ravings of Brissot, Anacharsis Cloots, and Gaudet, and the *calambours* of the gascon Barrére. There too I have seen Tom Paine stand up like a post, while another read a translation of his speech. What noise, uproar, and cabals, have originated within these walls! Methinks they are besmeared with human blood! The images they excite, arise in dreadful succession, and stalk before my imagination like the shades of Bancho's line.

Never shall I forget the day, when in the midst of a solemn speech which Gensonné was delivering, the impudent little Marat, who could scarcely reach his throat, gave him a box on the ear; the other took him in his arms, and threw him neck and heels out of the tribune. I could write whole volumes within these walls, and I could

could philosophize, without end, on the moody temper of my fellow creatures; in the same manner as the lonely traveller, who wanders and muses amidst the desolations of Balbec and Palmyra, or amidst any of the silent ruins of ancient magnificence. Why am I not blessed with the faculty of forgetfulness? Why cannot I forget myself? *Pars fui*; I will drop a tear on this part of my history, and endeavour to blot it out for ever from my mind.

LETTER XIII.

Garden of the Palais Royal—Manners of the People.

THE greatest beauty in the moral world, becomes by pollution an odious and withered hag; health and charms flourish only in the practice of virtue, and in the abodes of innocence. If this principle be true in the physical government of mankind, it is equally so in the moral. The prostitute is shunned by every woman who has any regard for her honour and her reputation, and the dens of vice are avoided with equal scrupulousness by every man to whom virtue is not an empty name. Both the one and the other are infected with contagion, and like the baleful Upaz of Java, scatter poison and pestilence around them.

I am now about to treat of the Palais Royal, that hot-bed of revolution and crimes, that nursery of every loathsome vice, that abomination of all virtue, and prophanation of all religion.

This infernal sink of iniquity is situated in the very centre of Paris, and is considered by the wicked inhabitants of that capital as its brightest ornament, in the same manner as Milton's devils in hell admired the palace of Pandemonium.

It

It opens on one side to the Rue St. Honoré, which traverses the whole city, like our Strand, Fleet Street, Cheapside, and Cornhill, and on the other to the Rue Vivienne *, leading to the Boulevards. In my last letter, I mentioned the monster Orleans; this wretch was the proprietor of the Palais Royal. His great grandfather, who was nearly as great a scoundrel as his great grandson, was the first who made this place the signal of illicit pleasures; it has been ever since the focus of cabal, bloodshed, rapine and debauchery.

During the first moments of the revolution, it was the rendezvous of the desperate, the ambitious, and the cut throat. In different parts of the garden, political mountebanks, mounted on tables, harangued the people on the rights of man; the Palais Royal was precisely what the fauxbourg St. Antoine afterwards became, the arsenal, in which were forged the instruments of anarchy and murder. Whenever an inhabitant of any of the provinces arrived in Paris, he was sure to be led in procession to the garden of Revolution; here he listened to the provocatives to civil discord, and learnt those popular arts by which the repose of France has been disturbed for above ten years. These orators and assemblies had the words liberty and virtue continually in their

* Where citizen Ashley the shoemaker, carries on his trade, and makes 1000l. sterling per annum.

mouths,

mouths, but within, the heart was rank, and rotten to the core; and licentiousness and vice were the real objects which they courted. Their ignorance was equalled only by their effrontery; they talked of subjects which they did not understand; they encouraged their countrymen to enlist under the first banner of revolt that was uplifted; and while they stooped submissive and servile in the presence of their daily murtherers, they rioted away their nights in taverns, and styes of prostitution. Indifferent to the welfare of their country, they promoted confusion and civil strife, in order, that amidst national alarms, the loudest brawler might be the soonest trusted. Covetous without economy, and bold without courage, they were the sport of every miscreant who wished to employ them as his tools; and they were deaf only to the voice of honour and honesty. The frequenters of this place are, to this day, no better than their predecessors. In its cells were embodied, for thirty sous per head, that group of assassins who headed an indocile, silly, and ferocious people, in their attacks against their government. The famous march of La Fayette, and the Parisian Cannibals to Versailles, was arranged at, and began from this spot; and it was also the rendezvous of the apostles of Marat, and the Sbirri of Robespierre.

I remember the last interview I had in this garden with the mad Colonel Oswald, who has written

written several insane publications in behalf of what he called his fellow creatures, the brutes; also "A Review of the British Constitution," &c. I have, in my possession, a little pamphlet, which he circulated under the title of "The Government of the People," in which he asserts, that a representation of the people is as great a despotism as absolute monarchy. He insists that the voice of the people cannot be represented; and by way of illustration he roundly asserts, "that as a man cannot p— by proxy, neither can he *think* by proxy." On the full conviction of this principle, he proposes to new model the governments of all the nations of the world; men and women are to assemble in an open plain, and there make, or repeal their own laws. I have often endeavoured to persuade him, that his plan was not sufficiently extensive, as he had excluded from this grand assembly of the animated world the most populous portion of his fellow-creatures, namely, cats, dogs, horses, chickens, &c.

Oswald was originally a captain of a Highland regiment in the British service, and had travelled by land from India, during which he lived a considerable time with some Brahmins, who turned his head. From that period he never tasted flesh meat, from what he called a principle of humanity. He did not, however, enter into the whole theology of the Brahmins, for he was a professed Atheist, and denied the Metempsychosis; but he

believed in the immortality of the body, and drank plentifully of wine. From what has been said above, it is of no consequence what his opinions were, but such a man living in a fermented capital was capable of doing much mischief. He dined on his roots one day at a party of some members of the Convention, at which I was present, and in the course of conversation, very coolly proposed, as the most effectual method of averting civil war, to put to death every suspected man in France. I was shocked at such a sentiment coming from the mouth of an Englishman; but Oswald had been for some time the commandant of the pikemen of Paris, and in this capacity had forgotten his national character. The expression was not suffered to pass unnoticed; and from the famous Thomas Paine he received a short but cutting reprimand; "Oswald," said he, "you have lived so long without tasting flesh, that you now have a most voracious appetite for blood."

In consequence of a strong and successful opposition which I had made against some proposals respecting Ireland, that Oswald had offered to the government, I met him by his own appointment, in the garden of the Palais Royal. As soon as he perceived me approaching towards him, he darted forwards, and drawing his sword, exclaimed, "You are unfit to live in a civilized society." Having uttered these words, he re-

turned his sword into the scabbard, and turning from me, disappeared in a moment. We never saw each other more. His regiment was ordered to La Vendée, where, while bravely leading on his men at the battle of Pont-de-Cé, he was killed by a cannon ball, and at the same instant, a discharge of grape shot laid both his sons, who served as drummers in the corps of which he was colonel, breathless on their father's corpse.

His wives (for he had two) still reside in Paris. They were extremely handsome, and he had brought his domestic economy to such a perfect state of discipline, that they lived together in the greatest friendship and harmony. A singular fact! which has, I believe, no parallel in the history of the fair sex.

The history of one maniac brings to my recollection a curious rencontre which I had in this place with another character of the same description, whose eccentricities of opinion made him, for a certain time, the astonishment of all France. I mean *Anacharsis Clootz*, who called himself the *Orator of the human race.* For four hours did this man compel us to listen to all his whimsies and political dreams. In six months the tricolored flag was to wave over the dome of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, a month after it would be seen on Mount Caucasus, then on the walls of Petersburg and Pekin. A grand Amphyctrionic council, composed of deputies from all the states

of the world, not excluding the deputies from Botany Bay, Otaheite, the Friendly Islands, and the savage tribes of America, were then to be assembled at Paris, which would be the capital of the world. This once established, mankind would be composed but of one family, subordinate to one government only, and the French language would be the sole language of the world. All this was to be brought about in the short space of three years. Within that period, however, the sage Anacharsis was led to the scaffold, and publickly executed, together with a number of fanatics and knaves. I heard this man propose, in the club of the Jacobins, that instead of killing the Austrian and Prussian soldiers, the French army should, the moment they came in sight of them, throw down their muskets, and advance towards them dancing, and with open arms. Such a measure, he was certain, would strike the wretched victims of tyranny with a sentiment of affection, which they would, doubtless, answer by a movement equally sympathetic. Really, after such a proposition, I cannot avoid suspecting, that Clootz meant to ridicule the French nation, for he exhibited, upon some subjects, proofs of a very enlightened mind; and from what I have since collected respecting him, I find the more sober people of Paris still think he was a pensioner of the king of Prussia. It is true, that they regarded most of those whose heads they

cut

cut off as pensioners of the coalesced powers, but whether they be correct in this surmize, I am not competent to decide. Unquestionably, Clootz, by his speeches and conduct, cast more ridicule upon the revolution than any other man; his abominable deification and worship in the church of Notre Dame of a prostitute, whom he created Goddess of Reason, and the manœuvres he employed to persuade Gobel, Archbishop of Paris, to renounce his character and belief at the bar of the Convention, are decisive proofs either of madness or of conspiracy.

From this digression, I return to the description of the Palais Royal. It is an immense building in the form of a parallelogram, within which is the garden, distributed into separate gravelled walks. In the piazzas, which run along three sides of the edifice, are a multitude of shops, coffee-houses, bagnios, gambling-houses, money-changers, and stock-brokers. The jewellers shops are as numerous and brilliant as if there were neither misery, nor miserable beings. You see nothing but watch chains, half pearl half diamonds. The woollen-drapers unfurl, from the top of their shops to the floor, every kind of stuff, which form a striking contrast with the ignoble and dirty clothing of the passengers. The stuffs are under your hand, you may touch them; no one seems to be watching them; and the master is careless and saucy when you ask

him the price. Shops less exposed, but not less rich, offer you brilliant superfluities; a heart's ease, or a pansy, or a Cupid holding by a thread a bird on the wing; firmaments of starry jewels; presents of friendship; ear-pendants in flowers, in filligree; gold boxes; medallions; silver ice-cups, with their spoons; cups of silver, of antique forms, with ebony handles. The odour of exquisite ragouts ascends in vapours from the air-holes; the side tables are loaded with fruit, confectionary and pastry; and there you may dine at every hour, as in the courts of German princes, to the sound of musical instruments and French horns, filled by girls alsø who are not nymphs of Diana. Petty gaming-houses support the shops of girls who sell garters, thread, lavender-water, tooth-brushes, and sealing-wax; by their side are booksellers shops, where allurements are held out continually to the libertine, and to entrap innocent youth. Pictures from curious collections, licentious engravings, libidinous novels, serve as signs to a crowd of prostitutes, lodging in the wooden shops. Their nets are ten feet distant from the sauntering youth, idle, and already emaciated in the flower of his age. These are the exhibitions of the galleries; above these wooden shops are gaming rooms, where all the passions and torments of hell are assembled.

As soon as the day closes, all the arcades are suddenly illuminated, the shops become resplendent,

dent, and the jewellers shew-boxes throw a long lustre: the crowd becomes more numerous. This is the moment in which the gaming-houses open, under the *sanction of the government, and affording it a productive revenue.* While the great sharpers are employed in the drawing-rooms above, the lesser ones are at work in the thronged passages which communicate with the adjacent streets, and which serve as gliding-holes to swarms of pick-pockets and money-jobbers. Formerly, it was the moment when strangers and virtuosos went to admire, in the private apartments of the Duke of Orleans, the obscene figures of Aretin, in wax, and large as life. Your steps under the arcades are arrested by a smoke which pricks your legs; it is the kitchen flame of the *restaurateurs;* and close to them the balls are beginning in subterraneous grottoes. Across the air-holes, you see circles of girls, leaping, giggling, rushing on their gallants like baccantes, with dishevelled hair. In the auction rooms, the Stentor gives the signal. The brokers, dealers, retailers, are all seated. Women's wigs, chimney pendulums, shawls, handkerchiefs, shirts, beds *à la Duchesse,* are sold to the highest bidder. A barker parades each of these objects round the tables before the bidders. He grows hoarse; he drinks; he has acquired an habit of bellowing, which holds the medium be-

tween the human voice and the roaring of a bull; the tricks of the sellers are such, that they always deliver to you a worse merchandize than the one you purchased; the brokers make those who are not of their trade pay much dearer.

Spies of the police prowl in every coffee-house, but no one now dares talk politicks in them. Under the arcades are holes of shops, where girls attract passengers by their glances; there you see only a few rows of packets of powder, intermingled with glasses full of thread and tooth-pickers; and in other shops of the same kind, which are scarcely more richly furnished, you find no other wares but those exhibited by the sign, or perhaps the dresses of these young ladies, hung up on the inside, in order to make a shew; those places are to the seraglio; what the cook-shops are to the *restaurateur*, where you enter vast saloons, the assiduous rendezvous of every man fattened by rapine, army contractors, agents, administrators of tontines and lotteries, professors of nocturnal robberies, and stock-jobbers. There you are served at a nod. The dish is put upon table the moment it is ordered. Private rooms offer you at the same time every thing to satiate gluttony and sensuality. The glasses which decorate them, multiply to the libidinous eye of an old satyr the charms of his miſtress, and all the seats are elastic. In short,

there

there is a private saloon, where you drink the coolest liqueurs, and where burnt-incense escape from boxes in light cloudy streams. There you dine *à l'Orientale,* and find on certain days, all the pomp and singularity of the repast of Trimalcion. On a signal given, the ceiling opens, and from above descend cars, drawn by doves and driven by Venusses; sometimes it is an Aurora, sometimes a Diana, who comes in quest of her dear Endymion. All are clothed like goddesses. The amateurs chuse; and the divinities, not of Olympus, but of the ceiling, join themselves to mortals.

Such is the infected lazar-house, placed in the midst of the great city, which has reduced the whole of society to degradation and corruption. Independently of the fatal contagion of gaming, the excesses of cupidity under all its forms, and the licentiousness of morals, blasphemy and infidelity, are in every mouth and at every moment; brutal and depraved language has pervaded every condition, and made a sport of the most sacred words, which were never heretofore pronounced but with respect. Every where you meet troops of children, without order or modesty, who swear, blaspheme, and scandalize chaste or pious ears. At Sodom and Gomorrah they did not read such books as are printed and publickly sold at the Palais Royal. *Justine,* or the *Misfortunes of Virtue,* is exposed on every stall. Put a pen into

into the claws of Satan, or of the evil genius of mankind, he will not be able to make a worse. An hundred other productions, equally distinguished for turpitude and vice, are there to finish the decomposition of what instinctive morality remains in the hearts of certain young people. In almost every house, trades are carried on *which have not a name*, chemical analysis never would succeed in decomposing their different elements.

After such a description, principally taken from the writings of a Frenchman*, who with all his partialities, justly condemns the manners of his countrymen, and the abominable orgies practised every night in this region of vice, one cannot help expressing the utmost indignation against the compiler of a late publication, entitled "a Practical Guide during a Journey from London to Paris," in which, amidst innumerable blunders, he asserts without shame, that "no station, no age, no temper, could ever leave it without an ardent desire to return." For the honour of human nature, it is proper the English public should not be thus abused, by perversions and falshoods, and on this account, I have entered more fully into a detail of the wanton and disgusting scenes at the Palais Royal, than their monstrous enormity would otherwise deserve.

Accompanied by an English gentleman, who, like myself, was a married man, we visited every

* M. Mercier.

part

part of this infectious temple of sin from the cellar under ground to the garrets of Paphos; and we agreed in opinion, that as long as it existed, it will be in vain to expect to find in this capital, any sincere demonstrations, either of moral probity, decency in private, or honesty in public life. The government appear sensible of the evil, though they have taken no steps to prevent it. It is not altogether clear, that they do not *protect* these scenes of voluptuousness as enervating the minds, and diverting the attention of the Parisians from the consideration of public affairs. From what I have seen, I do not entertain the least doubt on the subject; otherwise, why should the legislators and the government be continually preaching up the advantages of morality and religion, and the necessity of establishing a system of National Education for the encouragemet of virtue and the suppression of vice, when at the same time they are receiving a considerable revenue from the wages of harlots, the profits of gambling houses, and other nefarious haunts of libertinism? Why is a soldier stationed at the door of every one of these dens of impurity, but to demonstrate that they are tolerated? Why are the subalterns on guard permitted to carry on, in certain portions of the garden, immoralities which not only put modesty to the blush, but revolt human nature?

There

There is another circumstance which forcibly struck my mind while traversing the arcades and gardens of the Palais Royal. It was the insolent and domineering aspect and conduct of the military. Nothing can be a stronger indication of the oppressed and humiliated condition of the French people, than the airs and consequence assumed by the soldiers, and the manifest superiority which they not only affect, but maintain over their fellow-citizens. Every one makes room for them to pass; and as the officers strut or saunter along, arm in arm, the clinking of their sabres against the pavement announce their approach, and warn the servile citizen to make way. The very prostitute who leans on the arm of a regimented pantaloon, with large whiskers, feels an importance far above her companion, who drags along the *bourgeois* in his long great-coat. She laughs, and talks louder, she makes more grimaces, shews more degagé attitudes; and as she moves, she exacts from the spectators, the extatic apostrophe of, *Eh! comme elle est belle.*

These things are better ordered in *our* country, which is at once a land of the highest liberty, and of paramount laws. The soldier with us, whatever may be his rank, comprehends perfectly well the obligations which he owes to the laws, as well as to the sovereign of his country; and while he displays the most exalted loyalty towards the latter, he associates under the idea of duty, a re-

a regard for his fellow-subjects, which is the result of EQUAL LAWS.

Hence he respects the people, and in his turn is respected by them; a mutual harmony pervades the whole of society, because every man knows his station, its object, and its limits. But this is not the proper place for comparisons. When formed from partial instances, they may appear invidious; I reserve them, therefore, to a future discussion, when the two nations shall be examined in the aggregate. I cannot, however, conclude this subject without noticing a remark made to me by one of the founders of the French revolution, an ex-bishop, and now a member of the Conservative Senate, who has passed two months with me in England since my return from France. "The thing," said he, "which gives me greatest pleasure in your institutions, is the general appearance of moral conduct that every where prevails; the astonishing observance of the Sabbath, the respect for religion, and the orderly and unaffected manners of your soldiers, who are neither insolent nor consequential, but who seem to feel that they are neither masters nor slaves."

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

Excursion to Versailles.

NO one should visit the metropolis of France, without making an excursion to Versailles, the residence of the late unfortunate king. It is situate only at four leagues distance from Paris, and the road leading to it is perhaps, the finest and most elegant in the world. I was strongly prompted by curiosity to pass two or three days in a city, which was formerly the seat of government and pleasures, and which I had been informed presented in its actual state a striking contrast with its ancient splendour. I have seen Versailles when it was the pride and boast of the French Nation, and when the loyalty of a people reflected lustre on the sovereign who was its object. How wonderful is the change which it exhibits! what a solemn silence now reigns in those streets which were formerly the scenes of gaiety, bustle, and delight!

Its population has been so greatly diminished by the events of the Revolution, and the removal of the Court, that from eighty thousand souls, it reckons now not more than eighteen thousand inhabitants. From this circumstance, it is one of the cheapest towns in France, and to those who

who are fond of sequestered walks and retired scenery, it offers a most enchanting residence. If I were destined to live in the vicinity of the capital of this country, there is no spot which I should prefer to Versailles. There are excellent libraries, a quiet and good society, plenty of rational amusements, and no disgusting orgies of vice and sensuality. It is, besides, the chief place of the department of the Seine and Oise, and the seat of the Prefecture.

The palace is the firſt object which naturally attracts the curiosity of a traveller. It is built on an elevated scite, and displays on all sides a gorgeous and massy pile. The following is the account given of its original. Lewis XIII. purchased the land of John de Soissy in 1627, and erected upon it an uncouth hunting seat, part of which still exists; but Lewis XIV. was the founder of that magnificent piece of architecture, which has always excited the admiration of foreigners. Delighted with the position of the chateau, he collected together a number of skilful artists, and converted the village into a city, and the hunting seat into a vast palace, which united every thing that was most exquisite in art and taste to splendour and magnificence. The work commenced in 1673, and the buildings of the park and gardens were completed in 1680, during the ministry of the great Colbert. The artists employed were, Mansard, for the architecture and

and management of the erections; André le Nostre, for the arrangement and decoration of the gardens; and Charles le Brun, for the departments of painting, design, and the arts dependant on them.

You may arrive at the palace by three different avenues; from Paris, St. Cloud, and Sceaux, which terminate at the Place d'Armes. On the sides of the road leading to Paris are the pavillion of the Grand-Master, now the Mayoralty, the Hotel of the Grand-Huntsman, now appropriated to the civil and commercial tribunals, and the great and lesser stables. The stables which were planned by Mansard, were commenced in 1679, and completed in 1685; they are remarkable for the regularity of their structure, and are relieved by some good pieces of sculpture.

After having traversed the *Place d'Armes*, we entered the first court, formerly called the Court of the Ministers, because it was inhabited by them. These apartments are now converted into lecture rooms for the different classes of the central school. From this court we entered that of the palace, the right wing of which was rebuilt on a new plan, after the model of Gabriel. The work had been suspended, on account of some alterations which it has been thought proper to make in the original project. A small temporary theatre has been constructed in this new wing,

wing, the interior of which is decorated in the Arabian style, after the drawings of *Robert* and *de la Grenée*, distinguished painters. This court is terminated by the Marble Court, so called because it was paved with squares of coloured marble. The surrounding buildings belonged to the ancient chateau built by Lewis XIII. On its lateral angles are two arcades, one of which leads to the South, and the other to the North terrace. From the latter side is a vestibule decorated in the Ionic order, with a cieling in compartments, which leads to the chapel, the opera, and the theatre. On the right of the vestibule, in the space between the pillars, is a bas-relief of the celebrated *Puget*, representing Alexander in the presence of Diogenes. This piece of sculpture is considered as a chef-d'œuvre. We next proceeded along the North terrace, in order to view the extent of the Palace and its decorations. It is above 1800 feet in length, and is composed of a ground-floor, a first story, and an attic, ornamented with Ionic pilasters, and crowned at the summit with vases and trophies; there are also several stone statues representing the four seasons, the months, and the arts. Four figures in bronze, leaning against the front of the building, and cast by *Keller*, represent Silenus, Antinous, the Pythian Apollo, and Bacchus. The entrance into the interiour of the

palace by the marble stair-case is now closed, on account of the invalids inhabiting that part.

It was the original design of the Government to have converted this palace into a museum of the French school, by retaining all the paintings and ornaments which formerly constituted its chief beauty. But since the whole of the Republic has been squeezed to furnish wealth and splendor to the metropolis, the greater part of these paintings have been removed to the Louvre. The inhabitants of Versailles complain bitterly of this frequent repetition of pillage. "Malheureusement," they say, "pour Versailles, ces demandes se sont multipliées trop souvent." By way of what is called in this country, Indemnification, the government has established here, the Special Museum of the French School, over which it has appointed M. Tinet, Conservator; and M. Gazard and Lauzan, Assistants, with salaries; but this Special School is frequented neither by artists nor statuaries. The Cabinet of Natural History has been also shorn of all its beauties for the benefit of the good people of Paris. We entered it by the last stair-case on the North terrace. The saloon of Hercules, the admiration of foreigners, and the glory of the French school, is sixty-four feet in length and fifty-four broad, superbly decorated, and enriched with a painted ceiling, representing Olympus and all the heathen deities, and the apotheosis and labours of Hercules.

cules. In the middle of the saloon is the small statue of Cupid, which formerly stood in the Temple of Love at Little Trianon.

The second apartment is the Hall of Plenty, in which are several paintings by Chevelet. At the bottom of the hall there is a statue of Amalthea, placed on a pedestal; and on either side, a little statue, the one of Apollo and the other of Ganymede. The ceiling is painted by Houasse. From this apartment, we entered the Hall of Diana, the ceiling of which is painted by Blanchard, and represents the Moon, under the figure of Diana, on a car drawn by two stags, and accompanied by the Hours, and the Attributes of the Chace and of Navigation. There are four other pieces, by Audran and La Fosse, the latter of whom painted on the chimney a beautiful piece, representing the sacrifice of Iphigenia; beneath which is a bas-relief, in white marble, of the Flight into Egypt, by the celebrated Sarrasin.

In the fourth apartment, which is called the Hall of Mars, Audran has painted on the ceiling this deity in his car, surrounded by all his martial attributes; and Jouvenet and Houasse have likewise executed four paintings analogous to this subject. There is an ingenious piece of mechanism by Morand, which played a carillon every hour; but since the revolution it has been taught to play another tune, besides having undergone

other changes. The statues of Health and Disease, which were at Little Trianon, have been removed to this room.

The next apartment is the Hall of Mercury, with a ceiling painted by Champagne, after the designs of Le Brun, representing this heathen divinity on his car, surrounded by his characteristic attributes. This room possesses many pictures. The Hall of Apollo comes next, with a cieling that represents the God of Day seated in his car, with all his attributes. Adjoining to the grand gallery is the saloon of war, the ceiling of which is by Le Brun, and its subject Bellona and her attributes. Over the chimney piece is a fine oval bas-relief, twelve feet high, by N. and G. Couston, of Mars on horseback. This piece had not the good fortune to escape the revolutionary phrenzy; for as the head of Mars represented Lewis XV. the sovereign people thought proper to knock it off. However, as it is disgusting to see a man on horseback without an head, it is in contemplation to repair this mischief, by placing a resemblance of a celebrated Corsican gentleman in the stead of their former master.

In no part of Europe is there any apartment to be compared with the grand gallery of Versailles, either for taste, arrangement, or magnificence. It would be folly to dispute the superior excellence of the French in the art of decoration; their public edifices, without excluding those

those constructed since the revolution, exhibit the highest proofs of refinement and polish in the ornamental art. Of the truth of this position, there cannot be a better demonstration than this splendid gallery, the architecture and paintings of which were designed by the celebrated Le Brun. It is two hundred and twenty-two feet in length, thirty in breadth, and thirty-seven in height, and contains seventeen large windows; opposite which are as many arcades with glasses within that reflect the gardens and their water-pieces, and all the objects in the gallery. Between the arcades and the windows are forty-eight pilasters of rance marble, the bases and composite capitals of which are of gilded bronze. The center of the dome represents, by symbolical figures and allegories, in nine large and eighteen smaller paintings, the most remarkable epochs of the reign of Lewis XIV. from the year 1661 to 1678; such as the conquests of Holland and Franche-Comté, the passage of the Rhine, &c. There are inscriptions which mark the subject and the year. These different pieces are distributed into compartments of a beautiful architecture.

The genii of the arts and sciences are occupied in decorating the place with carpets and garlands. The cornish is ornamented with trophies, to which infants are hanging flowers. Two grand arcades, ornamented with four columns and eight pilasters,

embellish the entrance into this superb gallery; the pilasters are separated by pedestals en saillic, supporting vases. The gallery is terminated by the saloon of Peace, which formed a part of the apartments of the late Queen of France, and is of the same shape and dimensions as the saloon of war. It contains a painting of Le Brun, in which France is represented seated on an azure globe in a car borne on a cloud, and crowned by Glory. Peace and the Loves join together several turtle doves bearing on their necks medallions, symbols of the alliances which occurred during the reign of Lewis XIV. The ornaments in relief are of gilded bronze.

Beyond this saloon are two apartments, which complete this grand and magnificent suite. They are superbly ornamented with plate-glasses, vases, columns, and busts. In the last, there are twenty-two paintings by Lesueur, and brought from the Chartreuse at Paris, besides other large pieces of eminent painters belonging to the French school.

Formerly, we might have passed through the apartments of the late King, and descended by the marble stair-case; but as they are now occupied by the military invalids, we were obliged to return through all the different saloons which I have enumerated and described, and descend to the gallery of the chapel, which leads to the opera-house, unquestionably the most magnificent

in

in Europe. Great pains were employed in its erection, and the first foundations were removed as unsuitable to the plan which was afterwards adopted. The building commenced in 1753, under the orders of the Marquis de Menars, from a model of the late Gabriel; and its execution was several times interrupted until the year 1767, when it was continued without intermission for three years, it was then completed for the festivities given on the marriage of the late unfortunate monarch.

The edifice and its dependencies contain about 900 superficial feet, and 120 feet in height. The decoration of the great attiring room consists in a base, above which stands an order of Ionic pilasters, with an entableture supporting an arched ceiling, ornamented with different compartments proper for the reception of pictures. The parts between the pilasters form alternately windows and pier glasses. At the extremities, the groupes represent Youth, Health, Plenty, and Peace; those by the glasses represent Apollo, and four infants describing the Arts; Venus with the Loves; the Epic, Pastoral, Lyric, and Dramatic muses. All the ornamental pieces of architecture and sculpture are of different colours, and gilded, and the figures are painted on white marble. This gallery has three doors opposite to the windows, the middle of which opens to the amphitheatre, and the others lead to the first, second,

and third boxes, and to other parts of the house, which communicate by galleries extending round the building. The form of the hall is oval, lessened towards the boxes, and square towards the stage, comprizing the orchestra and a prolongation of the theatre about twelve feet. From the end of the amphitheatre to the curtain, it is seventy-two feet long and sixty wide, counting from the first tier; its height, from the floor to the ceiling, is fifty-one feet. The ceiling, painted by Du Rameau, represents the amours of the gods; the hall is painted in marble, and all the cornishes, bases, capitals, garlands, and ornaments, are richly gilded. Over the cornice of the circular gallery are a number of oval boxes, separated from each other by vaulted sections. In this part is a large groupe of paintings, by Du Rameau, representing Apollo, having on his right hand Venus and Cupid, preparing the crowns he intends for such mortals as have illustrated themselves in the arts; on his left, Pegasus is vaulting in the clouds, below which are several groupes. Comedy, Tragedy, and Music, form one; Pastoral Poetry, Lyric Poetry, and the Dance, form another. On one side, authors and artists are seen devoting themselves to study, and labouring after immortality; beyond them are Painting, Architecture, and Mechanics. These various figures are accompanied by their characteristic attributes. The Pleasures and Smiles

crown the ceiling, and Ignorance and Envy in amazement terminate it.

It would be foreign from my object to detail every particular part of this elegant hall; suffice it to observe, that it combines taste with splendour, and that the orchestra is large enough to contain eighty musicians. The chapel of the palace was finished in the year 1710, and is a superb monument of the munificence of Lewis XIV. The grand altar-piece is composed entirely of scarce marble, and decorated with a Glory, with angels worshipping on each side; the whole in bronze, gilded in water-gold. Opposite was the King's seat, and there are several well-painted scriptural pieces by the most eminent French artists. This chapel has been preserved with great care from the havock of the revolution, and therefore remains in the same state as when it was the resort of the late unfortunate family of France.

The library is detached from the palace, and consists of a great number of books in different languages, but by no means comparable, either for choice or arrangement, to his Majesty's at Buckingham House. One compartment was peculiarly appropriated to the use of the late King and Queen, and their hand-writing is often to be met with in turning over the books. There is a very splendid volume in vellum, containing an account of the grand tournament given by Lewis XIV.

XIV. at the conclusion of a general peace, when all the princes of the blood and the nobility appeared in the costume of different nations and characters. The whole of the ceremony is represented by a great number of drawings richly illuminated; and the librarian informed me it is the only one that was ever printed. Larcher's translation of Herodotus is printed on the richest paper I ever beheld: it was a favourite work of Lewis XVI.

From the library we proceeded to inspect the park and gardens. The palace is surrounded towards the West by three inclosures, the last of which, called the Great Park, is about thirty miles in circumference, and comprizes the villages of Buc, Saint-Cyr, Bois d'Arcy, Bailly, and others. On the North of this great park are the nurseries; and on the South, the furthermost ponds and part of the furrows and aqueducts which conduct into the reservoirs of the deer park, and of Montboron, the rain-water collected in the neighbouring plains of Saint-Hubert. There were very few deer here, but an immense quantity of game, which have been completely destroyed by the sovereign people.

The circuit of the little park comprises several farms, one of which, the Menagerie, has been presented by Bonaparte to the celebrated Abbé Sieyes, by way of national recompense. This property and Trianon are enclosed at the two extremities

tremities of the two arms of the canal, and the center is cut by a large quantity of handsome avenues, with four rows of trees.

The most noble entrance into the park is by the great stairs of the green-house, but the shortest course is from the grand terrace by the lateral arcades of the palace. When the water-works played, the coup-d'œil was exquisite. By placing yourself on the middle of the parterre, by the water-piece, you see in front, beneath the two combats of beasts, the basons of Latona, of Apollo, and the canal; to the right, the parterre of the North, called the parterre of flowers, the fountain of the pyramid, the cascade, a sheet of water terminated by the bason of the dragon, and by the great piece of Neptune; to the left, the parterre and the green-house.

Various parts of the gardens are ornamented with groves, groupes, antique statues, baths, vases, basons, and fountains, in marble, bronze, or gilded metal. The principal groves are the rock or bath of Apollo, the colonnade, the domes, and the three fountains. The bath of Apollo is the master-piece of Girardon; this divinity is represented with Thetis, surrounded by nymphs offering their services; the two groupes of horses held by the tritons, are admirably executed, and always arrest the attention of the traveller. The figures of Apollo and the nymphs are all on an elevated situation, at the entrance of the grotto

grotto of Thetis, upon the top of a rock, which has been wrought in a moſt romantic form; on either side the horses are seen in the attitude of drinking. A large quantity of water falls into a great reservoir, with wild and picturesque beauty, and the whole piece is enclosed within a plantation of variegated and exotic trees. Nothing can exceed the extreme beauty of this spot, and the exquisite sculpture of the horses. The grove of the colonnade is remarkable for its circular peristyle of thirty-two columns, after the Ionic order, of marble of Languedoc, and for the groupe representing the rape of Proserpine. The domes contain two cabinets, supported by eight marble columns, and enriched with bas-reliefs of bronze and metal. The statues of Amphitrite, Acis and Galatea are the most distinguished in this collection. All the other groves are ornamented with bas-reliefs and pieces of sculpture. The basons of water, fountains, cascades, and spouts, which abound in them, give additional charms to the scenery.

Amongst the various groupes which are scattered about the gardens, there are two by Puget, in which the skill of the artist has been pre-eminently distinguished; these are, Milo of Crotona, and Perseus delivering Andromeda. The great piece of Neptune is a vast and magnificent bason of water, ornamented with five groupes, and twenty-two great vases of bronzed metal. The

principal

principal groupes represent Neptune and Amphitrite, Proteus, and the Ocean.

The green-house was built in 1685, upon the plan of Mansard; it is situated on the left of the terrace of the palace, under the parterre of flowers. Several years ago, this fine piece of architecture was falling to ruins, the water penetrated through the roof, and the steps of the stair-case fell down. But a person of the name of Loriot, since dead, has restored them. The parterre, decorated with a large piece of water and two marble vases, is surrounded with a considerable number of orange-trees, several of which are as old as the time of Francis I. The hot-house is constructed with great simplicity, and consists of a gallery, lighted by twelve arched and two oblique windows, which communicate with the one at the top. In the middle of the gallery, which is 480 feet long and 38 wide, there is a statue in white marble, executed by Dessardin, ten feet nine inches in height, of Mars, dressed in the Roman fashion; why this divinity has been planted in the abode of Flora, I have not been able to discover. It is a great inconsistency; and they might as well have made Vulcan preside over a hot-house as the god of war.

Opposite to the green-house, and beyond the little park, is a large bason, 2100 feet in length and 720 in breadth, called the *Pièce des Suisses*, at

at the extremity of which is an equestrian statue of Lewis XIV.; but they have changed the traits of the countenance so that it now represents Quintus Curtius devoting himself for his country. These metamorphoses are very common in France, and have, upon some occasions, been carried to an unpardonable degree of blasphemous impiety. In a picture, representing our Saviour discoursing from the mountain, the countenance was altered to that of Robespierre; should this painting descend to posterity in its dishonoured state, it will be a memorable record of the monstrous iniquity and madness of those times.

On one side of the *Pièce des Suisses*, there are about fifty acres of land, which formerly served as the King's kitchen garden, a part of which is now appropriated for proving arms, and the other part is converted into a botanical garden for the use of the central school.

The canal is about 4800 feet in length and 32 wide; the two branches, each of which is 1560 feet long, join on one side Great Trianon, and on the other the menagerie; but the whole is in a most wretched state, and almost entirely destitute of water. They talk of repairing and filling with water all that part of it which is opposite to the palace, and which leads to Villepreux.

Trianon, called in the twelfth century, Triarnum, is the name of an ancient parish belonging to

to the old diocese of Chartres. Louis XIV. purchased it of the abbey of St. Geneviève, in 1663 and 1665. It has been always characterized as the region of flowers, on account of the enchanting gardens by which it is surrounded. The two wings are united by a peristile of twenty-two columns of the Ionic order, and the whole building contains only a ground-floor.

The gallery and the billiard room are ornamented with a great many different views of the gardens of Versailles and Trianon, but all the gilded *fleurs de lis*, which were affixed to the frames, have been torn off by the members who composed the Jacobin Municipality of Versailles. There was a fine portrait of Joseph II. in this palace, but it was destroyed many years ago. Charles Delacroix attended the sale of the moveables; and when this picture was put up to be sold, he observed to the citizens, that no true republican could desire to have any resemblance of the family of Marie Antoinette in his possession, and therefore he should serve this portrait as all kings ought to be dealt with. Accordingly, he drew a carving knife from his side, and cut off the head of the Emperor Joseph. It was Hildebrand the the Swiss, keeper of Trianon, from whom we had this anecdote; and as he told it to us, he grinned horribly a gastly smile at the Revolutionists.

Little

Little Trianon is at the extremity of the park belonging to Trianon; the gardens were remarkable for their former beauty, but they are now going to decay. The pavilion and grounds are rented for three years, at the rate of 18,600 livres, by a man who was formerly cook to the Queen, and he realizes considerable sums by the curiosity of the traveller, and the visits of the Parisian Cockneys. The admission is twenty sous for each male, and six sous for every female. But although he entered into a bond to keep the place in good repair, it is going rapidly to ruins. The little Temple of Love, situated in the midst of artificial rocks, and shrowded by a thick wood, has been completely ransacked; the marble floor has been pulled up, and removed; and the little statue of Cupid has been transferred, as I before mentioned, to the Great Palace. All the cottages are falling to pieces; the Lookout was in such a miserable state, that it was dangerous to approach it; and the water has been drawn off from the Lake. This enchanting spot was the favourite resort of the late Queen, who often amused herself in sailing thither from the sheet of water in the great park.

These are the chief places of any note at Versailles, and I have been rather minute in my narrative, that you may be able to form an accurate comparison between the ancient and present state of that celebrated place. In respect to the civil

civil administration, it resembles that of every other municipal town in France. The territory of the Republic, agreeably to the new constitution, is divided into departments and cantonal districts *(arrondissemens communaux)*. Over each department, a prefect presides, assisted by a council of Prefecture, and a general council. He gives audience every day from twelve till one, and his offices are opened from twelve till four daily. The prefects, in every department, execute the functions of sub-prefect in one of its cantonal districts; the Council of Prefecture is composed of five members, and the General Council of twenty-four domiciliated in the department. There are likewise Sub-prefects. and Cantonal Councils, in each of which, is a council composed of eleven members. The Prefect alone is entrusted with the administration. The Council of Prefecture decides on the pleas of such persons as claim an abatement of, or a discharge from the payment of the direct contributions; on the difficulties that arise between those who contract for the execution of public works and the administration; on the meaning and execution of their bargains; on the representations of individuals who complain of wrongs and damages proceeding from the personal act of the contractors, and not from that of the administration; on the disputes respecting indemnifications, on account of lands taken or paid off for the completion of roads,

canals, or other public works; on the difficulties concerning lay-stalls, on the desire of the Cantons in general, to be authorized to plead, and on the litigations relative to the national domains.

The General Council makes the assessment of the direct contributions among the cantonal districts; it determines on the reductions which are collectively proposed by the Councils of the districts, by the towns, burghs, and villages; it receives the annual account given in by the Prefect, and expresses its opinion on the state and wants of the department. In this Council are the Mayor of Versailles, and the son of the third Consul Lebrun.

There are five districts (*arrondissemens*) in this department; the town of Mantes is the chief place of the first; Pontoise of the second; Versailles of the third; Corbeil of the fourth; and Etampes of the fifth. In each of these towns, are the residences of the Sub Prefect, and the primary tribunal *(tribunal de première instance)*. There is likewise a Council of eleven members, which assembles every year at a fixed period, and regulates the assessment of the direct contributions of the towns, burghs, and villages in the Canton. It gives its advice on their claims to exemption, it receives the annual account which the Sub-prefect gives of the receipts and expenditure, and it delivers to the Prefect its opinion on the state and wants of the district.

Versailles

Versailles as the capital of the department, possesses a Criminal Tribunal, composed of a President, selected from the Tribunal of Appeal at Paris; two judges, and two assistants; one commissary, formerly called Public Accuser; a registrar, and a sworn Commissary. Its sittings are held on the 15th of every month in the Justice House, *rue des Subsistances*, near the market; the 5th and 14th of each month, are the days appointed for the appeals from the decisions of the tribunals of corrective police. The latter is composed of a President, a Vice President, and five Members, four Assistants, three Commissaries of Government, a Registrar, three sworn Secretaries, and eight Bailiffs or officers of the Court (*Huissiers*) in waiting, besides whom, there are thirty-eight others for the external business of the tribunal.

The arbitrators, *(avoués)* have at this tribunal a separate chamber for their internal discipline; one of the principal attributes of which is, to form a board of gratuitous consultations for indigent citizens, whose affairs the chamber distributes among different arbitrators, to be attended to when necessary. Twenty-four members constitute this chamber; and the board of consultations is composed of a President, a Syndic, a Secretary, a Reporter, and a Treasurer.

At the Tribunal of Civil and Corrective Police, one of the judges (the President and Vice Pre-

sident excepted) exercises alternately for six months, the functions of Director of the Jury of Accusation. The tribunal is divided into two sections, each composed of three Judges, which alternately enter upon office on the 16th of the French month, and take cognizance of the same matters. One of these sections takes cognizance on the 2d, 3d, and 4th, of each decade, of personal and mixed business which is not summary; appeals from justices of the peace, and matters referred to a hearing by the Commissary of Government. On the *quintidi*, the same section superintends the right of enregistration, and national domains, as well as the appropriation and adjudications of immoveable property. It also attends in the Council Chamber on the 6th, 7th, and 8th, to examine the proces-verbeaux under deliberation, and it gives extraordinary audiences when requisite.

The other section attends on the 2d, 7th, and 8th, of each decade, to the business of corrective police, and on the 3d, 4th and 6th, on such matters as are declared to be summary. Its sittings commence at ten o'clock in the morning precisely, and close at twelve. The sittings of the other section begin at noon, and end at two; and there is a vacation for both, from September 2d, to the 7th of November. But during this interval, a chamber is held twice in every decade, for expediting such provisional matters as require dispatch, and twice on business of corrective police.

The Tribunal of Commerce consists of a president, four judges, and four assistants. Its sittings are held at the same place as the Civil Tribunal, on the 2d, 5th, and 8th, of each decade.

Justices of the Peace abound in every district, but it is in contemplation to reduce their number. A Mayor, two Aldermen, *(adjoints)* three Commissaries of Police, and a municipal Council of twenty-four persons compose the magistracy of the town. A project has been submitted to the Council General of Versailles to make a number of embellishments, and to build a magnificent Town Hall, for the use of the Mayor and Municipality; but as the town is already considerably in debt, it would be, perhaps, a prudent and honest measure, though not much practised by the present French Government, to postpone these decorations, until they have liquidated their debts.

An hospital under a very excellent administration, is established here, and there are public baths near the Park, opened from four in the morning till nine at night.

The following are the various offices attached to the Municipality, which will give a correct idea of the general administration of all the great towns in France: Police—Accounts—Registrars (entrusted with the enregistration of every document and the answer, the delivery of certificates of residence, declarations of residence, &c.)—Dispatch (entrusted with expediting passports, cer-

 tificates

tificates of paupers, &c, and whatever relates to patents) Civil Acts—Military Office entrusted with whatever concerns the etat major of the town guard—Contributions—Economy—Printer to the Municipality—Commissary of Police—Overseer of the Streets and Highways—Weights and Measures—Jail—Funerals—Benevolence—Receiver General—Pay-master General—Mortgage Office—Post Office—Post Horses. This description of Municipal government will suffice for the present; of the political and military arrangements of the Republic, I shall treat fully hereafter; observing here, that M. Germain Garnier, the present prefect of the department of the Seine and Oise, and who exercises the duties of Sub-prefect at Versailles, is a person of most excellent character, public and private, and has eminently distinguished himself by several good treatises on subjects connected with Political Economy, especially, for his translation of Adam Smith's Wealth of Nations, to which he has added a volume of Notes on the different departments of this excellent science. The residence of M. Garnier as Prefect, is at the hotel of the ancient *Garde-Meuble, rue des Réservoirs*, where all his offices are also held.

We passed our time very agreeably at Versailles, and were well accommodated, though the charges could not be called reasonable. We did not dine till near nine o'clock, and the expence of the dinner for four persons and lodging and two servants

servants amounted to above four pounds sterling. I believe we arrived at the Hotel in a very unlucky moment, for a young Irishman of rank, lately married, was unfortunately in the same house, and when you are informed that, in less than six weeks residence at Paris, he spent above *sixteen thousand pounds*, you cannot be surprized, if we also were *bled* in honour of the national character. How he contrived to get rid of so large a sum of money, I am at a loss to determine. An English gentleman who was of our party being personally acquainted with him and his lady, paid them a visit; and on his return stated, that they had displayed a purchase of fifty-six snuff boxes, and twenty-five watches! This recital excited the greatest merriment among us, and we consulted with each other, what possible motive could induce these young persons to throw away their money in this ridiculous manner. He could not take snuff; he was incessantly striving to reconcile himself to it, but it always made him sick. A man of his fortune could not have bought them as an article of merchandise, and they were too many, to decorate the girdle of a lady at a birth-night ball. After some time, as the mind is always disposed to assign some cause, even for what it cannot justly comprehend, we resolved unanimously, that these trinkets were intended as presents for the electors of the County

of ——, for which, I believe, he will be returned at the ensuing election.

Having seen the *remains* of the once magnificent Versailles, we now took our leave of Mr. ——, who set off for La Vendée, promising on his return, to give me an account of the state of that province, and we returned to Paris, through the Bois de Boulogne. Until my next letter, you may entertain yourself with getting by heart the annexed names of the streets of Versailles, which have all undergone a revolution, as well as their inhabitants. I think some of them extremely ludicrous.

Ancient Names.	*Modern Names.*
Alain Gervais	D'Assas
Angoulême	Bayle
Anjou	Aristide
Arpajon	Fénelon
Artois	Guillaume Tell *
Bauveau	Des Belges
Bons Enfans	De Lille
Boulevard du Roi	Boulevard de la Liberté
Boulevard de la Reine	Boulevard de l'Egalité
Bourbon et Clagny	De Clagny
Chancellerie	Chancellier de l'Hôpital

* This street ought now to be changed to the name of *Rapp*.

Comptesse

Ancient Names.	*Modern Names.*
Comtesse d'Artois et Berthier	Franklin
Champ-la-Garde	Michel Montaigne
Chantiers Dauphin	Contrat Social
Condamine	Brutus
Conti & Sainte-Anne	Pensylvanie
Cul-de-sac des Glaciéres	Impasse des Glacières
Vergennes	Thionville
Cul-de-sac des Récollets	Impasse de la Cité.
Cul-de-sac de la Charité	Impasse de l'Hospitalité
Cul-de-sac des Ecuries	Impasse des Oublis
Cul-de-sac Pépin	Impasse Satory
Cul-de-sac des Gendarmes	Impasse de la Maison Commune
Dauphine	De la Republique
De Pépin	Satory
De la Fayette	Mably
De la Gesle	Des Subsistances
Des Hôtels d'Orléans	De la Revolution
De Madame et d'Angivillers	Lycurgue
De Mademoiselle	Locke
Des Missionaires	Des Marseillois
Des Mauvais Garçons	Corneille
De Monsieur	Dix Août
De Mouchi	Philadelphie
Neuve Notre Dame	Cicéron

Duplessis

Ancient Names.	*Modern Names.*
Duplessis-l'Etang-Ste. Elizabeth	Voltaire
De Noailles	Du Peuple Français
De Poix	Solon
De Provence	Montesquieu
De la Paroisse et de Paris	Du Commerce
Des Récollets	Helvétius
Des Mauvaises Paroles	Newton
Emard	Descartes
Place Dauphine	Place de la Loi
Neuve de Noailles	Quatorze Juillet
Royale	J. J. Rousseau
Saint-Germain et Maurepas	Beaurepaire
Saint-Martin	Assemblée Nationale
Saint-Adélaide	Molière
Saint-Sophie	Platon.
Saint-Victoire	D'Alembert
Savoye	Des Allobroges
Surintendence	De l'Union
Saint-Jules	Turgot
Saint-Pierre	La Fontaine
Saint-Geneviève	Des Gracques
Saint-Antoine	Antoine
Saint-François	Freret
Saint-Honoré	De la Paix
Saint-Julien	De Diderot

Saint-

Ancient Names.	*Modern Names.*
Saint-Lazare	Chalier
Saint-Louis	Caton
Place Saint-Louis	De l'Abondance
Avenue de St. Cloud	De l'Orient
——— de Sceaux	Des Patriotes

LETTER

LETTER XV.

Account of an Establishment at Chaillot, for the Reception of aged Persons of both Sexes.

THE French revolution having occasioned the overthrow or suppression of the principal humane establishments, which had subsisted in this country for a long succession of ages, private individuals have generously volunteered their services in behalf of the unfortunate, and have endeavoured to repair those breaches which crimes had effected in the order of society. Notwithstanding the versatile and ingenious disposition of the French people, they always look forward to some moments of repose, as they descend into the vale of life; and as they do not cherish those strong social affections which are so forcibly felt in some other countries, they are more at liberty to enjoy the advantages that are held out exclusively to any individual. Nothing tends more to the happiness of society, than the discovery of practical methods of increasing the comforts of those who are no longer in a condition to support themselves. Nations may increase their territory, and augment their population; but unless they convert these advantages (for such they really are) into the means of improving

proving the situation of every class of men, they become objects of imperial ostentation, not of popular benefit. When a nation has increased its numbers and power, it is bound to provide for its people additional means of subsistence; and unless wise regulations are pursued in the attainment of this object, one portion of society may enjoy all the benefits which flow from political union, while the rest may sink into distress, calamity, and decrepitude. There is, indeed, no moral or political necessity that beneficence should be stationary when nations are progressive. "Of what advantage," says a most useful and excellent writer, "is the progress of civilization, the increase of knowledge, the accumulated wisdom and experience of ages, unless it furnishes the means of increasing the general happiness of mankind, and enables a greater number of individuals to enjoy the advantages of political society, or what may be emphatically called, the *blessings of human life**!"

I am sensible, that in our great and flourishing empire, these remarks are hardly necessary; but when you have become acquainted with the nature and object of the institution which I have seen, and am about to describe, I am persuaded you will not be a little surprized, that a similar idea has never entered the minds of any of those

* Sir John Sinclair.

chari-

charitable individuals, who, so much to their honour, devote their time, labour, and fortunes, towards bettering the condition of their fellow creatures. *François de Neufchateau*, when Minister of the Interior, caused a very useful work to be digested, upon the different charitable establishments in England and Germany, in order to point out to the government and people of France, how much remains to be done in the business of political economy. This work extends to six octavo volumes, but it does not include the later institutions, which the necessity of their circumstances, have induced the French to adopt. I shall, therefore, enter into a detail of the establiſhment at Chaillot, which is equally praiseworthy for its benevolent views and its ingenuity.

I happened, lately, to fall into company with a *ci-devant* nobleman of the name of *Duchailla*; who, during the times of terror, lost all his fortune, and was compelled to shelter himself at Berlin. I soon found that he possessed a sound and inquisitive mind, and was thoroughly conversant in every branch of domestic economy. In the course of our conversation, he inquired whether we had in Great Britain or Ireland, any institutions which offered a retreat for old age. I answered immediately, that they were numberless; and proceeded to enumerate many of our establishments (of which, perhaps, there are more in Britain that in all Europe

Europe collectively) for the support of the aged poor. This answer evidently did not satisfy him, and, therefore, he placed his question on a different footing. "Have you," said he, "*any institution, wholly independent of charitable purposes, in which male and female persons, after they have reached seventy years of age, or sooner if infirm, can,* BY RIGHT, *and without asking the favour of any individual, place themselves, in order to pass the remainder of their days in comfort and repose?*" As I could not recollect any establishment of the kind in England, he immediately said, "Come and dine at my house tomorrow, and I will show you one." On the next day, I waited upon him, and I shall now relate what I saw.

The house of M. Duchailla is most beautifully situated at Chaillot, in the *Champs Elysées,* about two miles from Paris, commanding a most extensive view of the city, the Seine, and the *Champ de Mars.* In front, there is a very large and elegant parterre, terminating in an extensive kitchen garden; behind, there is another large house, formerly the monastery of St. Perine, which also belongs to this establishment; and a field, of about four acres, bordered by a well-cultivated garden.

In this establishment, I found nearly one hundred aged persons, male and female, whose manners and appearance evidently bespoke that they had

had figured in the genteeler walks of life, and whose countenances indicated the most perfect happiness and contentment. "This," said he, is the retreat I have established for old age."

You must now follow me, step by step, with M. Duchailla, into the distribution of all the apartments, and the general arrangement of his domestic economy.

The chambers occupied by the female part of the society, compose the right wing of the house. Each female has a bed-chamber to herself exclusively; and there is one sitting-room or parlour appropriated to two females. Their clothing, if required, is found them.

The left wing of the house is occupied by the males, who are distributed in the same manner as the females, each person having a bed-room to himself and a common parlour being allotted to two persons, in which they receive the visits of their relatives and friends, without the inconvenience of being obtruded upon by strangers. A husband and wife have a room also to themselves.

Their diet corresponds in every respect with the neatness and simplicity of their apartments. At one o'clock, a plentiful dinner is served up in the hall for the whole society, and at seven they again assemble to supper. Besides a sufficient quantity of meat and vegetables, each person is allowed a pound and an half of bread, the men a bottle

a bottle of wine, and the women half a bottle daily.

In case of sickness, they are removed to a particular part of the house, which is used as an infirmary, where they are provided with every medical assistance, and experience every possible attention; and in case of their decease, they are decently interred in the neighbouring church, at the expence of the society; or elsewhere, at the expence of their friends.

Their time is entirely at their own disposal. They may even employ themselves in any lucrative occupation, provided it does not interfere with the quiet and general rules of the house. I observed that several females were very profitably engaged in needle-work for their friends and families. What little pecuniary emoluments they may acquire by their industry, supply them with pocket-money. The men usually pass their time in reading, walking in the neighbouring fields, or, occasionally, working in the garden. In general, I observed, they are less active and industrious than the women, but much more devout. There is among them, an old Abbé, whose whole time is spent in reading his missal and other religious books; and his library was composed of about two hundred volumes, consisting wholly of the lives of saints. Another, about seventy-four years of age, presented a striking contrast with the former. He had seen

much of the world, his manners were prepossessing, and his conversation proved him to be a man who had lived not so much for himself as for others. He was pious without austerity, cheerful without dissipation, and polite without frivolity. It appeared he had seen better days, and been one of those sufferers whom the revolution had plundered and proscribed, on account of his attachment to religion. He never spoke, however, with the least asperity of what had happened; he only shrugged his shoulders, and gave a smile of contempt at the miserable efforts of his countrymen to establish liberty and equality. He was well read in French literature, and was fond of astronomy; but his whole library consisted only of a Bible, and a Spanish edition of Don Quixotte, an author to whom he seemed extremely partial.

Before we sat down to dinner, one of the old gentlemen entered, and with great vivacity, acquainted M. Duchailla, he was going to the play! This surprised me. But on enquiry, I found he had been an amateur of music; and that at seventy-two years of age, his taste for it was so predominant, that nothing could keep him from going to the opera buffa, to see the second representation of the beautiful piece of the *Zingari in Fiera*, by Paesiello.

I have entered into these details merely to shew that there is no unreasonable restriction on their amuse-

amusements, and that they are entirely their own masters. Upon the whole, I observed that they were all, more or less, engaged in religious exercises. There was a charm in this retreat which imagination only can picture to the mind. At that period of life, when both mind and body require repose, when it is necessary old age should abstract itself from the busy hum of men, and "walk pensive on the silent, solemn shore of that vast ocean it must sail so soon," what can be more consolatory than the consciousness of having a retreat where our wants are supplied by the exertions of our former industry, and where our infirmities are alleviated without reluctance or repining!

It has been alledged, and rashly alledged, against most of the Governments of Europe, that there is nothing seen but youth going to the gallows, and old age to the workhouse. A Government can no more be responsible for the misfortunes than for the crimes of its subjects; both of these most commonly result from vicious courses, or habits of inattention in early life; all, therefore, that can be expected from Government is, to give a proper direction to charitable provisions, and to guard them with the sacred sanction of the law. There are some instances, in which, perhaps, its fostering care may be usefully exerted to rear infant institutions; but, in general, it will be found a true maxim of public economy,

that these should spring from the natural sympathy of mankind: nothing is needful for Government, but a vigilant providence, to see that they are administered with honesty, and according to their original principles. This fact has been illustrated in Britain, in which, as I before stated, there exists more useful monuments of piety and benevolence, than in all the other countries of Europe put together.

If these principles be just, and if the institution of which I have given an account, be of that utility and importance to society which it appears to be, surely it merits the consideration of our charitable gentry and public spirited countrymen, whether similar institutions might not be established in England.

In the course of my visits to Chaillot, M. Duchailla has often expressed a wish that a similar establishment should be attempted in England. At first, it appeared to me liable to some objections, but these he satisfactorily removed. I objected to it, as striking at the root of one of the best principles of moral obligation. Respect for our aged parents, is not only a principle of morality strongly inculcated in our religious homilies, but is also a quality inherent in the character of Britons. Such an institution might have a tendency to give a shock to those filial affections, and to destroy or to weaken in the human soul, one of its noblest feelings; besides, it would look

look as if we meant to canonize ingratitude, and to place old age in the light of a burthensome load on the community. Barbarous nations, from a mistaken sense of affection, united, perhaps, with strong feelings of self-preservation, are accustomed to destroy the old, in order that the young may live. It arises from the severity of their mode of living, the difficulty in procuring sustenance, and the want of economy in hoarding it when obtained. But in civilized countries, where agriculture, arts, and commerce, not only flourish, but enable one country to exchange its surplus for the native commodities of another; and where the greater degree of population promises a greater degree of stock, such motives can never for a moment enter the breast of a human being. I am aware, that it was proposed in the Jacobin Club, some years ago, that all the old people should be knocked on the head, or starved to death, lest they should consume what would be necessary for the support of the soldier and the active citizen; but this abominable principle was never carried into execution. Even in that wild and guilty assembly, there were some persons who had not altogether abandoned the feelings of civilized men.

This argument, therefore, cannot apply to polished life; and further, it should be considered, that those who were the authors of our existence, have also most commonly been the

authors of our prosperity. Hence, they have a two-fold claim to our gratitude, which would be entirely defeated, if they were thus to be transferred from the cottage which had been reared by their industry; and neglected in their utmost need, to be buried alive, without one friend to close their eyes.

This is the language of sentiment, an admirable basis for poetical superstructure, but not always the most useful monitor in the practice of life. That this is the fact, is evident from the unanswerable reasons which mature reflection opposes to these objections.

In the first place, the objections are misapplied, because it is not the *object* of this institution to destroy, but to give *efficacy* to domestic attachments. For any person who enters into it, may at all times experience the attentions of kindred, by receiving their visits, or by visiting them in his turn.

Secondly. It is not intended for the rich and fortunate, but for those only who cannot otherwise provide for themselves, or be provided for by their friends.

Thirdly. More comforts and enjoyments, more attentions, can be procured under one establishment for a number of persons in similar circumstances, than for the same persons when dispersed individually in private houses.

Fourthly.

Fourthly. It is not necessary that every one who becomes a member of this society should be either a father or a mother. There are a multitude of unmarried persons, of both sexes, to whom such an establishment offers an happy asylum, besides married persons who have no children, or whose children may be dead.

Fifthly. Many fathers and mothers of families would prefer the society of persons of their own age and circumstances.

Sixthly. It is better than the workhouse; because, though moderate exercise be necessary to old age, labour is hurtful. It is the *right* of the persons who become members of it; they have always had it in contemplation, they have always paid their quota towards it, and they have had frequent opportunities of seeing the happiness and comforts which it has conferred.

Seventhly. If they should be discontented with the institution, they may leave it.

On these considerations, and after having witnessed the happy effects of the institution at Chaillot, I am persuaded similar establiſhments would be thankfully received by every rational man in our country, who at all reflects on the uncertain chances of prosperity in this life.

How many industrious persons are there, who, in the midst of their toil and honest pursuits, contemplate the approach of old age with horror! How many who have lived respectably, are

met by misfortune in the decline of life! Can there be no refuge between death and the workhouse? Can there be no encouragement held out for securing a retreat against misfortune, and the inevitable ills attendant on old age? Look at Chaillot! View there an establishment, supported by the savings of individuals, so inconsiderable as to be scarcely noticed, much less felt in the bustle of active life, but which have raised for old age and infirmity, a dwelling of independence open to them as their *right*, and as the fruits of their prudence and economy. Health and contentment are depicted on every countenance; the charms of society, and the salubrity of this place, so powerfully influence the condition of its peaceful inhabitants, that, to use M. Duchailla's own expression, "*they never die!*"

You must now attend to M. Duchailla's own account of his establishment.

RETREAT FOR OLD AGE AT CHAILLOT.

After the obligation of acting justly towards all men, benevolence is the first and most sacred duty of society. This consists in exerting a parental care over all the individuals of the same family, in affording them either resources in old age and infirmities, or procuring them shelter, even during opulence, against the reverses of fortune and events. But in order to attain these desirable objects, a method should be devised to establish this succour for indigence, without its becoming a bur-

a burthen on the government. This cannot be better effected than by holding out a prospect to industry, by which the present moment may be rendered subservient to the assistance of the future; by which industry itself may generate the means of protection for the unfortunate, and by an easy and trifling economy, give a *certain property* to those, who, worn out by age or become infirm, possess none.

Several zealous and humane persons, who wish to befriend the unfortunate, have united to execute this beneficent plan, which requires only a *voluntary* sacrifice, according to a progression almost imperceptible to persons who are not even in easy circumstances. Those who are reduced by infirmities or misfortune to a sorrowful state of existence, and who dread to die in an hospital, will find in the execution of this plan, a sure asylum, the most consoling attentions, whatever may alleviate their condition, and procure them comfort and tranquillity for the rest of their days.

The difference between this institution and hospitals, consists in this, the subscriber has a *right* to the possession of this *property for life*, acquired by his own economy and labour, and for which he is indebted neither to the compassion, nor to the liberality of others. Here no act of benevolence humbles self-love, or mortifies pride. It is every man's own act, and prudence

dence and reason regulate the care, the exercise, the proportion, and the produce of the institution. This institution has a direct tendency to encourage morality, by habituating persons to make a proper use of a small portion of their profits or of the surplus of their labour, which is too often squandered in debaucheries; it will animate them to be industrious, as an infallible resource against adversity, which is inseparable from old age without fortune. The number of hospitals, and the expences which they occasion will be diminished; the vast numbers of poor who are without a retreat will no longer be seen; this distressing spectacle, which is continually increasing, and is disgraceful to humanity, may be transformed, with the greatest ease, into the sight of one active and industrious family, always sure of resources for the present and the future.

The plan which is at present submitted to the public, is simple and unexpensive, its execution prompt, and within the abilities of any person. Reason and calculation demonstrate that there should be an imperishable source of beneficence.

This institution of a safe retreat for old age and infirmity, is founded for persons of all orders, and of both sexes without distinction.

Having given you the plan of this most admirable institution, it will scarcely be deemed an irreverent zeal on my part, when I express a wish

to see the system followed in England, with all those modifications which it will require to render it practicable there.

Some years ago, Mr. Pitt submitted several proposals as amendments to the poor laws, one of which struck me forcibly for its use and moral tendency. It was to give occupation to the poor in their homesteads, instead of dragging them to the workhouse for employment. This was a generous and useful amendment, worthy of the great mind that conceived it; unfortunately, it was never adopted. The plan here proposed, is not for that description of persons called *paupers*, who may have just claims on the national bounty, but for decayed persons, who have toiled their day, and are resolved to toil no more; who conceive that there is a time for rest as well as for labour, and who, in contemplation of that moment, lay up small portions of their income to provide a respectable home and retreat of their own, instead of wearing themselves out by continual labour and exertion. The smiles of fortune are often insidious, and those who have experienced her frowns need not be taught this lesson. A provision of this nature must, therefore, have a tendency to lighten the cares of the world, and to afford a multitude of consolatory reflections in the midst of sorrow and disappointments. Perhaps we may be unconscious of the sentiment when we are old; but, in the meridian

of

of life, we cannot fail to perceive that numbers of the aged are too often regarded as so much dead stock on the community. For my own part, I wish to see such an institution merely for the sake of maintaining a consciousness of independence, while tottering on the brink of the grave. If those with whom I am connected, were weak and wicked enough to neglect and treat me as an incumbrance, because I am helpless, I shall know where to live without them; and if, after having paid my subscription regularly, circumstances should be such as not to render it necessary for me to take advantage of this asylum, I shall enjoy, nevertheless, the lively gratification of having contributed to the support of an institution, which is connected with the humanity, the honour, and the independence of mankind.

Since my first visit to Chaillot, I have had the most flattering account of the progress of the institution. The First Consul, (who had before paid thirty subscriptions) has founded several places in the establishment, and has confided the superintendance of them to the Archbishop of Paris, an aged and respectable man, who, from his own experience of misfortune, will be able to select such unfortunate persons as deserve no longer to remain so. The Archbishop, attended by a number of his clergy, thought proper to visit Chaillot before he made a single nomination. He was struck with admiration at the beauty of the

the situation, the purity of the air, the neatness of every apartment, and the order and decorum which are observed. When dinner was on table, eighty-seven aged persons of both sexes appeared, with countenances expressive of the greatest happiness and satisfaction; some of them declared, they felt themselves as much at their ease as when they were in their own families. The archbishop imagined he was the dean, (the eldest) of the house; but, on examination, it was found that *Madame de Gand*, a widow, had the advantage of him. He was so sensibly affected at this serene spectacle, that he shed tears, and expressed his regret that he had not before been made acquainted with this asylum, for in that case, the First Consul must have forced him out of it, to have raised him to the episcopal see of Paris.

A subscription is the essential and indispensable condition of acquiring the right of admission, according to which, every subscriber must pay regularly and punctually, ten-pence per month, from ten till thirty years of age; one shilling and three-pence per month from thirty to fifty; one shilling and eight-pence per month from fifty to seventy years of age. These different payments will amount to 45*l.*, which must be completely paid before a person can acquire the right of admission. Hence, if any one more than ten years of age, should offer as a subscriber, he or she must deposit, at the time of subscription, and according

according to his or her age, the sum which would have been paid if the subscription had commenced at ten. In order to give encouragement to benevolence; all persons who may be disposed to subscribe, may transfer their right to as many persons as they have made subscriptions, on condition, that the person who shall be benefited by the transfer, shall be, as nearly as possible, of the same age as his benefactor, and that he shall not be admitted before he has reached seventy years of age, and paid the 45l. This transferred subscription is extinguished by the death of the substitute. The funds are placed on securities, and subjected to an administration which is in every respect safe and undeniable.

LETTER

LETER XVI.

Garden of Plants—Gallery of Natural History —Philosophical Lectures.

WE had heard so much of the national collection in the *jardin des plantes*, that we became impatient to see it. At length our friend Dr. *De la Metherie*, one of the most amiable and best men in France, procured us admission on a day when the gallery is not open to the public, in order that we might have an opportunity of examining its contents without being liable to any interruption from a concourse of people. We resolved therefore, to make a small party for the day; accordingly, the ladies and M. De la Metherie went in one carriage, and M. ****, the late President of the Cis-Alpine Republic and myself in another. The distance from the Rue Nicaise where we all assembled, to the street Victor, is very considerable; and on our arrival we were detained above half an hour by two wretched waggoners, who had placed their teem of horses in such a position, that it was impossible for them to draw within the gates a large tree which was on their carriage, or for any other carriages to enter. These things are better ordered in England.

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In the course of our ride, and during this delay, I had a long and very interesting conversation with S****, upon the affairs of Italy, which shall be the subject of another letter when I enter upon the political relations of France.

I have already mentioned, and it cannot be too often repeated, that the French greatly surpass our countrymen in the arts of arrangement and decoration. Of this truth, there cannot be a more striking proof, than in the classification of the subjects of Natural History, and the superb embellishments of the Gallery. When we had reached the entrance, we found the doors bolted; but they were opened to us, with a *gentilesse* peculiar to a well-bred Frenchman. The Director made his appearance, and we were severally presented to him. M. De la Metherie then asked whether the party might not be indulged with a sight of the Gallery. "No," replied the Director, "that is impossible, for it is contrary to the rules of the institution, to admit any persons on this day; (the Galleries are opened to the public only on the 1st, 4th and 7th of each decade, from four o'clock till seven) but as impossibilities may be accomplished for M. De la Metherie, the doors shall be opened to him and his English friends." Instantly, the key was applied, and we entered.

Nothing could exceed our astonishment at the first view of this Gallery. We saw merely large green silk curtains, extending from one end to the other

ther of the hall; and I began to be apprehensive that I should be doomed to dispatch you a letter replete with animadversions and unfavourable remarks. But, in less than two minutes, we were most agreeably disappointed by a display of beauty, richness, and grandeur, of which no pen can do sufficient justice, by attempting to describe. The attendants withdrew the curtains; a blaze of creative glory dazzled our sight, and in this moment of solemn admiration, it was impossible for me to refrain from whispering to the philosopher, from whom I had before received several lectures on the different degrees of French Atheism, "there is a God!" He smiled, and returned for answer, that I ought to recollect I was in an extasy.

After we had a little recovered ourselves, it was proposed that we should ascend the Hall, and go through each compartment with regularity; for I remarked to M. De la Metherie, that my head had several times become dizzy at the Gallery of the Louvre, and unless he explained things to us, the sight would be altogether unprofitable. With the most obliging kindness, he acquiesced in this reasonable proposal, and we commenced with the quadrupeds, then went to the birds, and lastly to the insects.

Before I relate the various dispositions of the Museum, I must give you some account of the impressions which the whole excited in our minds.

All the variegated productions of nature were before our eyes; and the perilous researches of the most adventurous circumnavigators and natural historians were submitted to our examination, without encountering any personal dangers ourselves. Whatever is great and wonderful in the operations of Providence; whatever has been discovered amongst those regions hitherto explored by man, we had an opportunity of seeing. By the dangers of others, we were offered in this collection the means of acquiring harmless lessons of wisdom. In traversing this Temple of Nature, we made the tour of the world, and saw, assembled, in one spot, all the marvels of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, which the hand of the Creator had separated and planted in the most opposite climates. This diversity in the works of nature, and the comparison which every one is at liberty to make between the productions of the icy countries of the North, and those which lay under the torrid zone, might have inspired the French nation, with an enthusiastic fervour in the cause of religion; the want of which, denotes their ignorance, their frivolity, and their want of common sense. But I resume my narrative.

The quadrupeds form a distinct compartment, and the whole collection of other animals, together with fossils, shells, minerals, and stones, is disposed in glass cases, extending from the top of the Gallery to the floor. There is also a com-

a compartment allotted to esculent roots and specimens of trees. On the right hand, stands the Albatross, which has been so beautifully described in Captain Cook's Voyages; next, the maimed bird, which has no wings, and lives totally on the water. It has an immense cylindrical body, behind which are fixed, what may be called two oars instead of feet. The body is covered with a species of hard down, having the appearance of close shaved hair, shooting out in small shining tubes, and forming a kind of coat of mail impenetrable by water. Then follow the Crane, the Swan, the Heron, the Ibis, the Ostrich, the Pelican, &c. &c. The most entertaining anecdote we heard of any of these, respected the Pelican, which we were informed, joins with many others of the same species to undertake a fishing expedition. They form in a line, and next swim together in a wide circle, which they gradually reduce, in order to enclose the fish, and to divide the prey at their ease. This bird is to be found not only on the borders of the great rivers of Africa, but frequents also the dry regions of Arabia and Persia, where it is known under the name of the Water Carrier. Being obliged to keep its nest at a distance from the waters, by which the caravans pass, it is known to carry soft water in its bag to a great distance for the use of its young. As the skin of this bag is not in the least affected by its continuance in the

water, the fishermen of the Nile make use of it for scoops to ladle the water out of their boats, or to preserve it. Some convert it into caps, and the Siamese make musical chords from it.

It is not my intention to give an account of every animal which we saw, much less to mention all their names; for, in the first place, it would be attempting a subject, on which I am ashamed to confess my ignorance, and in the next, it would occupy whole volumes. My object is to remind you of singularities. Among these, was the largest and most beautiful bird I ever beheld; the body completely white, tinged at the extremities with a gold colour. I am ignorant of its name, nor could they inform us, but I mention it on account of the following anecdote, which conveys a forcible meaning in a few words. "Where did this come from," said one of our party. "We *borrowed* it of the Stadtholder," replied the attendant, "and if he had not lent it, we should certainly have taken it." "*Bien de remerciments!*" exclaimed S****, with a low bow.

Much in the same way, they obtained possession of the petrified head of a Crocodile, which was originally taken out of a quarry in the neighbourhood of Maestricht. It belonged to one of the priests who resided in that town; and as his house was known to be situated near one of the ramparts, and the French natural philosophers had long coveted this head, orders were issued, at the time

of

of the siege, that the house which contained the Crocodile's head should not be bombarded. Professor Thouin, now a member of the class of Rural Economy in the National Institute, and who has an establishment in the garden of plants, was at that time with the French army, and wrote to his colleagues, "*La siége de Maestricht se pousse avec vigeur; dans deux jours je compte faire partir pour Paris la tête du Crocodile.*" The French army entered Maestricht, and the poor Priest was stripped of his Crocodile's head, for the benefit of the great nation.

The collection of Caterpillars, Butterflies, and insects surpasses any thing of the kind I ever beheld. Of the Butterflies there is an immense variety. The Library is composed of a choice and rare collection of volumes in all languages, upon subjects of Natural History, under which term the relations of travellers and circumnavigators are very properly included. M. Toscan, the librarian, very obligingly displayed before us some d.nira b le paintings of plants; and Mrs. Cosway who was of our party, and is an exquisite artist herself, pronounced them to be very beautiful, and executed in a masterly style. The number of books amounts to about eight thousand, which is a noble library upon one science, the very nature of which requires very costly publications, on account of the infinite number, and richness of the drawings and plates.

After we had amused ourselves with all the different compartments, we traversed the garden, and paid a visit to the living wild beasts in the Menagerie. Some of these are dispersed in various districts of the garden, and apparently with some regard towards their original mode of life. An enormous elephant enjoys a court-yart to himself, and his keeper is an Englishman, named Thompson, who has passed the greater part of his life in Holland. This animal is extremely docile, and has been taught to play at what we call Bob Cherry, with pieces of bread. Nothing can be more ridiculous, except the idea of a lion catching flies.

The camels and dromedaries are also allowed to pasture under the trees, and the stags and deer are distributed in the field beside the river. All the tame animals are placed within a large grass inclosure. The savage beasts and birds are kept in strong cages, but so small that the poor creatures have scarcely room to turn themselves; in consequence of which, together with the wretched quality of their food, many of them have perished. It is in contemplation to change their apartments. There are three Bears, several Wolves, Leopards, and Tigers, one Hyæna, a Fox, a Cockatoo, an Hedge-hog, a Royal Vulture, from South America, a Cassowary, from Java, and a number of other fierce birds, stolen from the Menagerie of the Stadtholder of Holland, originally from Africa and

and South America, and a number of Monkeys, whose anticks correspond, in every respect, with the manners of the French people.

Upon the whole, this collection is very insignificant, and by no means comparable, either in number, or variety, to Pidcock's Exhibition over Exeter 'Change. The Lion and one of the Elephants are dead. Most of these animals were transported to Paris, from the Menagerie at Versailles, which was maintained at the expence of the old Government; and in order to increase the effect of the scene, all those which were exhibited about the capital, and at country fairs, were put in a state of requisition, in order to add to the savage population of this garden. Cassal, who was the Parisian Pidcock, and had made a collection of rare animals, which he sent about the country at public shews, was robbed of all of them, and by way of indemnification for the loss of his property, he is appointed Warden of the National Menagerie. But he was not the only sufferer. In conformity with the political principle of this people, that individual property must ever be ready as a sacrifice for the Government, every man who led about a Dancing Bear in the street, or a Monkey playing his tricks on the back of a Dromedary, was obliged to lay aside his flagellet and tambourin, and conduct his Bruin, his Camel, and his little Frenchman in miniature, to replenish the national stock.

The two Elephants were *borrowed* from the Menagerie at Loo, belonging to the late Stadtholder, and came originally from the island of Ceylon, whence they were sent to Holland at one year old, and remained there fourteen years. The mode of transporting them hither, was the subject of very grave discussions among the philosophers of this capital. Sometimes it was proposed to march them all the way from Holland to Paris, and to throw temporary wooden bridges across the canals, to facilitate their passage, but on account of their aversion to water and wooden bridges, this sapient scheme was abandoned. They next constructed caravans mounted on wheels, in order to drag the philosophical brutes along, and that they might be accustomed to their moveable dwelling, they were never fed excepting in their travelling carriages. On the day of their departure, the Elephants mounted into their carriages, and the conductor bolted the door. The moment the procession commenced, the male gave the door a gentle tap with his head, which instantly shivered it in pieces, and the continent of organized matter, marched out with the greatest ease. By separating the male and female, they succeeded at length, but the female died soon after her arrival *. The French had not seen an

* Thompson assured me that on their meeting again in the garden after their long journey, the air resounded with their cries, and their eyes were bedewed with tears.

Elephant in their country since the seventeenth century, when the King of Portugal, in the year 1668 sent one to Lewis XIV, which survived only thirteen years. In various parts of the garden, basons of water have been dug, and surrounded with different kinds of water shrubs for the use of Swans, Chinese Pheasants, and other kinds of water fowl, but there are not many of this description. It must be confessed, however, that the idea is a beautiful one.

There is a large depot on one side of the garden, for receiving the bodies of all the dead animals which have been stuffed, previous to their removal into the Gallery of Natural History. This operation is performed in a laboratory, by two very skilful men, *Desmoulins*, who stuffs the quadrupeds and birds, and *Dufresne*, whose business it is to prepare the insects so as to be in a state of preservation in the cases of the cabinet. It requires no inconsiderable share of Natural History to be able to give to each dead animal the physiognomy which it possessed when living; often an uplifted paw, a side look, a direction of the head, being important characters to preserve. Variety in the positions of animals, will alone give an air of animation to the Gallery of Natural History; in which respect Desmoulins has exhibited astonishing proofs of taste and ability.

Upon inquiry, I learnt that the greater part of the curiosities in the animal world collected in

this place, were the fruits of victorious pillage, and when I objected against the injustice, of stripping a whole nation of those means of improvement in natural science, the very prosecution of which, denoted pacific views, I was answered, that the justice of the measure was the right of conquest. "*Par suite de la conquête de la Hollande, ils sont tombés au pouvoir des Français : on nous les a envoyés comme des trophées de nos victoires. Ainsi autrefois Alexandre-le-Grand fit passer dans la Grèce, qui n'en avoit point vu encore, les éléphans qu'il avoit conquis sur le roi Porus.*"

The Amphitheatre is a public building within this garden, where on certain days, gratuitous lectures are given by professors nominated and paid by the Government, to any persons who think proper to attend, on the different branches of Natural Science. I attended the chemical lecture of *Fourcroy;* he delivers himself with great purity, eloquence, and clearness; and what would be deemed extraordinary in any other country but this, he exercises the two functions of a public Lecturer, and Counsellor of State, in which latter capacity, he often displays himself as one of the orators appointed to discuss political measures before the Legislative body.

All the benches of the amphitheatre are in a semicircular form, rising one above the other, and capable of containing two thousand persons. The lecturer is stationed at the bottom, with a large

large table and apparatus before him; on either side of which, are his mechanical assistants. Adjoining to this lecture-room, there is a large chemical laboratory.

There can be no doubt of the many advantages which students in chemistry, must derive from these lectures, but I apprehend much of their good effect is done away by their being considered as a fashionable lounge for the idle of all descriptions, and as a place of rencontre between the fair Parisian and her lover. The women constitute a distinguished part of the auditory, and are not inferior to the males, in number and noise. As we may fairly conclude that oxigen and azotic gas form no portion of their studies at home, I am inclined to think that the regulations respecting these philosophical lectures require some emendation, not that the lectures themselves do, for they are certainly so highly interesting and instructive, and their subjects are explained with such simplicity as to render them very familiar to the mind.

There are thirteen professors in this institution, whereof seven are members of the National Institute, and one an Associate. *Fourcroy*, who is the professor of General Chemistry; *Desfontaines*, of Botany; *Lamark*, of the Zoology of Insects; *Thouin*, of Gardening; and *Vanspaendonck*, of Ichnography, have, each of them a very pleasant dwelling, free of expence, in different parts of the garden.

garden. In the centre of the garden, and near a bason of water, is a small hamlet, where the philosophical student, and the curious, may regale themselves with girls and burgundy, of a wretched quality, at a trifling expence. What possible motive could have induced the sage superintendants of this museum, to license such a hovel in the sequestered bowers of Academe, I am at a loss to explain, unless it be meant as a practical illustration of the moral tendency of Darwin's Loves of the Plants, a work greatly admired here.

With respect to the Botanical Garden itself, it fell very short of my expectations. It is unquestionably in a better state than when I last saw it in 1792; but it is neither well laid out, nor is its aspect pleasing to the eye. I know of nothing to which it can be better compared than a Dutch kitchen garden. Its chief merit (and that is considerable) consists in the correct classification of the different plants and trees; and in its being the nursery whence all the central schools in the departments are to be furnished with seeds and plants, *when they choose to send for them*, which I am informed may occur two or three times in a century, as the major part of these schools, exist only on paper. The garden is about two thousand feet long, and seven hundred wide, divided into three alleys, and terminating in the public walks.

Henry IV. was the first who established a botanical garden in France. He authorised *John Robin*,

Robin, to rear in a private garden, some plants which several navigators had brought from America. It was his design to have had this garden in Paris, but he was persuaded that these exotics would flourish better in the southern part of France, in consequence of which, Montpellier was preferred, and a physician was appointed in 1598, to superintend it. But, in the reign of Lewis XIII. *Gui de la Brosse* pointed out this inconvenience so forcibly to the King, that an edict was issued for the establishment of the present garden of plants. By the indefatigable exertions of *La Brosse*, there were placed in it above two thousand plants in the space of ten years. The Government then nominated three professors, to make known their properties and virtues, and an exhibitor to display them. In the course of time, the plan of the garden, and its administration were enlarged, and it received continual accessions from different travellers and circumnavigators. But its most rapid progress was during the reign of the late unfortunate monarch, Lewis XVI.

On the left of the museum, there is a very pretty plantation of trees and shrubs, which the French call a Labyrinth, merely because it rises to a considerable height in a serpentine form. The greatest part of the trees are evergreens, and there is a noble cedar of Lebanon, but not to be compared with the great one in Kew Gardens. It was brought from England, and planted by the famous

famous *Bertrand de Jussieu*, in the year 1734. Beneath its shade, stands a pedestal that formerly supported the bust of Linnæus, but which was destroyed by the revolutionary fools, under the notion that it represented an Aristocrat. The nephew of *Jussieu*, who succeeded his uncle in the Museum, still lives, and is a peripatetic botanizer. Every summer, he makes an herbal excursion into the wood of Meudon, and the environs of Paris, accompanied by all the students in botany who are disposed to join him, during which, he teaches his disciples the names and qualities of all the plants. I found nothing, either in the structure or contents of the hot-houses, which was not familiar to me, and which I had seen in far greater perfection at Kew.

From the top of the labyrinth, there is a very extensive view of Paris, and which M. de la Metherie and myself ascended, the ladies and S*****, having returned home. Here, while we were examining the different views of the city, M. de la Metherie desired me to notice a large building, not far distant, and to look to the third window of the second floor. Upon my desiring him to explain the reason of his particularizing that window, he replied, with his usual inexpressible goodness of soul and vivacity, "I was imprisoned there!" Confounded for a moment with this answer, (for I had never understood that the ruffians had meddled with him), I afterwards burst

burst into a loud peal of laughter, in which he joined most heartily. While we were thus entertaining each other, for at every look we gave, there was a fresh burst, two persons, who were evidently priests, turned round and addressed us seemingly in great agitation, "this is not a laughable subject; what honest man has not been imprisoned in this land of scoundrels? *(scelerats.)*" This observation, neither meant as a reproach nor an insult, silenced the Doctor immediately; but as it appeared to me to invite inquiry, I said to one of them, "I hope, Sir, you have not also been a sufferer." To which he abruptly replied: "But I am! I have been imprisoned five times, and was sentenced to the guillotine. My life was, however, spared, and by way of compensation for my sufferings, and the loss of my liberty, they took all my property from me. Have you (meaning me) been torn from your family?" De la Metherie, instantly answered, "Monsieur, est Anglois." Upon this, they took off their hats, and made me a bow; at the same time, remarking, "Vous avez raison, Monsieur, de vous moquer de la France." We now requested him to oblige us with his history. He said, he lived formerly at Bordeaux, and possessed some property in its neighbourhood; that he had been arrested and confined in the prisons of that city, together with a multitude of persons of both sexes. In the course of his different examinations, the principal accusa-

accusation against him always was, that he was a priest, and consequently an aristocrat; which he endeavoured to repel, by declaring, that he had not exercised the sacerdotal functions since the decree of the National Convention; and that his sole pursuit was confined to the science of botany. What follows, I would not have believed, had I not heard it recounted with all the simplicity of truth. "Botany," exclaimed one of the Inquisitors, "c'est une science *royale!* It abounds with aristocratic terms, and was never useful to a republic. Your attachment to this study, is a proof of your hankering after the old regime, and clearly convicts you." He was sent off to prison directly. However, he found means to escape destruction, and recovered his liberty, by paying a considerable sum of money for his release. He returned with joy to the house of a friend, and just as he was sitting down to dinner, an officer of the municipality entered the apartment, and acquainted him that he had come to arrest him. This intelligence did not in the least discompose him, because he was convinced it originated in a mistake. Accordingly, he stated to the officer, that he had obtained his liberty not two hours before, by an arrêt of the municipality. "I know that, perfectly well," replied the other, "you were dismissed upon the charge laid against you; but since your release, another *serious* charge has been *established* against you by Citizen Tallien."

"What

"What is it?"—"I am ordered to arrest you, *on suspicion of being suspected!!!*" There was no resisting the dreadful name of Tallien; the unfortunate priest was reconducted to his former cage. "Et sans diner?" exclaimed De la Metherie." "Sans diner, Monsieur;" replied the sufferer. As the name of Tallien was mentioned, I took the liberty of interrupting the conversation, by asking whether the atrocities said to have been committed at Bordeaux, by Tallien and Lequinio, were not greatly exaggerated; and I subjoined, by way of softening the severity of the question, that the imaginations of men, under the impressions of any great pain or joy, were too apt to make them *suppose* the occurrence of events, which in reality never existed. After admitting the justice of the remark, he answered, that, unhappily, the imagination had no share in the details of those enormities, for there was scarcely a family which did not mourn the murder of a relative or friend. The butcheries of Tallien were perpetrated chiefly in the streets, and on the scaffold. He often took large sums of money from the prisoners, upon condition of releasing them, and the next day they were sure to be guillotined. This removal from the prison to the scaffold, Tallien, in his merry moods, used to call, a republican release in full of all demands. Lequinio was never suspected of having realized any money in this manner; he confined himself

to little peculations of the public revenues. But his brutal and ferocious nature exercised itself within as well as without the walls of the prisons, by frequently shooting at the prisoners with pistols, and killing them without any discrimination. He dined with the public executioner.

But to return. After a long confinement, the day of trial arrived, and the priest was arraigned, with a number of persons, some of whom he had never before seen, on a charge of conspiring against the unity and indivisibility of the Republic; and he was presently found guilty and condemned to public execution: when, fortunately, a courier arrived, with the intelligence of the death of Robespierre, and with orders to suspend the scene of carnage until further directions from the Committee of Public Safety. "It does not appear to me," said I, "that any evidence was adduced against you." "None, whatever," he replied, except that I was designated as a ci-devant minister of religion." At this expression, I could not refrain from again laughing violently. He seemed astonished at such conduct, and his companion was angry. But after a short pause, I told him, that my laughter was by no means occasioned by the narrative of his sufferings, but by the folly of the French nation, and the refined cruelty of their rulers. "*You* have suffered, said I, because you are a *priest*, and here is a man, (pointing to De la Metherie) who has suffered, because

because he is a *philosopher.*" When they learnt, that this philosopher was De la Metherie, the one who had discoursed with us, seemed transported with joy, but the other did not appear so well pleased. In a short time, a number of inquiries were made and answered on both sides, and we parted very good friends.

When we had descended from the labyrinth, I asked De la Metherie, whether he also was not angry with me for laughing at his misfortunes? To which he answered, "Not in the least—I understand your feelings." The fact was, I could not abstain from diverting myself with the idea of the most quiet, innocent, virtuous, and good-natured man in the world, being sent to prison for having committed no fault whatever. Upon this, he declared, that he could not contain himself, because he was sure I was associating with his imprisonment, the idea of monkey land, an epithet which I have always affixed to the French people, whenever he has recounted any thing that gave me displeasure or hurt my feelings.

This good philosopher, who never in his life intermeddled with politics, and whose unambitious mind found its greatest happiness in viewing the improvement of his fellow-creatures, under any form of government, was sent to prison *because he had been a royalist!*

In the progress of their fiery revolution, the different governments of France seem to have

been governed by the spirit of a merry devil; for if this charge were sufficient to deprive one man of his liberty, nine-tenths of the people ought to have been locked up, because the same crime might have been substantiated against them also. But, although Doctor De la Metherie had never been the abettor of revolution, nor the adviser of a single political measure, he was *suspected of being a suspicious man*; and as the whole life of every one passed under review, when it was wished by the ruling power to criminate or to murder him, as every circumstance or expression, from the age of infancy to the period under consideration, was raked up with mischievous and inquisitorial activity, for the sake of glutting the passions of envy, jealousy, avarice, and revenge, it was not to be expected that he should have escaped the fury of Vandalism. He was suspected of coolness, indifference, and incivism, because, amidst the noise of arms and domestic slaughter, with a mind nobly pensive, he cultivated in the sequestered shade of private life, the philosophy of Nature.

Doubtless he would have fallen a victim to the rage of his persecutors; but, happily, the innocence of his character saved him from destruction. Beloved by all who ever had the honour of his acquaintance, universally admired by all the learned in Europe, and respected, even by the philosophers of France; the latter, amidst all

their divisions, made his case a common cause. The genius of philosophy, despised in the person of Lavoisier, was respected in that of De la Metherie. After a few months confinement, the door of his dungeon was opened, and he was permitted to return to his house; the seals were taken off his library, his beautiful collection of rare minerals, and his manuscripts, and the *Journal de Physique*, which, for above twenty years, had enlightened and assisted the researches of the learned, again shone forth in all its wonted splendour.

M. de la Metherie assured me, that during the time of the Revolutionary tribunals, it was in contemplation to reduce the population of France to fourteen millions. Dubois Crancé, was a very distinguished and enthusiastic partizan of this humane and philosophical policy. But, the most horrible and affecting anecdote which I had heard, related to a young married lady, possessed of great personal attractions, whose husband had been immured in the same prison, and at the same time with De la Metherie. After having solicited one *bureau*, petitioned another, and bribed a third to obtain her husband's liberty, finding all her efforts unavailing, she applied to the Representative of the people, through whose influence he had been arrested. The hypocritical assassin returned her supplications with scorn. At length, after many repeated entreaties, he told her, there was one way by which she might *herself* be the restorer of her husband's liberty,

Anxious to save his life, the distracted female sacrificed her honour to the lust of this brutal Deputy of the National Convention, and on the very next day, when she went to the prison to communicate the tidings of his approaching delivery to her husband, she beheld him bound and seated in the cart, which a moment after carried him to the place of execution. Frantic with rage and despair, and shuddering with horror at the unavailing sacrifice which she had made of her chastity, this hapless young woman rushed into the presence of her betrayer, and severely rebuked him for his perfidy; in return for which, he caused her to be arrested, and she was guillotined on the following day.

After we had conversed upon these subjects, we made the tour of the garden, and our attention was arrested by the following lines, written on paper, at the end of the promenade nearest the Seine.

AVIS AU PUBLIC.

Respectez ces gazons, ces arbres, et ces fleurs :
Passans ! si quelque main voulait leur faire injure,
De leur fragile éclat soyez les défenseurs ;
Ils vous demandent grace au nom de la Nature !

Having fully examined all the objects contained in this national institution, we returned home through the gate at which we entered, which, it must not be forgotten, is guarded by two companies of Invalids, in order to demonstrate the *subordination* of the military to the civil power.

LETTER

LETTER XVII.

The Arsenal—Site of the Bastille—Fauxbourg St. Antoine. The Donjon de Vincennes—Short Account of the Ex-Director François de Neufchateau. The Temple.

MY principal object in going beyond the Bois de Vincennes, was to examine the agricultural dispositions, and the improved plough of François de Neufchateau, who has obtained considerable celebrity in France, for the great encouragement which he afforded to husbandry, while he held the situation of Minister of the Interior.

In this excursion we were accompanied by two men of very opposite political characters, Mr. P***, an avowed royalist, and M. Dumond, a moderate republican. The former has distinguished himself by his dramatic writings, by several treatises on grammar, and by a very ingenious mode which he has discovered, to enable children and foreigners to pronounce, and learn the French tongue correctly, without the aid of an instructor. M. Dumond, is what we call a gentleman farmer; and has a large establishment at *Epluches*, near *Pontoise*, where he makes annually an exhibition of sheep, reared upon his own estate. He possesses an excellent stock, and great

skill in this branch of Rural Economy. We promised ourselves great pleasure from the political battle which I was determined they should wage, and from the instructive conversation we expected to derive from Mr. Dumond upon subjects of husbandry.

After having traversed a considerable part of the city in an easterly direction, we alighted at the Arsenal. This place, during the first moments of the Republican Government, was gutted, in order to supply arms to the sovereign people, and it has never since been replenished. There are, however, a considerable quantity of arms in it, but I observed nothing that is particularly deserving of notice. No person is admitted without an order from the Minister of War, or the Commandant of Paris.

The Bastille, so famous in the early history of the Revolution, for having been the first fortress, over which the triumphant banner of the people waved, is now no more. But the gardens, the *fosse*, and part of the curtain wall, remain. It is impossible to walk over these ruins, without being occupied with solemn reflections, and without despising the race of men, who in a paroxysm of jealousy pulled down an aged fortress, for the sake of liberty, and twelve years after, have suffered their whole country to be converted into a vast prison, where neither the liberty of speech, nor of the press, are tolerated. The site of the Bastille,

Bastille, which the French vainly flattered themselves, would become their Runnymede, will serve hereafter as a monument of their shame; it will be a lasting evidence of their unfitness to be free. In more honest countries, in England for instance, such a ruin would remind a virtuous people of the generous struggles of a former generation, and inspire them with courage in the assertion of their rights; but, in such a wretched state as France, where the expression of a sentiment of public virtue is turned into ridicule, or frowned down by the higher powers, the sight of a puppet shew, or procession of usurpers and their janissaries, excites a more lively interest, than the lofty accents of freedom, and the efforts of a brave people to shake off the yoke of their oppressors.

From the site of the Bastille, we proceeded along the Fauxbourg St. Antoine, now the cleanest and most unfrequented part of Paris. What a melancholy silence reigns in this place! The traveller might here fancy himself transported amidst the tombs! Who would suppose that this district of Paris was formerly the focus of intrigues, and its inhabitants the successive instruments of every ambitious adventurer; of an Orleans, a Robespierre, a Marat, and a Babœuf? In the conventional days, this was the arsenal of blood and murder, where pikes and poignards were forged, and whence an armed banditti issued forth to execute the mandates of demagogues, and to dictate laws

laws to their representatives. But now, no spirit-stirring drum is to be heard, no uplifted bleeding heads denote the standards of butchering battalions. *Santerre* himself, scarce dares to shew his face, and the whole jacobin colony has been disarmed by a little thing from Corsica, who acting as Lieutenant to Barras, during the memorable insurrection of 1794, commenced his military operations against the liberties of France, by an inglorious triumph over the fanatics of this fauxbourg. I have been told that this circumstance is not forgotten, and that both parties mutually hate each other, but that the pike-men stand in awe of the heroes of Lodi and Marengo, who surround the palace of the usurper. Even Santerre, though a notorious coward, is often heard to murmur vengeance; and the imprudent fool frequently threatens: "It was I who forced the gates, and paved the way for the First Consul—let him remember, that if I destroyed one tyrant, I can pull down another." The brewer of the fauxbourg St. Antoine is not, however, so formidable in skill or power, as the brewer of Ghent in days of yore. The Government either laughs at this consequential man of no consequence, or treats him with the most perfect contempt. He had an interview with Bonaparte, soon after the latter usurped the throne, and was received with great marks of attention, for at that time the Consular guard had not been formed, and Santerre

terre might be useful. Whether Bonaparte, at this interview, who must have heard, that on the first fire of the Vendeans upon the Parisian guards, Santerre actually ran away, meant to jeer him or not, is not known, but he certainly addressed him thus: "I think, General, you made war in La Vendée?" "Yes, General," replied the Brewer, "*et avec beaucoup d'éclat.*" The Corsican grinned a smile, and Santerre, after some further conversation, withdrew, and has since boasted, wherever he goes in Paris, that "Bonaparte did well to treat him with consideration, and to acknowledge his great services in La Vendée."—From what I have already stated, you will anticipate my judgment in assigning to *Monsieur le Géneral Santerre, citoyen Brasseur*, the character of a coxcomical, ridiculous fool.

The famous gothic Donjon de Vincennes, is situated close by the public road, in the middle of the wood of that name, and was, in ancient times, a royal castle, where state prisoners were incarcerated. Since the Revolution it has been converted into a common jail; but, at present, it is reserved exclusively for deserters and run-away conscripts. We found above six hundred of the latter in confinement, who are detained until detachments from the different corps to which they are to be attached, arrive to take them away. They were walking about a large court yard, and

seemed extremely dejected and sorrowful, though they are not treated harshly.

From the platform of the inner court, there is a very extensive and beautiful prospect towards the South; but the gothic tower, which faces the East, commands the finest views. We were not permitted to enter this part of the building, or even to approach it; we were therefore obliged to content ourselves with examining its exterior; and if we may form an estimate of the interior, from the gloomy aspect of the outside, it is evident, the state prisoners, who were formerly lodged in this tower, must have drawn out a wretched existence. Yet in these apartments, the great Condé, and the celebrated Mirabeau, had been confined.

There is nothing attractive in this fortress, except its antiquity, and the circumstance of its having been tenanted by some of the most celebrated characters of old France. Draw-bridges, battlements, covered galleries and fossés, display the ancient mode of defence, but these are not novelties, even to an Englishman, for they may be seen at the Tower of London. Some companies of Infantry, and a troop of Horse, are in barracks within the walls, and do garrison duty.

After having sufficiently gratified our curiosity, we continued our route, and as the name of Mirabeau had been mentioned, I thought this a favourable opportunity of starting the subject of politics,

politics, that we might enjoy the conversation of our two French companions. The project took extremely well; and the Revolution was furiously debated from the time of Mirabeau, to the present hour. Upon my asking of M. Dumond what was the pay of the different ranks of French Generals? M. P*** (without giving him time to reply) answered "Nothing; we allow them to thieve, and take what they please." This unexpected answer produced a general laugh, in which M. Dumond joined with great good nature, exclaiming at the same time, that it was not true, and that M. P*** knew better *.

The debate continued in the same style of animation and good humour until we came within

* Some days after, happening to be in company with a very celebrated, but honest General, (as far as it is possible for a modern French General to be honest) I questioned him, with a grave tone and serious countenance, whether what I had heard was true, that the French Generals received no salary from the state, but were at liberty to take what they pleased? At first, he seemed to doubt that I was in earnest, but perceiving my features immoveable, he answered, "You have been misinformed. The French Generals are well paid; but as they are fond of good living, and their expences are very great, they naturally make some provision for themselves out of the contributions of the conquered countries!" This reply, accompanied by a significant laugh, cleared away all difficulties, and fully confirmed M. P***'s assertion. The name of this General is inscribed on the list of those who have petitioned the Corsican tyrant, to be embarked in the same vessel which is to land him in England.

sight

sight of the country seat of M. François de Neufchateau; but as I shall collect under one head, all the political information which I have procured in France, I shall postpone the details of this or any other conversations, until a more convenient opportunity for disclosing them.

At the extremity of the Bois de Vincennes, in a hollow, stands the chateau of M. François. The road leading to it from Paris, as far as the Donjon is in good order, but afterwards it becomes narrow and rough. All the country hereabouts is in a fine state of cultivation; the fruits are exquisite, and the wine made from the vineyards is in high estimation at Paris.

It was extremely gratifying to us, to find an appearance of taste and cleanliness in every part of M. François de Neufchateau's farm. The house is of a moderate size, the gardens are large and well disposed, and at the bottom are a variety of compartments lined on the side facing the sun, with walls to collect additional heat for fruit and esculent plants.

The barns and other out-houses make a respectable appearance, but I perceived none of the animals essential, either to husbandry or a thrifty farm yard. Most of the grounds which we went over, had been sown; I perceived no grass or meadow land. The French are an age behind us in this branch of agriculture. On either side of the front of the house, there is a small copse, and several

several reservoirs of water are scattered about the grounds, for the purpose of receiving what has been drained off from the land, the situation being low and swampy. These seem to have been constructed with a view to elegance as well as utility. All the arable land was well cleared, and shewed that great care and attention had been bestowed upon it. But, I cannot avoid repeating, that I saw no yards, either near or distant from the house, for the rearing of poultry, pigs, &c. &c. which constitute no inconsiderable portion of the wealth of a well managed farm.

After we had sufficiently viewed the general distribution of grounds, we next examined the improved drill plough of M. de Neufchateau; but I discovered not a single property in it which is not already well known to every English agriculturist. It is remarkably light, as it ought to be for the light soil in this part, but its principle of action is the same precisely as the common plough. I confess, I could not conceal my disappointment upon this occasion, for the plough was the principal object of our excursion. So much had been said respecting it at Paris, that my curiosity was alive to some useful improvement; but M. Dumond agreed with me in opinion, that it did not possess the least novelty. The day after this excursion, M. François de Neufchateau, made me a present of a little work he has written "on the means of perfecting the ploughs in France;" from which

which, however, I have derived no more benefit, than from the improved plough at his country residence.

Perhaps, I am wrong in thus entering into the particulars of a farm, which, though in a very satisfactory state, promises to be still better in a short time, when the owner's attention can be spared upon it. For, if I may judge, from the empty condition of the house, it has not been long in the possession of its present proprietor. There are only two bed-rooms furnished, and not one sitting-room, though there is an excellent library, containing many beautiful editions of the most celebrated authors. The gallery upon the first-floor, which extends the length of the house, contains some elegant plans and drawings of the canals, and other public works of France, which had been conceived, executed, or repaired while M. de Neufchateau was minister of the interior. Better or more honourable ornaments never decorated the house of any man; but of the ministry of this person, I must now say a few words.

M. Nicholas François (for that is his real and only proper name) was born in the obscure village of Neufchateau, where he married a woman like himself, of humble parentage, and endeavoured to live by scribbling poetry, and writing nonsensical verses. He is the first instance, I believe, in the history of nations, of a professed Poet, having risen to the elevated rank of Chief Magistrate

gistrate of a great empire, and having exchanged his tattered garments for the Imperial Mantle. We have heard of Dictators taken from the plough, but never until the French Revolution, which has wrought great marvels, of a Poet transported from a garret to the throne.

However, M. François being cast upon the surface of the Revolutionary cauldron, contributed his humble mite in the holy work of human regeneration. Under a variety of Protean shapes, sometimes as a punster in the public journals, at other times, by striking off a few calambours and diatribes, then, by some fine spun antitheses, next, by fulsome adulations heaped on the great scoundrels who have successively disturbed the peace of France, and of mankind; and lastly, by composing a set of jingling sounds which his countrymen call rhyme, and he himself believes to be poetry, Monsieur François contrived at length to receive the reward of his indefatigable labours, in the appointment to the very arduous and important function of Minister of the Interior to the French Revolution.

No sooner had he began to figure upon the revolutionary stage, over which was inscribed the motto, *Liberty, Equality, Abolition of Titles and Priviledged Casts*, than forgetful of the philosophical and enlightened principles he had inculcated, he assumed the feudal name of François *de* Neufchateau, a name to which under the old

regime, he would have had no more pretension, that the hypocritical Cartouche, who now rules France, would have dared to assume the title of Buonaparte d'Ajaccio.

Another instance of his philosophical mind, occurred at the time of his receiving the portfolio of Minister. His virtuous wife, who had been the humble companion of his adverse fortune, was discarded from his house, as unworthy to share in the splendour of his new situation, and a mistress was introduced in her stead, and continues to fill, in the midst of plenty and opulence, the place of a legitimate wife, now driven to want and wretchedness. But these are trifles in Paris; and M. François de Neufchateau, passes for a mild, amiable, and *virtuous* man!

While this harlequin was Minister of the Interior, he issued a public order to all the constituted authorities, enjoining them to inscribe on the most conspicuous parts of their offices, in red characters, these words; *Guerre au Gouvernement Anglois!—War against the English Government.* He also constrained all the public functionaries, notaries, and proprietors of public places, to write on the walls of their places of business and residence, this touching sentiment; *ici l'on s'honore du nom de Citoyen.*

Of the administration of this man, I shall have much to say in a future letter; he certainly contributed towards the establishment of many salu-

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tary institutions of the Republic; that is, he revived such of the old government as were calculated to promote the happiness and prosperity of France, upon the return of a general peace. I am the more astonished at this, because, from the relations of those most intimately acquainted with him, as well as from what conversations I have had with him, he appears to be a man of a weak, contemptible, and very superficial character.

Nevertheless, we find him in a short time, seated upon the curule chair, and forming one of that junto of five rapacious tyrants, who, under the name of Executive Directory, fulminated the death-warrant of Swisserland, and who, by their imbecillity, wickedness, and crimes, eventually prepared the reign of the usurper, who stole like a coward from Egypt, to complete the misery of France.

Although François took no lead in the Directory, and might be considered rather in the light of an impurpled pageant, whose sole occupation was to sign his name, whenever ordered so to do by his more wily colleagues, yet is he involved in the awful and deep responsibility attached to that quorum of knaves. At length, finding his situation to be irksome, and too weighty for his shoulders, he profited by an offer which his ambitious colleagues made to him, and following the example of honest Sancho, left the government in good time, before the government left him.

In consideration of a douceur of *forty thousand pounds* sterling, he consented to connive at a sham ballot, for the renewal of part of the Directory, at the expiration of a year, and voluntarily black-balled himself from the further enjoyment of Executive Magistracy.

No one will condemn him for this conduct; the result has proved, that he has been fortunate as well as prudent. For, on the usurpation of the Corsican, instead of being banished, like Barras, or discarded like La Reveilliere Lepaux, we find him admitted into the tyrant's senate, and actually receiving as one of its members, above two thousand pounds sterling a year during his life, for simply registering the edicts of his master. In addition to this, he receives a little stipend as a member of the National Institute, where his name will be found among the *savans* of the grammatical class. This annuity, together with the forty thousand pounds indemnification money, and what little pickings he got during his ministry, enable this Conservative Senator to live in a better style than ever befel the lot of a French rhymer. He can now jingle the cash, as well as the words of the great nation.

This visit to M. François, brought on a second engagement, far more entertaining than the former, between our two comrades, which did not cease until the carriage arrived at the gates of the Temple, where the unfortunate Louis XVI. and family

family had been confined. But the place is so much altered, that I should never have recognized it, if the towers were not remaining. All the surrounding buildings have been pulled down, and a large opening is formed, which absolutely secludes it from all immediate communication with the city, and gives it a much more formidable appearance than at the commencement of the republic. It is impossible to obtain admission into this state bastille; for it is rigidly guarded both within and without the walls; and persons are frequently conveyed thither by a *lettre de cachet* from the Grand Inquisitor Fouche, without any preliminary examination, and often without the knowledge of their friends. This is the real history of those sudden disappearances of a number of persons, which the French, and after them the English journalists, have ascribed to robbers and assassins. A trial is not *always* necessary in this land of liberty, to establish the innocence or guilt of *certain* individuals; hence, the *Cayenne diligence* is always in readiness to take up such passengers as are not *required* to make any stay in the Temple, which is the *safest* place of baiting between the *bureau* of the Minister of Police and Rochefort. It is not until the wretched victims are on the eve of embarking on board the Salaminian vessel of state, that they are permitted to disclose their fate to their relatives, and to announce their destination to the delectable regions of the most

luxurious climate of South America; and often this *indulgence* is denied to the hapless sufferers.

France is not to be pitied; she merits all, and ten times more than she endures. To such a degenerated nation, there is no better argument than the answer of Cyrus to the King of Armenia. They are lost to shame as well as to honour; they have no principles, but such as the vilest slaves inherit, and the most arrant rogues practise. Yet do they talk incessantly, of freedom and equality, as if these names were, in fact, merely pass-words for robbery and murder. It is impossible to compassionate their wretched condition, or to live among them, without imbibing daily fresh causes of detestation and abhorrence of their laws, maxims, government, and manners. I am already sickened at their vices, and contemplate with pleasure, the moment when I shall take an everlasting leave of France, her detestable capital, and its rascally inhabitants.

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

Celebration of the Establishment of General Bonaparte's Catholic Religion, and of the General Peace. Procession to Notre Dame. Illumination of Paris.

WE had not yet seen the tyrant. Hence, we did not hesitate to take advantage of the opportunity offered to us by a public exhibition of his personage, on the Sunday before Easter. The ceremonial had been pompously announced in the Paris gazettes, and M. Chaptal, the Minister of the Interior, to whom, on all days of festivity, the function of Master of the ceremonies devolves *ex officio*, displayed great skill in the arrangements which he made for giving a proper stage effect to the pious exhibition of the church militant.

But you must not conclude, because M. Chaptal is the ostensible ballet-master, that he is the sole disposer of the machinery; for I know, from unquestionable authority, that Bonaparte himself, is not only very clever at this work, but that he actually arranged the plan of the whole procession, as well as the solemn farce acted in Notre Dame.

A person, whose name I cannot mention, related in a company where I was present, a long

conversation which he had with the First Consul upon the subject; and from his account, it appeared, that the little man takes as much interest in a puppet-shew, as in a victory. When the leader of the Orchestra waited upon him to mention the arrangements he had made for placing the music in front of the Consuls, the latter instantly desired him to take another position, for he was determined to have a battalion of soldiers in front and rear *en bataille rangée.* The conductor of the musical department endeavoured to convince him that the effect of the music would be entirely lost, if the orchestra were mounted up aloft, as he desired; to which the other replied, " N'importe, il me faut toujours des batallions!" As no man dared dispute his sovereign will, the position of the musicians was changed; and, as was predicted, the effect of the music was completely destroyed.

Another instance of his taking upon himself the business of stage manager, consisted in his giving positive directions to his Minister Talleyrand, to write to the different foreign ambassadors and ministers, requesting they would repair to the palace of the Thuilleries, with four horses to their carriages, instead of two, as usual. This order was rigidly complied with. All the foreign ministers clapped on an additional pair of donkies (I wish he had ordered them to have had jack-asses) and their carriages drew up in a line

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on the left of the door of the Thuilleries. His own ministers also drove four horses, and sported by Imperial order, the same *liveries*, yellow turned up with red, as ugly in appearance as they were cumbersome in form. Their carriages took the right of the door, exactly opposite to those of the foreign envoys.

Soon after, arrived the Councillors of State, the Senators, the Legislative Body, the Tribunate, the Prefects, and the Generals, in their respective costume. All this time, the foreign ministers were in a room below, called *Salle des Ambassadeurs, waiting* until his Highness should be graciously pleased to condescend to admit them to his presence. Count Cobentzel, the Austrian Minister,

Oh! what a falling off was there!

stood sucking his thumb at the door in view of all the spectators. My spirit sunk within me at the inglorious sight; nor could I refrain from venting my rage at beholding the representative of the once proud House of Austria, standing like a suppliant at the threshold of a Corsican adventurer. The whole of the day's exhibition was an humiliating scene to every man except Bonaparte and his satellites.

After all the carriages had arrived, and the different regiments of horse and foot had taken their positions in front of the palace, a signal-gun fired, when a little thing leaped with uncommon agility

agility on the back of a white horse, superbly caparisoned, and set off full trot along the lines, followed by a numerous train of generals and aides-de-camp. Upon enquiry, I learnt that the name of the white horse was Marengo, and the little thing on its back, Napoleone Bonaparte, Firſt Consul of France.

Nothing was now to be heard but the sound of trumpets, kettle-drums, and military bands of muſic, the whole forming a grand, and certainly very impoſing spectacle. As Bonaparte passed along, the officers saluted, and the men presented arms, but he never returned the salute; it being the etiquette with him, to take off his hat only to the colours and the generals. He was dressed very plain, but extremely neat, in a blue coat faced with white, (the uniform of the Consular guard) with two gold epaulets, white kerseymere breeches and waistcoat, and a small cocked hat, with a national cockade.

None of the portraits, or engravings which I had seen of this man in England are striking resemblances; they are all like, but not exactly like him. The picture in which Masquerier represents him on his return from the review of the Consular Guard, though the best likeness we have, is nevertheless a feeble representation of one of the most penetrating and animated countenances in the world. He has not given sufficient strength or expression to the features, and he

he has besides committed an egregious fault, by painting the Consul in a reclining posture, whereas he is always remarkably erect on horseback, and not unlike a drill serjeant.

The complexion of Bonaparte is sallow, his face oval, and his chin long, dark penetrating eyes, black hair, cut short, and without powder. His smile is uncommonly fascinating, but his visage terrible when ruffled with anger; his voice deep toned, and rather coarse, and his person looks extremely well on horseback. His countenance and manner evidently denote a man oppressed with continued thought, and brewing over vast projects not yet matured for execution; Lavater would have added, that the lineaments of his face, bespeak a violent and murderous ambition. There is a something about it, that marks very strongly, dark and unruly passions. Upon the whole, I do not hesitate to acknowledge that he possesses the most interesting countenance I ever beheld*.

After the Firſt Consul had reviewed the troops, he dismounted, and shot like an arrow into the palace, and soon after the procession commenced with the slow march of the infantry towards Notre Dame. The horse followed; and then came the carriages of the Senators, Councillors of

* There is a likeneſs between the Consul and Mr. Kemble, our present Roscius; but the distinctive traits vary materially, in favour of the soul of the latter.

State,

State, Foreign Miniſters, and the Miniſters of Bonaparte. Madame Bonaparte, the Queen-mother, a truly good and respectable woman, and the other Madame Bonaparte, the reigning Queen, with her daughter and suite, proceeded by another route, along the street Nicaise, in two coaches with four, each horse led by a running footman in a green livery laced with gold, and escorted by a few hussars. The regiment of Gens d'Armes, and the corps of Mameloucs, leading six beautiful chargers of the Firſt Consul, each of them caparisoned to the tune of two thousand five hundred pounds, preceded the state-carriage which contained the three Consuls, dressed in the Consular garb, scarlet embroidered with gold. The master of the great nation was drawn by eight fine bay horses, and followed by a regiment of hussars. Continued discharges of cannon announced to the people assembled in Notre Dame, the approach of the military saint.

Three chairs of state were placed in front of the altar for the Consuls; that of the First Consul was advanced a little before the other two; but when they had seated themselves, Bonaparte drew his a little further, and sat erect during the whole ceremony, excepting when the host was uplifted, when with most sanctified composure, the holy hypocrite crossed himself with that same right hand which in Egypt had signed his abjuration of the Christian faith. The Consul Le Brun,

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sat on his left hand; and Cambaceres, descended in right line from the ancient Sodomites, on his right. These two Consular automatons appeared perfectly indifferent during the whole of the pious farce.

When high-mass was over, the Bishops approached in turns to take the oath of allegiance. As each mitred apostle knelt before the old sinner, he gave a gentle nod; but one, almost blind by age, and too weak to kneel, having directed his obeisance towards Cambaceres, the First Consul gave him such a frown, that the poor old man, terrified out of his wits, continued, as he retired, to kneel and to curve to his Highness, until another drew off his attention.

These are the principal incidents which occurred at Notre Dame. I leave you to form a just idea of the emotions of those present, whether they be considered as Christians or not. The far greater part of the Senate, the Legislative Body, the Tribunate, and the Generals, being avowed Atheists, and notorious for the murders, thefts, and atrocities they had perpetrated; with their Chief Magistrate, who had worshipped the altar of Atheism some years before in Paris, who afterwards knelt down before the Pope at Rome, and embraced the religion of Mahomet in Africa; assembled together in one place to adore a God in whom they had no faith, and to profess a religion which they despised, merely that they might

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be enabled to preserve their usurped authority over the people, and to retain their places and appointments; is an occurrence in the history of pious fraud, not to be met with since the days of Judas Iscariot.

I may safely venture to affirm, that with the exception of the Bishops, (if they may be excepted) there was not a single person in the cathedral, who quitted this religious mockery with a sentiment of piety excited in his breast, nor one, who did not perfectly see through the whole object of the ceremony.

When the bowing, kneeling, and swearing had been gone through, the First Consul and his two scarlet supporters, rose from their seats, and instantly withdrew to their carriage. Fresh discharges of cannon proclaimed their *safe* arrival at the Thuilleries, an event which was not universally expected; as it was rumoured a blow would be struck before night. However, although it was dark when the cortege returned, it experienced no interruption.

The opinion entertained by the people of this day's celebration, is in every respect opposite to the wishes of the Government. I have heard it censured in terms of peculiar acrimony and indignation, mixed with the most contemptuous ridicule. Close by my hotel, I listened, at an early hour in the morning, to a very curious dialogue, between a tradesman's wife and a man of an

an inferior class, who was eating bread and cheese: "You seem hungry," said the one. "Yes, Madam," replied the other, "we must all make seven breakfasts to day, *et finir par manger le bon Dieu.*" This impious but sarcastic allusion to the act of the government, will suffice to shew the light in which it is generally viewed here.

In the evening, Madame Bonaparte gave a grand rout to the ladies of the constituted authorities, and the city was illuminated. If any circumstance were better calculated than another to give a foreigner an idea of the poverty of the inhabitants of this capital, a general illumination seems the most proper to answer this end. If what we have seen be the best display of French exultation, we must infer that France is indeed a conquered country. A few farthing rush-lights in paper lanthorns, stuck out of the windows of every third or fourth house in a street, are called here a general illumination; and as the wind blew out a great many of these candles, the greater part of the city appeared in darkness visible.

The palace of the Thuilleries was decorated with variegated lamps, arranged in right lines, à la Chinoise, extending along its whole front, and the gardens were also illuminated. On the Place du Carrousel, opposite the Thuilleries, the house of the Second Consul, Cambaceres, was illuminated with great taste and splendor, and

exhibited the richest display of any place in Paris. These were the only houses that deserved any attention.

Vast numbers of people filled the streets and public walks, and the greatest decorum and sobriety were every where observed; a circumstance for which the French populace are peculiarly distinguished on all such occasions.

In the midst of all these pompous festivities, the minds of the people are still greatly divided respecting the future. All the world are gratified at the return of peace, but there are many sober persons who harbour suspicions of its continuance. The joy, and exultation of the Parisians were not in the least occasioned by the Concordat, but by the prospect of permanent tranquillity and reviving commerce, which the peace holds forth to them. In the course of a very extensive acquaintance, I have not met with a single person who appears satisfied with the new clerical constitution; nor have I heard of one to whom it has afforded real pleasure. But I have heard, on the contrary, a great deal of whispering relative to tythes and the power of the clergy. To this may be added, the general apprehensions of some fresh changes in the political government of France, from the restless character of its Chief, and the disposition to interfere in the internal economy of other states, which has lately been avowed; all of which have contributed to inspire anxieties

anxieties amidst the general rejoicings, and to damp the sanguine expectations of a people, who are more forward than any other in hoping the most from fortune. A report now in circulation, has increased this dejection. It is said, that Cambacéres, Archbishop of Rouen, and brother of the Second Consul, has already shewn a great animosity to the constitutional priests, and has gone to such lengths as to shut up two hundred churches in his diocese. This circumstance excites great discussions among the priviledged cast in this capital; and it is said, that the First Consul has expressed himself in very strong terms to the Consul Cambacéres, respecting his brother's conduct. Time will soon prove which is the strongest, the churchman or the soldier.

LETTER XIX.

Theatres—Opera Buffa—Coronation of Paesiello.

AFTER having animadverted in a former letter on the fatal consequences of possessing a *mauvais gout*, I shall be accounted highly culpable for having neglected to attend the theatres of Paris; but I confess, that in the present temper of my mind, they would afford me neither entertainment nor gratification. Often as I frequent our own theatres, and reap instruction and delight from them, I really cannot find time to visit all the places of public representation in this metropolis, when matters of infinitely greater importance require my constant attention; I must therefore incur, either the imputation of being a man of *mauvais gout*, or abandon more profitable pursuits for the sake of admiring the entre-chat of Vestris, or applauding the licentious ribaldry of Vaudevilles. I prefer the former, especially as I hold French music in utter contempt, and receive more pleasure in reading a tragedy of Corneille or Racine, than in seeing it represented, though Talma himself perform.

Besides, many of the threatres display such acts of gross licentiousness among the spectators, and of obscene dialogue on the stage, that it is impossible

possible to accompany a modest woman to any of them. To most of those where the rules of decency are observed, our ladies went, but the Opera Buffa, was the only theatre where I occasionally resorted for an hour, to hear the charming music of Paesiello, and the notes of Cimerosa, Martinelli, and Madame Bolla.

This theatre is in the *Rue de la Victoire*, and attended by the most respectable persons. A piece of Paesiello, called Zingari i Fierha, has always attracted a crowded house. On the third night's representation of it at this theatre, Paesiello himself, who had just arrived from Naples, made his appearance in the box next the stage, opposite the one in which the First Consul, his wife, Louis Bonaparte and his wife, (the ci-devant Mademoiselle Bauharnois) and the lady of Joseph Bonaparte were sitting. The instant Paesiello was recognized, he was saluted with loud and repeated bursts of applause, and all the spectators stood up to pay their respects to the genius who had so often charmed them by the powers of his composition.

In the midst of this scene, a lady stepped into the box and placed a crown of laurel on his head; the plaudits were redoubled on the occasion, and even Bonaparte could not avoid passing his hand over his forehead, as an indication of what was uppermost in his mind. He condescended, however, to notice Paesiello, and to signify, by a

movement of his head, that he participated in the general sentiment of approbation.

When we recal to mind the coronation of Voltaire in the French theatre, we are naturally induced to conclude, that the honour conferred on Paesiello was the highest to which an intellectual genius could aspire. But the agent in this business was not one of the most respectable class. The lady who placed the crown upon his head was herself an actress, and not in the foremost rank of those who tread the stage. But to Paesiello, the effect was the same as if it had been performed by a more distinguished personage, for it afforded him an opportunity of seeing in what estimation he is held by the connoisseurs in Paris. To us, the circumstance was new, and accordingly, we enjoyed it. The respect paid to him by the band of musicians was remarkable; for they all rose at his entrance, turned towards him, and retained this position during the whole evening. It was observed that the overture was badly executed, and perhaps it may be ascribed to this circumstance. Great decorum and good conduct are maintained in every part of the theatre, and even behind the scenes, as you will perceive from the following anecdote which I had from a person on the spot. On a representation of the Zingari i Fierha, when the Bohemians are supposed to be mending their kettles, to the tune of a very beautiful quartetto, a celebrated female singer who

was

was performing her part, and beating time behind the scenes, was ordered by the soldier on guard, *not to make such a noise*, and on her taking no notice of his command, he repeated it in a more severe tone, and was literally about to disarm her, when the manager appeared, and told him it was a part of the opera, and that she must not be interrupted!

When you have been told that there are centinels planted *behind* the curtain, you will not be surprized to hear that there are plenty of them stationed *before* it in every part of the house, boxes, pit, and gallery. They are placed there to preserve order, and their conduct has, upon these occasions, been exemplary. It cannot be denied that the spectators of the best Parisian theatres behave themselves with infinitely more propriety than a London audience. The Cyprian corps also set an example of orderly conduct, which their frail sisters of Drury Lane and Covent Garden would do well to follow.

On the night of the coronation of Paesiello, we were extremely fortunate in obtaining a box nearly opposite to the First Consul and his family, a circumstance that put it in my power to be convinced more than ever, of a very striking fact, that Madame Bonaparte, her daughter, and Madame Josephine, were the only French women, in the theatre or out of it, who were modestly dressed. I mention this circumstance with peculiar satis-

faction, especially when I consider the force of example in persons of their situation in life. The three ladies sat in front, and were attired much in the same style as a modest English woman in her evening dress. Mesdames Louis and Josephine wore diamond necklaces and ear-rings. Behind them, with his back towards the audience, unseen by it, and snug in a corner, sat the First Consul, with young Beauharnois, and several general officers. A well-dressed gentleman sat opposite to the Consul, whose thousand obeisances, in an ascending and descending line, like the mechanical motion of a pump-handle, whenever he spoke or was spoken to by Bonaparte, announced to the spectators that their sovereign lord was present. However, no notice was taken of the Consul, the eyes of every one being fixed on the tall sycophant who was describing obtuse angles with his body, which were rendered doubly ridiculous from the consideration that no one, except ourselves and those over us, could see the object to whom he was thus always "a booing, a booing."

During the whole time they were in the box, Bonaparte and his wife, to our great surprize, never exchanged a syllable; and when the play was over, he darted from his seat, leaving his family to be conducted from the theatre by their attendants.

The

The morning after this enthusiastic reception of Signor Paesiello, I had the good fortune to be in his company, and to hear him play a tune on the Piana Forte; but I was not a little astonished to see him enter the room full dressed with bag and sword, at so early an hour of the day.

Before I close this letter, I ought to inform you, that the grand review of the Consular Guard took place on the *Place du Carrousel*, on the same day, as the circumstance I have just related. But as this spectacle merits a particular detail, I shall refer you to my next letter for an accurate account of it.

LETTER XX.

Review of the Consular Guard—Extraordinary Conversation with one of the Heads of the Republic respecting Bonaparte.

IN the first place, this review, of which so much has been said all over Europe, is nothing more or less than a parade, at which, not a single evolution is made; and secondly, if it were wished to make any evolutions, the Place du Carrousel would not admit of them.

The order in which the troops are disposed shews the impossibility of manœuvering them, for the place in which six thousand men, horse and foot, besides artillery, are collected, is not so large as the parade at Whitehall. It is impossible, therefore, for a military person to derive any instruction from the sight, as the whole review consists in the First Consul, his Generals, Aides-de-Camp, and Mameloucs, trotting very fast through the lines; after which he takes his station in the middle of the place between the gates of the Thuilleries and the grand entrance of the Palace, and the troops pass by him in quick time, and file off to their respective quarters. This is, in a few words, the history of the review, but the ideas excited in the mind from the sight of so many men in arms, are of a very different class.

When

When we fix our eyes on six thousand men, every one of whom has distinguished himself in five pitched battles (for this is the qualification for admission into the guard, although the rule is not rigidly observed, when a fine tall fellow is to be had) one cannot look at them without experiencing emotions, somewhat approaching to awe. They excite a very strong sensation at Paris, where their presence alone maintains public tranquillity, and upholds the usurped throne of Bonaparte. Persons who arrive in the metropolis, from the country, always make a point of attending the review, at which they have an opportunity of gratifying their national vanity, by feasting their eyes on those who have signalized themselves by repeated victories over the public enemies, and by a more inglorious triumph over the liberty of their country. A Frenchman thinks little of this great blessing, so much valued by us, and while he is admiring the martial appearance of the guard, he little dreams that he is indebted to them for the present state of ignominious bondage to which the Republic is reduced. But a splendid shew will, at any time, bereave a Frenchman of all internal strength of thought.;

> Hence, Ostentation here, with tawdry art,
> Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
> Here Vanity assumes her pert grimace,
> And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace;

Here

Here beggar Pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year.
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

In order that you may form a clear idea of this military shew, I shall briefly state the order in which the troops take their positions and move from the ground, supposing myself on the Place du Carrousel, a little in the rear of the First Consul, and describing them from the point where I have stationed myself. A battalion of Grenadiers, with a good band of music, is stationed against the wall of the palace, extending from the corner of the Thuilleries inhabited by the Third Consul Le Brun, to the steps of the palace door. In the same line, beginning at the other side of the steps, and extending along the Salle des Ambassadeurs to the other extremity of the palace is another battalion of Grenadiers (with a magnificent band of music) called the Column of Granite, because, at the memorable battle of Marengo, "firm as a rock of adamant*," they bravely withstood several successive charges of Austrian cavalry. The two battalions constitute the second line of infantry; you may therefore easily calculate the dimensions of the ground which they occupied.

About fourteen or sixteen paces in front of the former, the first line commences with a battalion

* This was the expression which Alexander Berthier made use of in his dispatch after the victory had been gained.

of

of invalids, without a band, or even fifes, having only half a dozen drums attached to it. Next to this, are two battalions composed of select troops from the line, the latter having a band of music, the former, drums only. These form the first line, from which you will readily see that their numbers collectedly are not greater than the two battalions of the second line.

An intervening space of about thirty-six paces here occurs, when another line of infantry, composed of two heavy battalions without music, and facing towards the former (consequently with their backs to me) extend along the whole area. Behind these are two regiments of hussars; a little in their rear on the right, two troops of flying artillery, and at the extremity of all the lines touching them at right angles, is the famous regiment of guides, commanded by Beauharnois, (the son of Madame Bonaparte) nicknamed Casse-Cous, because they are said neither to *give* or *take* quarter. Precisely opposite to this corps, at the other extremity of the lines, under the gallery of the Louvre, stands the corps of Mameloucs, which might with great truth be also called a regiment of *Egyptian* guides; for I entertain not the least doubt, that these men were brought from their country for the express purpose of serving in this capacity when a favourable opportunity shall present itself, for a second invasion of Egypt by the French Army. If they were meant merely as

objects of parade to gratify the curiosity or vanity of the French, they would be differently treated; but now, they retain their national costume, which the taste of their French taylors has rendered uncommonly splendid, and every means are employed to *attach* them to the interests of the French people and their Mussulman Caliph.

The whole guard of horse and foot thus form a parallelogram, and remain with arms ordered, standing at ease. Three generals of division command the consular troops under Bonaparte, who reserves to himself the chief command. As soon as the First Consul has mounted Marengo the White, the drums beat a tat-too, and the men shoulder arms and dress. Preceded by several Mameloucs, and four Aides-de Camp, superbly accoutered in Hussar uniforms, he rides full trot through the lines, beginning at the widest intervening space, then between the first and second lines, next along the regiment of Guides, and between the line of Infantry and Cavalry, and finally returning through the large intervening space, takes his station in the center.

A detachment from a corps of Artillery now serving in Italy, marched up to the Consul to receive their standard, their former one having been taken from them for their gross and infamous misconduct towards the wretched inhabitants. It was held by a Serjeant, while the Consul addressed them in a short speech, ordering them

to

to swear they would die rather than abandon it. They all swore, and then returned to their position. The infantry guard then passed before the Consul, beginning with the battalion of Invalids, and ending with the column of Granite; then came the Flying Artillery, the regiments of horse, and last of all, the regiment of guides, beyond comparison the finest corps, either for men or horses, I ever beheld, with their colonel Beauharnois, the handsomest young fellow among them. This regiment are dressed in green, as Hussars, and wheeled with uncommon precision and velocity. The column of Granite was the only battalion which seemed to pay any attention to distances or time; its sections wheeled and formed like a piece of machinery, but all the other battalions were remarkably deficient in this branch of discipline, to which many of the military powers of Europe unfortunately pay too much attention, as if the whole art of war consists in the business of the Drill Serjeant. Upon my noticing to a French general officer the slovenly manner in which these battalions wheeled, he nodded assent to the observation, remarking shrewdly and wisely, "It is of no manner of consequence, they know how to fight."

As soon as the last section had passed the Consul, who seemed to be in a very ill humour, he rode to the door of the palace, dismounted, and disappeared in a trice. He was not in a General's uniform,

uniform, but in the same dress as that in which he appeared on the morning of the procession to Notre Dame.

Upon the whole, I cannot say that this review answered my expectations. In general the troops were picked, well made, tall, and well clothed; the cavalry were, without exception, magnificently accoutred and mounted, and made a very noble appearance, but still the *tout ensemble* did not operate upon me so far as to excite admiration.

I have seen a grand review of the Austrian army; and in the year 1799, I was present at the King of Prussia's review of his army near Berlin and Potsdam; these were instructive and magnificent military lessons; but when the eye would delight to dwell on a Laudohn or a Mullendorf, it would turn with indignation from a Lasne, or a Mortier, men who fight for themselves, not for their country; for plunder, not for honour.

While Bonaparte was passing the lines, one of my acquaintance, a member of the Legislative Body, exultingly turned to me, and pointing to the tyrant exclaimed, "*Voila le Maitre de la Terre!*" "Behold the master of the earth," then lowering his voice, he whispered, in the hearing of another English gentleman standing by me, "but you, gentlemen, are masters of the sea, and I hope you will for ever remain so; for if England fall, the world will be undone." The manner in which this

this was expressed, proved that it was not a turn of sentiment, to do away the effect of the former part of his speech, but that it came from the heart; indeed, when he made the remark respecting Bonaparte, he delivered himself with evident gestures of derision. I wish I could say that I heard any such sentiment from several English gentlemen who were not very distant from me. Their adulation of Bonaparte, their extatic exclamations, gesticulations, and anti-british sentiments, deserve the pillory, or Botany Bay, or both. What do you think of an Englishman of rank and fortune, bawling out loud enough to be heard by fifty people, "By G—d, this man (alluding to Bonaparte) deserves to govern the world!"

On our return from the parade, we went into a large party of ladies and gentlemen, among whom were several members of the government. One of them took me aside, and conjured me to inform him, whether I thought there would be another war between the two countries? Upon my answering, that I was persuaded the English Ministers harboured no such idea, but that as a private individual, I considered the duration of the peace to rest solely on the good conduct and friendly disposition of the First Consul towards us; he assured me he had no other motive for asking the question but an extreme anxiety to see the relations of amity perfectly restored, of which

he

he had doubts, as he had just learnt some causes of difference had arisen between the two Governments. This naturally excited *my* curiosity, and I entreated him to explain himself. To this he made answer, that he was not exactly informed of the particulars, as he had only heard them in a slight way, but that they had affected him greatly. I requested to be made acquainted with those particulars, observing, at the same time, that I knew of no subject of complaint which had occurred since the signature of the treaty of Amiens; and that, if there had been any, the English journals, which I constantly read, would have intimated something of the kind, as the publicity with which our affairs are conducted, is such, that a matter of this importance could not be long concealed from the nation. He then questioned me, whether I had read with attention the English papers? Upon my answering in the affirmative, he remarked, that the liberty of the press was one of the happiest bulwarks of our freedom, but although it was an essential principle of the British constitution, yet, persons in foreign countries, were often exposed to the highest and most malignant censures from its abuse. I now saw clearly the drift of his conversation, and observed, that not only foreigners but natives of England, had smarted under the lash of the British press, and that no one had been more severely handled, on some occasions, than

than myself; but that we never noticed these things, unless by retorting upon our opponents, through the medium of the press. This seemed to give him great satisfaction, and he resumed the conversation by inquiring whether the authors of any defamatory libels were not liable to be punished? I answered, that there occurred frequent instances of persons being brought to trial, and if found guilty, severely punished for calumnies which had a tendency to inflict a wound in the bosom of domestic life, but that I never knew of any man having been punished for a mere political opinion, and that no British jury would be found to pronounce a verdict of guilty upon such an accusation.

We continued the dialogue upon this subject for some time, when, finding that he was about to close the conference without communicating the intelligence he had heard, I reminded him of it, and earnestly requested him to relieve my anxiety. He then said, with a great deal of hesitation, "I understand the First Consul is incensed beyond measure at the liberties taken with his character and government in the English papers." "If that be all," I replied, "his anger will not go down with the sun, for I may venture to promise him an unceasing fire from the British press, as long as he discloses an ambition that is fatal to the security of Europe"—"and to France," he exclaimed; then taking me by the arms, he said

with great energy, "When, my dear friend, you return to England, take pity on poor France, and animate every person concerned in the public journals to give him no quarter. It is only through the medium of your papers, that *we* know our situation; the sound philosophy of your principles (meaning the English nation) will finally rescue France from slavery." Having uttered these words under strong symptoms of agitation, he left the room.

Thunderstruck and confounded at this unexpected termination of his discourse, I was at a loss what to think or how to act; when fortunately, the Ex-Director Barthelemi came up and asked me whether I was pleased with the review? This made me recover my senses, and I was enabled to enter into general conversation.

But my mind was not at ease; and I was resolved to obtain, if possible, some further confirmation of the extraordinary piece of intelligence I had just heard. Accordingly, I addressed myself in succession to Archbishop Faesch*, Bonaparte's uncle, to Visconti and Barthelemi, but the only news they could communicate, were the details of the operations in St. Domingo, brought home by Jerome Bonaparte. Being afraid of committing the person mentioned above, I could not propose any other question, and therefore

* Now a Cardinal.

we

we soon left the party, and after having conveyed the ladies back to our hotel, I drove to the house of the person with whom I had been engaged in conversation.

He received me with great politeness, and adverting to his former observations, he stated that he was happy we could now confer alone, as it was not pleasant to enter into particular details in a mixt assembly, particularly, in the present depressed state of France. I expressed myself of the same opinion, and regretted he had gone so far, as it was possible a word or two, not distinctly heard, might be misinterpreted to his disadvantage. But he seemed to entertain no apprehensions on this head, and immediately entered more fully on the subject.

As I had been given to understand, that there were several Englishmen employed by the First Consul to write against our government, and in support of his administration, I took the liberty of interrupting him in the course of his remarks, by inquiring how it happened, that the First Consul should take offence at any productions of the English press, when he is utterly ignorant of our language, a fact of which I had been assured from M. Volney, who was intimate with him? To this question, he did not hesitate to answer, that an Englishman of the name of Jolliffe, was employed by M. Talleyrand to translate all the articles in our newspapers, which had any refer-

ence to France, and that Talleyrand carried them as regularly to Bonaparte as he did his official dispatches. I then suggested that it was not improbable several other Englishmen were in the employ of the Consul for similar purposes. He mentioned the names of several, among whom were Messrs. Morgan, Stone, and Dr. Watson. I urged particularly the names of three persons of whom I had just grounds of suspicion, but I could not obtain any satisfactory information respecting them.

The main objects which he seemed extremely anxious to impress on my mind were, that no human consideration ought to induce us to relinquish our animadversions on the government and person of Bonaparte, and that we ought to abstain rigidly from involving ourselves in another war with him.

These points appearing rather paradoxical, after what had already passed between us, I desired him to explain how far Great Britain would be compromised in case the war should be renewed? To this he answered, that Great Britain itself might, perhaps, escape from the storm which such an event would infallibly excite, but that fifty or sixty thousand such military automatons as I had seen that day, were always to be found, who, without reflection or care, would be ready to execute whatever orders the First Consul might issue; and though the invasion of England might

might appear to us an impracticable measure, yet it was an event within the circle of possibility. Independently of this argument, the circumstance that was most to be dreaded, was the violent spirit of Bonaparte, who, in case of a war between the two countries, would infallibly attack some of the weaker powers of Europe, under the pretext that they favoured our cause, and thus an absolute military despotism would be established over the whole continent. The only means of averting this calamity, was the prolongation of the peace, whereby his dominion would necessarily be shortened; for after France began to feel the advantages of tranquillity and commerce, the people would become so much enamoured of them, that the military system would go to decay, and the citizens would gradually recover those rights of which their ruler had despoiled them.

Upon expressing my astonishment that an enlightened nation should passively submit to a system which they disapproved of, and that himself, who had so great an influence, had acted so distinguished a part in the Revolution, together with many other of his colleagues, from whom I had heard similar sentiments, should take no steps to abridge the power of this Corsican, he observed with great feeling, " the Revolution was made *for* the people, but not *by* the people. The soundest principles of philosophy have been trampled under foot by the military, and under every form of

our government, they have been masters. Whoever got possession of the power of the sword, ruled the republic. Means must be devised, to keep the soldiers under; until that can be effected, France will be the prize of Generals, whom our folly have placed on too high an eminence."

In this strain he continued to argue for a considerable time, until, with a faultering tone, he exclaimed, that the destruction of England would be the greatest misfortune to mankind since the downfall of the Roman empire. I took this opportunity of stating, that it would be a much greater calamity, but that I was confident he was creating unnecessary alarms in his mind, and weeping over the fate of a body which had not yet expired, nor even demonstrated any symptoms of decrepitude or dissolution; that I was firmly of opinion, Great Britain was in a condition to defy the whole world, and that if our people were so disposed, they could reduce the Consul to his original rank of plebeian, without much difficulty; but as England renounced every idea of interposing her authority in the internal affairs of France, we felt it to be the wisest policy, to remain calm spectators of the events that might occur in her domestic administration, at the same time wishing sincerely that she might consult her own happiness and prosperity. In order to strengthen the force of this reasoning, I assured him that those political differences, which had for many years

years divided the British people, no longer existed; that the example of France had sickened the nation of its fondness for novelties, and that all orders of men appeared to be more anxious to secure the old constitution they possessed, than to risque the loss of freedom by the dangerous experiment of establishing a new one, though apparently more perfect in theory. Upon this, he interrupted me with a very sound remark, that the extinction of the principles of the party favourable to France, was *ipso facto*, the addition of a new empire to England, and the loss of a very powerful one to France. He endeavoured to illustrate this principle, by comparing the case of the *ci-devant* English Jacobins with that of the Khan of Tartary, who was always made use of, to keep the Russians in order; but, he observed, if what you say be true, we can no longer count upon an army of auxiliaries in the bosom of your country, and in case of another war, the First Consul will have to contend with every Englishman." "So much so," I declared, "that I conceive our government will find difficulty in restraining, within proper bounds, the fury of those who were formerly well-disposed towards the French cause." At this he stamped on the ground, and expressed himself doubtful whether war or peace would be most beneficial to France (that is, which would be most likely to take off Bonaparte). He then adverted to the state of our finances, "puisque votre état morale

est inébranlable, que dites-vous de l'état fiscal?" —After having explained fully to him the erroneous opinion which the French had always entertained upon this subject, and represented that with six times the load of our present debt, we might still prosper, as long as we were distinguished for our industry, commercial spirit, and good faith, I admitted the possibility of the destruction of our system of finance, but I cautioned him against cherishing an hope that such an event would be favourable to the power or liberty of France; for that the necessity to which such a circumstance would give rise, would probably transfer the sceptre of the ocean from a people who now wield it with justice, to the same people who might exert it with despotic sway; that a national bankruptcy might not only place the whole population of Britain upon the seas, but cause them to avenge themselves on every nation of Europe, which would be at their mercy. France might then accuse us of being an island of pirates, but she would be constrained to resume her system of robbing by land, and between the two, the pirate and the highway robber, I left him to calculate, from the known conduct of the two people for the last twelve years, which would prove most destructive to the happiness of mankind, and what species of security and civilization would remain upon the earth, amidst legitimated depredation and perennial scenes of havoc.

Notwith-

Notwithstanding these and similar arguments which were urged to remove the extraordinary impressions which, in common with all France, he had imbibed concerning a national bankruptcy in England, I could not convince him that it was an improbable event, and *not very fast approaching*. I then suggested what France had accomplished in a state of bankruptcy. This he seemed to laugh at, observing that France was a martial nation, England was not. Nettled at this remark, I recounted to him the different actions in which our troops had proved victorious over those of France; and concluded with asserting, that I was confident they would at any time beat the French with equal numbers, upon which, he observed, that my opinion was natural to an Englishman, but that numbers would prevail over valour. The conversation was next resumed on the dissatisfaction which the Government of Bonaparte had occasioned throughout the Republic, and on my starting the character, abilities, and influence of General Moreau, he differed from me, and observed, that Moreau was a man of passive qualities, destitute of energy to undertake any grand political scheme, and too weak to brave such a contest, his chief employment consisting in reading all the military memoirs and books which had ever been written, and in playing with his pretty wife.

Upon the whole, after a conference of above three hours, he ended the dialogue, by observing,

serving, that he was at a loss, whether to think war or peace would be most favourable to the views of those who wished the destruction of Bonaparte, but that at all events, I should perform an act of mercy to mankind, if on my return to England, I should strenuously maintain the Liberty of the Press, and exert myself in describing the horrible state of slavery to which *Le petit Corporal*, (I use his own words,) had reduced the French, and all other neighbouring nations. After having solemnly injoined me to be very guarded in my expressions during my stay in France, we took leave of each other. I have been very copious in this letter, that you may form an idea how things are going on here. The sentiments which I have detailed being those of a distinguished member of the Government, what must be those of the people?

LETTER

LETTER XXI.

Visit to David.—Account of his Paintings.

WE have just returned from passing a very agreeable evening at the apartments of David, in the Louvre, where we found more decency of manners among the female part of the company than is often to be met with in this capital. You will, perhaps, be startled at the mention of my sitting down under the roof of a man who actually signed a warrant for my arrest some years ago. But in this capital these are things of course, and quite as natural as if in the year 1793, I had dined with him, and in the evening he had sent me to prison, and two days after to the guillotine.

The fact is, we were very desirous of seeing this man, both on account of his political character, and his reputation as the first artist of France, and a lady of our acquaintance, very obligingly introduced us to the family. We were received by Madame David, and her two daughters, with great politeness; and Citizen David comported himself as an human being.

I met in this society, a number of very intelligent and respectable characters, and have had

had several opportunities of entering into conversation with M. David; but though I made repeated attempts to introduce a discussion upon the political state of France, he did not seem disposed to enter at all upon the subject. Accordingly, though by no means qualified to hold a discourse on the art of Painting, the names of several English and French artists were mentioned, but M. David never condescended to make any observations from which I could derive any instruction. His lady frequently desired me to give my opinion of his celebrated picture of the Sabines, which we had seen in the morning, and she assured me that it would be a good speculation if any Englishman would purchase it for an exhibition in London. The price is five thousand pounds sterling!

Having mentioned this enormous sum, your curiosity is doubtless excited to have some further particulars respecting a painting which is esteemed *here*, and which M. David himself considers as a *chef-d'œuvre* of the art. As this artist is the first who in this country has exhibited a work to the public for money, he has thought it necessary to vindicate his conduct, which has excited great displeasure in this capital, by circulating a little pamphlet in defence of the measure. After having remarked, that painters ought to imitate the ancients, not only in the purity of their conceptions, the expression of their figures, and the

graces of their forms, he affirms, that they should go a step farther, by imitating the manners and institutions established among them for the perfection of the arts. The custom of a painter exhibiting his works to the public, for a small sum each person, is not new. The learned Abbé Barthélemi, in his travels of the younger Anacharsis, speaking of the celebrated Zeuxis, observes, this painter acquired from the exhibition of his works such considerable sums, that he was often enabled to make gratuitous presents of his master-pieces to his country, declaring, that no private individual was rich enough to afford to purchase them. Upon this subject, he quotes the evidence of Ælian and Pausanias, who prove that the Greeks were accustomed to make public exhibitions of their paintings; and, doubtless, we ought not to be apprehensive of falling into error by following their steps.

In our days, this practice is observed in England, where it is called *Exhibition.* The pictures of the death of General Wolf, and of Lord Chatham, painted by West, brought him in this manner an *immense sum**. The exhibition existed long before, and had been introduced by Vandyke, whose works attracted vast crowds, from whose curiosity he realized a considerable fortune. Is not that a just and wise plan, which provides the arts with the means of existing by themselves,

* Q. E. D.

of

of being supported by their own resources, and of enjoying the noble independence which belongs to genius, and without which, the fire by which it is animated would be extinct? Also, what method can be deemed more worthy of deriving advantage from the fruit of one's labour, than by submitting it to the judgment of the public, and by looking for no other reward than their favourable opinion? If the production be but middling, public opinion will soon decide upon it; and the author, deriving neither glory nor benefit, will learn, by a severe experience, the means of repairing his faults, and of captivating the attention of the spectators by more happy conceptions.

Of all the arts professed by genius, painting is indisputably the one which requires the greatest sacrifices. It is not unfrequent for an historical picture to occupy three or four years. I shall not enter into any detail respecting the preliminary expences to which a painter is obliged to submit; the articles of costumes and models are alone very considerable. These difficulties have undoubtedly checked the ardour of many artists, and, perhaps, we have lost many masterpieces, which the genius of many of them had conceived, and which their poverty prevented them from executing. Further, how many virtuous painters are there, who would have disdained to have taken up their pencils upon any but noble and moral subjects, if want had not

degraded and vilified them? They have prostituted them to the gold of a Phryne and a Lais, but it was their indigence alone which rendered them culpable; and their talent, calculated to fortify a respect for morality, has contributed to its corruption.

I shall esteem myself fortunate, says he, if by giving the example of a public exhibition, I should introduce the practice; if the practice should afford a resource to genius against poverty, and in consequence of this primary advantage, if I should contribute towards directing the arts to their real object, the promotion of morality, and the exaltation of the mind, by exciting in the souls of the spectators the generous sentiments displayed in the productions of artists. To move the heart of man, is a great art; and this method may give a grand emotion to public energy and the national character. Who will deny, that the French people, until the present day, were strangers to the arts, and lived in the midst of them without partaking of their influence? If a rare piece of sculpture or painting presented itself, it became immediately, and often for a price infinitely below its value, the acquisition of some rich individual, who jealous of his exclusive property, permitted none but a small number of his friends to behold it; the rest of society were altogether excluded from the sight. Hence, by giving encouragement to public exhibitions, the people

people will share in the riches of genius, at the rate of a trifling consideration; they will become more enlightened in the arts, to which they are not so indifferent as some persons affect to think; their information will increase, their taste will be formed; and though they may not be sufficiently exercised to decide on the delicacies or difficulties of the art, yet, their judgment, always dictated by nature, and produced by sentiment, may often encourage, and even improve an artist who knows how to appreciate it.

Moreover, to men sincerely attached to the arts and to their country, it is a matter of grief and regret, to see a number of precious monuments transferred to others, without their own nation, in which they had been produced, having the least knowledge of them. A public exhibition has a tendency to preserve the master-pieces of art in those happy regions where they are born, and to encourage the hope of seeing revived the fine ages of Greece, in which an artist, satisfied with the sums arising from the gratuities of his fellow-citizens, took a pleasure in presenting to his country those very master-pieces which they had admired. After having conferred honour upon his country by his talents, he deserved its gratitude for his generosity.

To these arguments it may be objected, that every nation has its peculiar customs, and that a public exhibition of subjects of art, has never been

been practised in France. In the first place, I answer, that I am not bound to explain human contradictions; but I ask, whether a dramatic author does not strive to render his piece as public as possible, and whether he does not receive a part of the money paid by the audience in exchange for the emotions, or different pleasures which he excites in them by painting the passions, or by turning them into ridicule? Does a composer of music, who has given life and animation to a lyric poem, blush to share with the author of the words, the profits of its representation? What is honourable in the one, cannot be humiliating in the other; and if the different arts constitute but one family, why may not all the artists consider themselves as brethren, and follow the same laws in order to attain celebrity and fortune?

In the second place, we ought instantly to do that which has not been done before, if good will arise from it. What, therefore, should forbid the introduction of a practice into the French republic, of which the Greeks and modern nations have already set an example? The nature and course of our ideas have altered since the revolution, and, I trust, we shall not return to that false delicacy which has for so long a time depressed genius. For my own part, I acknowledge no honour to be greater than that of having the public for my judge. I fear not passion or

partiality on their part; their payment of the admission fees, are so many voluntary gifts, which prove their taste for the arts; their praises are the free expressions of the pleasure which they experience; and such rewards are surely equal to those of the academic age.

These reflections, and the plan of public exhibition, which I have been the first to adopt, have been occasioned chiefly by the desire of procuring to the professors of the art of painting, the means of indemnifying themselves for the employment of their time, and the sacrifice which their expences must occasion, and to secure them a resource against poverty, which is but too often their unhappy lot. I have been encouraged and assisted in these views by the government, which, on this occasion, gave me a strong proof of the brilliant protection it confers on the arts, by allotting me a place for my exhibition, together with many other considerable advantages; but I shall receive the most flattering reward, if, by the public coming to examine my painting, I should open to artists an useful mode, which, in exciting their zeal, may contribute to the advancement of the art, and the perfection of morality, which we ought to have unceasingly before our eyes.

It is impossible to peruse the above sentiments, without entering fully into the plan of M. David, and giving it the most unqualified approbation.

However, notwithstanding the plain and irrefragable reasons which he has advanced, he has incurred great censure, even among the artists, for having set an example by which they might be saved from starvation. It is also remarkable, that this novelty has been broached by a person, who, of all others, is the most proper to introduce it into general practice. Reputed by Frenchmen to be the first painter in the world, and acknowledged to be the first in France, by the French artists themselves; possessing also an handsome independence, that places him far beyond the sphere of want, or even its direful apprehensions, no possible suspicion of selfishness can with propriety be said to attach to him, for the adoption of a measure, which is common to the most eminent English artists, and admirably adapted to place the most elegant, and certainly an instructive class of the community, above the pressure of poverty, and the temptations by which the art may be converted from being an useful instrument of public morality, into a fostering pander of vice, slavery, and corruption.

I have heard much of the character, public and private, of M. David, and it is but an act of justice that I do him, when I declare, that amidst the most unfavourable circumstances that hover over his public, I have not been able to trace any relative to his private reputation, which warrants

a surmise, that what he has said above, is not, in every respect, the genuine effusion of his heart.

The picture of the Sabines, which is thus publickly exhibited in the ancient academy of architecture, is considered by David, as his masterpiece; and he grounds its character principally on the persons of Hersilia, Tatius, and Romulus. Poussin has pencilled the Rape of the Sabine women; but David has chosen the sequel of the story, at the moment when the Sabine women rushed between the hostile armies, for the purpose of reconciling the Roman and Sabine soldiers.

In the short description which I am about to give of this picture, I must clear myself beforehand of all affectation of skill in the art of painting; for though I profess to be an *amateur*, yet, I am no *connoisseur*. My opinion, therefore, is that of one who judges as he feels, without any previous knowledge of the rules of the art, or as M. David expresses it, "*quoiqu'il ne soit pas assez exercé pour décider sur les finesses ou les difficultés de l'art, son jugement, toujours dicté par la nature, et toujours produit par le sentiment, pourra souvent flatter, et même éclairer un auteur qui saura l'apprécier.*"

The two chiefs, Romulus and Tatius, are about to engage in single combat; the former, while holding his uplifted javelin in his right hand, in the attitude of preparing to hurl it at his antagonist, suspends the blow; his left is concealed under

under a broad shield, which also covers the left part of his body; on his head, he wears a splendid helmet, a shoulder-belt suspends his sword; his feet are laced with sandals; in every other respect he is represented stark naked, so that the most conspicuous parts visible of the founder of Rome, are his side face and posteriors.

Tatius, on the contrary, is displayed full to the view, *in puris naturalibus.* He also wears, not only an helmet and sandals, but carries a shield, and a scarlet mantle buckled upon the breast, but so contrived as to exhibit his whole body in a perfect state of nature. The shield of Tatius is held by the left arm, extended and sinewy; a sword is in his right.

Between these two figures stands Hersilia, in the act of separating them, with her two arms widely extended, and *also her legs.* The artist, however, has not thought proper to favour us with the sight of this pretty lady as a naked beauty, for she is robed in white *à la grecque*; in other words, according to the modern female dress. Her hair hangs dishevelled over her shoulders. At her feet, lay her two naked infants, beautifully painted.

In the center ground, is a groupe of Sabine matrons, carrying their naked infants on their bosoms, or holding them in their hands, amidst heaps of the dead, and horses furious in combat. Others are seen placing their children at the feet

of the soldiers of both armies, who, struck at the sight, ground their spears. The general of the horse is seen sheathing his sword. Numbers of soldiers wave their helmets as the signal of peace. The walls of Rome form the back ground.

These are all the circumstances belonging to the picture; but before I proceed, it will be right to give you M. David's vindication of the nakedness of his heroes.

The examples which I might quote in my favour, says he, are so numerous in the remains of the works of the ancients, that the only difficulty I find is in the selection of them. This, however, is my answer. It was a received custom among the painters, statuaries, and poets of antiquity, to represent naked their gods, heroes, and in general, all those whom they intended to illustrate. If they painted a philosopher, he was naked, with a cloke over his shoulder, and the attributes of his character; if a warrior, he was likewise naked, a helmet on his head, a sword hung by a shoulder-belt, a shield on his arm, and sandals on his feet; sometimes they added drapery, when they thought it might give a grace to the figure; and so on of others, as may be seen in my Tatius, or at the central Museum of Arts, in the figure of Phocion, lately arrived from Rome. The two figures of Castor and Pollux, at Monte-Cavallo, works of Phidias and Praxiteles, are naked; the Borghese Achilles is also naked.

naked. At Versailles may be seen, on the Medici vase, a bas-relief, representing the sacrifice of Iphigenia; Achilles is there naked, as well as the greater part of the warriors who surround the vase. At the museum of the statuary Giraud, *Place Vendôme*, is the bas-relief of Perseus and Andromeda, on which the hero is represented naked, though he has just been fighting with a monster who throws poison. Likewise, in the National Library, the subject of the departure of Hippolitus for the chace, in presence of Phedra, in the book of the engravings of Herculaneum, he is naked. How many other authorities might I cite! Those which I have already adduced will certainly suffice to remove the surprize of the public at my having endeavoured to imitate these great models in my Romulus, who is himself the son of a god. But there is another which I have reserved for the last, because it is the compliment of all the rest. Romulus is represented naked on a medal, at the time when after having killed the King of the Ceninians, he bears on his shoulders a trophy formed from his arms, which he afterwards placed in the temple of Jupiter Feretrius. In a word, my object in this picture was, to paint ancient manners with such *exactness*, that the Greeks and the Romans, in looking at my work, would not have found me a stranger to their customs.

M. David is not, in my opinion, so successful in this argument, as in the former one, wherein he completely establishes the propriety of every artist exhibiting his works for a small pecuniary gratification. Indeed, his argument in defence of the nakedness of his heroes, is completely overthrown by the figures in this very picture, which will appear more fully from the observations, which, with deference, I now offer on the work.

If M. David's object be, as he says, to paint ancient manners with such exactness, as that an ancient Greek or Roman would suppose him to be a countryman, how comes it that he has made a distinction between the dress of Tatius and the nakedness of Romulus? The Romans and Sabines were much nearer neighbours than the English and French, and their manners and customs more similar. The capital of the Sabines was within a few stones throw of the little mud huts, called the city of Rome, and therefore it is unnatural to conclude, that what could be acquired by the one, was not common to the other. Besides, in the rudest ages and nations, we discover some traces of delicacy of sentiment, and if there be two or three exceptions from this truth, which modern circumnavigators have brought to our knowledge, we do not find that they prevailed among any isolated tribes, who were not in a state of absolute beastliness, hardly above the condition

condition of brutes. An apron of leaves might have been employed, if it be admitted that the first Romans were naked savages. But M. David himself is not of opinion that they were destitute of clothing, for the Master of the horse is dressed, and so are the soldiers of the two armies; and I have already remarked, that la Citoyenne Hersilia is dressed in a very handsome white muslin gown.

We cannot, therefore, reconcile this palpable contradiction to M. David's reasonings. It is true, the city was surprized, and we may go so far as to suppose that King Romulus jumped out of bed in a hurry, and flew to the scene of action; but then we cannot imagine, that the successor of Numitor slept every night stark naked. Besides, it seems he found time to lace on his sandals, and it would be a great affront to the Sabine ladies, who were good thrifty housewives, to affirm, that they had lived three whole years with their loving ravishers, without having knit some sort of inexpressibles to cover the nakedness of their King. In Poussin's representation of the Rape of the Sabines, the Romans are not drawn as so many naked satyrs; the sequel of the story should have equally respected the rules of decency. The former would have been pardonable on many accounts, if he had made the Romans naked upon that occasion, particularly as they had been till that event, a society without women; but M. David

David cannot be excused this inattention, since Romulus and Tatius are the only persons represented naked in the whole groupe; and they are the persons, who, from their rank and consequence, ought to have been decently attired. This observation removes also, every idea of Romulus having been taken at a nonplus, because Queen Hersilia, who of course must have slept with him that night, appears on the scene of action very smartly dressed. It is true, her left leg seems to indicate that she had left her stockings behind, but here the profound knowledge of the artist in the customs of ancient nations shines out with peculiar lustre, as all the learned antiquarians agree, that in those early times of heroism, neither silk nor cotton stockings were in fashion.

It is evident, therefore, from what has been alledged, that there was no *necessity* for stripping Romulus of his clothes; let us now see, if there were any, for making Tatius go naked: and here it should be noticed, that Romulus, as if ashamed of the indelicacy of his condition, turns his back to the spectators; but General Tatius, who is a brawny, athletic hero, bids them defiance. Yet, in order to increase the inconsistency, M. David has decorated his shoulders with a superb scarlet mantle. Now, if the artist intended to describe simple customs, why should a finely wrought cloak, an evidence of manufactures in a very advanced state, be placed on the back of a chief,

chief, who could have dispensed with any clothing in that part of the body, in favour of the rest? Was the weather so hot, or was there a wet ditch at the foot of the Tarpeian rock, which compelled the Sabine general to leave his breeches or little petticoat behind?

Having sufficiently animadverted on the dress, or rather the want of dress of the principal personages, I shall now examine their figures. The person of Romulus appears to me, to be too young and too effeminate. If painters sincerely mean to illustrate great men, and to assist the pen of the historian, they should read before they draw. The unities of time, place, and action, are, perhaps, more essential to painting than to a dramatic production. According to history, Romulus was a man full grown at the time of the rape of the Sabines; M. David has painted him as a beardless stripling, not more than eighteen years of age. He was strong, robust, and enured to occupations that hardened the muscles, and gave vigour to his whole frame; M. David has made him soft, delicate, and slender; an object more fitted for the eye of the Second Consul of France, than to attract the regard of a people of highwaymen.

The person of Tatius is admirably executed; strong, muscular, and swarthy, with a countenance lowering with resentment. It is impossible to praise

praise it too much, but it is equally impossible to dwell upon it in the presence of women.

Hersilia appears to me the most ridiculously foolish figure of the whole groupe. Her countenance bespeaks neither intelligence, softness, anxiety, nor terror; passions which such an occasion was calculated to inspire. She looks not on Romulus or Tatius in the attitude of imploring beauty, but there she stands between the two, like a statue, with downcast eyes, as if ashamed to hold up her head, lest she should behold the nakedness of the combatants. In addition to this, there is a kind of knowing leer upon her face, strongly indicative of what I have just mentioned. Her hair is absolutely unnatural, and resembles a silvery straw colour. In other respects, the colouring of the painting is extremely rich, though not strictly natural throughout.

These are the principal remarks which I have to offer upon this celebrated painting, and they are not invidiously made; but I cannot avoid accompanying them with a few observations from a gentleman, who is not less distinguished as a rigid moralist, than as a man of taste and genius, and whose opinions may be quoted in support of the pretensions of David.

That the ancient painters and statuaries were superior to the modern, is universally allowed. The monuments of their genius that still remain would convince us of it, even though we were to suppose

suppose the accounts given by Pliny, Lucian, and other cotemporary authors, to be a little exaggerated. The uncommon spirit and elegance of their attitudes and proportions are obvious to every eye: and a great master seems to think, that modern artists, though they ought to imitate, can never hope to equal the magnificence of their ideas, or the beauty of their figures. To account for this, we need not suppose that human genius decays as the world grows older. It may be ascribed partly to the superior elegance of the human form in those days, and partly to the artists having then better opportunities of observing the human body, free from the incumbrances of dress, in all the varieties of action and motion. The ancient discipline of the Greeks and Romans, particularly the former, was admirably calculated for improving the human body in health, strength, swiftness, flexibility, and grace. In these respects, therefore, they could hardly fail to excel the moderns, whose education and manners tend rather to enervate the body, and cramp all its faculties: and as the ancients performed their exercises in public, and performed many of them naked, and thought it honourable to excel in them, as their clothing was much less cumbersome than our Gothic apparel, and shewed the body to more advantage, it must be allowed that their painters and statuaries had far better opportunities of observation than ours enjoy, who see nothing but

awkward

aukward and languid figures, disguised by an unwieldy and most ungraceful attire *.

Amongst the many paintings which we had seen from the hand of this artist, his Horatii is by far the most striking and most justly executed. Those which were hastily drawn for days of ceremonial, in order to be exposed in the open air are on an immense scale, and are not less horrible to the sight, than the objects which they were designed to represent were terrific to the mind. He has also drawn the figure of Bonaparte on horseback, at the passage of St. Gothard, for which the king of Spain gave him one thousand pounds.

But the picture which most interested us, was, the representation of the Deputies of the Tiers Etat, assembled in the Tennis Court at Versailles, while their president is reading the Declaration of the Rights of Man. It is unfinished, but it comprizes within a very short compass a vast groupe of personages. The features of some of the members were astonishingly striking, particularly those of Mirabeau and Barnave; in most, however, M. David has failed in the correctness of his representations, especially in those of Siéyes and Grégoire †.

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* Every one will not, perhaps, agree to the bold inferences, which Dr. Beattie has made upon this subject.

† It is remarkable that the only perfect likeness of Bishop Grégoire was executed by an Engish artist, Mr. Shee, R. A. who

The public character of David is so well known, and held in such general detestation, that I need not enumerate a multitude of anecdotes which I have heard from well informed persons respecting him. In the course of my conversations with him, I once took a favourable opportunity of asking, whether he recollected having signed a warrant for my arrest, and what were the charges that were preferred against me? To these questions, he simply replied, that it was impossible for him to recal to memory all the warrants of arrest which had been issued at the time he was member of the Committee of General Vigilance; that hundreds were sometimes signed in one day, and that in the *hurry of business*, he had often put his name to warrants on the reports of his colleagues, but that there could be no doubt of some previous information having been laid before the committee. I remarked, that through this hurry of business a great deal of injustice had been committed. This he frankly confessed, but defended the measures by the old plea, "What could we do, surrounded by traitors at home, who were paid by Pitt and Thugut to sap the foun-

who with that taste and precision which distinguish all his works, painted a portrait for me of M. Grégoire, when that gentleman was in England last summer, which is the most striking resemblance ever beheld. Grégoire himself, who sat to David, and several other eminent artists, declares that this is the moft exact that could have been executed.

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dations of the Republic? It was impossible always to discriminate during so great and terrible a Revolution." I did not wish to press the matter, but I could not help observing, that the conduct of the committee reminded me of the Hangman in an English play, who states to his friend, that having a great deal upon his hands one day, in the *hurry of business*, whipped the rope round a bystander's neck, and did not discover his mistake until a full hour after the man had been hanging.

Wherever the atrocities of the different rulers of France are made the subjects of inquiry, I have always found the same language employed to extenuate the guilt of their principal agents. Murders, rapes, burnings, drownings, proscriptions, and pillage, are all laid upon the Revolution, which is a generical term for every species of crimes; but the agents, the authors of those horrors remain unmolested, and riot in the blood and tears which they have caused to flow. If it be necessary to offer an apology for deeds of blood, the gold of Pitt is displayed in all its wonder-working efficacy; if the murder of an innocent person be lamented, we are instantly told he was an agent of Pitt. One is almost induced to suppose, that Mr. Pitt possessed the inexhaustible purse of Fortunatus, or that the French people, in this avowal of their pliability to corruption, confess themselves the most detestable race of men who crawl upon the face of the earth.

But I trust, they will not escape the curses of mankind, and the pursuit of avenging justice. Good men must not suffer these hordes of assassins to hide themselves under this term Revolution; but dragging them to light, point with the finger of scorn to the ruffians, who after having perpetrated the most abhorrent crimes, now proffer themselves to public notice, with the whining sycophancy of religion and humanity.

However penitent some of these miscreants may affect to be, their example does not appear to be followed by David. In general, he is silent and reserved upon political subjects. Nothing seems to distress him more than the recollection of the conventional period. But his distress arises not from the awakening voice of nature, nor from the reproaches of an accusing conscience. It originates in the idea that the days of blood and proscription are no more. I am convinced from the nature and turn of the conversations which passed between us, that he regrets to the very bottom of his soul, the halcyon times when thousands were butchered to illustrate the reign of liberty and equality. Speaking one morning of St. Just, the noted decemvir, he declared, "notwithstanding the fate of that *unfortunate* young man, and the *prejudices* entertained against him, he was *veritablement à la hauteur de la revolution.* He was present at the battle of Fleurus, which was the first pitched battle fought by our armies; and by his

energies, enabled the Republic to open the career of her victories. Ah! those were bright days, when the representatives of the people, sword in hand, rode through the lines of our soldiers, exposing their lives to the fire of the enemy, animating our people by their presence, directing the course of slaughter, and watching over the destinies of the Republic. In those days there was a real devotion to the country."

The tone, the gesture, and the animation with which this was delivered, made it evident that he spoke what he really thought. In an unguarded moment, he poured forth the bloody sentiments of his ferocious soul. He did not scruple to avow, that the Committee of Public Safety had been the Saviours of France, and the founders of its gigantic empire; and after a flourish on the civil wars and massacres attendant on the acquisition of our English freedom, he challenged me to produce an instance of the establishment of a Republic, without wading through seas of blood. The idea of carnage being uppermost in his mind, I asked him whether it was true, that a project had been in contemplation to reduce the population of France to one third of its present number. He replied, that it had been seriously discussed, and that Dubois Crancè was its author.

Notwithstanding all my efforts, I could never extort from him an opinion on the present situation of France; the only answer I ever obtained was,

" We

" We must have patience; time must elapse." When I objected to the military system of Bonaparte as ruinous to the liberty of France, and dangerous to the rest of Europe, he suddenly changed the subject, by declaring that the First Consul had an excellent memory, and was read in history; for as he was sitting one day for his portrait, he corrected an error, into which he had fallen, relative to a circumstance in the Roman Republic.

M. David, like every other Frenchman, (and here I do not make a single exception of any one with whom I have been in company) is utterly ignorant of the nature of the liberty we enjoy, and of all our institutions. They have not a conception of the possibility of freedom existing in any state, with a monarch at its head; with them, there is not a vestige of liberty among any people who have not high sounding Roman titles. In the same manner, they cannot comprehend the being of that middle class of society which constitutes the bulwark of our Isle. According to their notions of Britain, a man must be a noble or a pauper. Thanks to our barbarous forefathers, we have the whole essence of regulated freedom, without the gilded terms of Roman despotism; we have gothic names for the enjoyments of an enlightened people! David recognizes no freedom that is not open to holy insurrections against established authority. Wherever the shrieks of murder,

and the notes of the trumpet are not heard, there can be no liberty.

A person who is conversant in the science of Physiognomy, would pronounce the character of this monster at first sight. With an hideous wen upon his lip, which shews his teeth, and for ever marks him in the snarling grin of a tyger, with features and eyes which denote a lust for massacre, he is a savage by instinct, and an assassin by rule. To begin a sentence with expressions of humanity, and to end it with a climax of blood, is his chief delight; the compunctious visitings of nature are unknown to him, and the prospect of a bleeding world, the darling theme of his atrocious imagination. This prospect seems to be the only consolation which the world now affords to him. He is an Atheist in faith and practice, and a murderer by choice.

While he was member of the Committee of General Vigilance, his greatest pleasure consisted in frequenting the prisons, where he feasted his eyes on those who were condemned to die, and loaded the unhappy victims with a thousand imprecations. A person from whose informations I have never yet been deceived, assured me, that it was his constant practice to call every morning at the prison to enquire how many were to be guillotined, and on being told one day that there were *sixteen*, he instantly exclaimed, in a furious

attitude, "How! *only* sixteen! the Republic is undone!"

Retributive justice at length overtook some of these monsters, and David, with others of the homicidal crew, were committed to prison, in order to take their trials for their lives. Through what extraordinary means he escaped the death his crimes deserved, or by what unknown power he was protected, I have never been able to discover; but the following unaccountable and most astonishing circumstance I heard from his own mouth.

After he had lain some time in prison, two individuals sent to inform him, that they were commissioned from certain unknown persons in England to employ every means to save his life; and that he might remain perfectly tranquil, as the authority they had, would inevitably prove successful. In fact, a powerful interposition (powerful indeed it must have been, to have saved such a man) did take place, and he was restored to liberty. Some time after, he was informed by one of those, who at the period alluded to, directed the affairs of France, that he was wholly and exclusively indebted to the English for his life and his liberation, and that rather than he should suffer, means had been prepared to procure his escape, and passage into England!

It was in vain that I endeavoured to impress him with the conviction, that if the fact were

true, it must have been the work of private friendship, or admiration of his distinguished talents. He persisted that it was the interference of the *English government* which saved him, and he declares he shall persevere in that opinion until the last moment of his existence.

When we perceive on all sides, nothing but the ruins of religion, morality, and the dissolution of all the sacred bonds of domestic life; when we have unmasked the hideous character of the father of a family, and held it up to universal execration, it is a relief to the soul, and a debt of justice due to an innocent family, to describe them as they are, devoid of guile, and unstained with their father's crimes.

Madame David had been separated from her husband during the reign of terror, and had retired with her children to their country residence, where they lived without being witnesses of the crimes with which he was sullied. She was, in the strict sense of the word, what the French then denominated an aristocrat, that is, an honest loyal woman, who believed in God, loved good order, and cherished the affections of domestic life.

The French Revolution has produced many amazons, and many female philosophists, who have died as they lived, cursing God and man. It has also exhibited more generous traits of female heroism, and the scaffold has reddened with the blood of women, who have sacrificed their private

private interests for the public cause. But Madame David is the only one I have known, who sacrificed her public to her private affections.

As soon as the intelligence reached her, that her husband was in prison, and about to be tried for his life, she instantly set off for Paris, made herself the companion of his misfortunes, and employed all the suggestions of a virtuous mind, in pouring into his tortured soul the balm of consolation. During the whole period of his confinement, she was an assiduous attendant on him, and spared no expence to procure him all the comforts of which his situation would admit. But, she did not confine herself to the mere exertions of passive fortitude, in which her sex so much surpass ours; she was unceasingly at work to save him. Every day she was to be seen at the different *bureaus*, or at the houses of the men in power, entreating, and even intriguing for her husband. Neither solicitations, nor money were spared, until she beheld him freed from captivity; and it may be justly questioned, whether M. David does not rather owe his existence to the indefatigable exertions of this excellent pattern of conjugal affection, than to the English government, which has ever frowned alike on tyrants and on sanguinary demagogues.

Of the rest of his family, I can speak only in terms of respect. Nothing can exceed the modest and prepossessing carriage of his daughters,

except their good sense. The son devotes his whole time to the study of the Greek language, in which he is in a fair way of excelling. It is extremely gratifying to see the father, mother, and daughters conspire together to promote and encourage him in his favourite pursuit. Once a week he has a *converzatione,* at which every respectable native of Greece, resident in Paris, is invited, as well as all those who cultivate Grecian literature. This is really honourable to the character of a youth of seventeen, and denotes a most laudable ambition. I can assure you his Attic Conversations are extremely well attended, for I have met there Villoison, Visconti, Mongez, Camus, Bitaubé, and Larcher, and it gave me no small degree of satisfaction to hear them acknowledge the general taste for the Greek language which prevails in England, and commend in the warmest terms, the mode in which our gentry are educated. As soon as the younger David has completed his course of Greek studies, he will be sent into Greece, and the islands of the neighbouring Archipelago, whence he will pass over into the Troad, and visit the whole coast of Asia Minor. But I have not been able to discover whether this extensive tour will be undertaken for the sake of improvement only, or with any political view.

LETTER

LETTER XXII.

Visit to M. Dénon.—M. Huet.—Collection of Drawings of the principal Artists of France.

OUR time would not admit of a visit to every distinguished artist in this capital; we were therefore obliged to select those whose productions were most interesting, and to whom we could procure a proper introduction. Among these, M. Denon must be ranked. He accompanied General Bonaparte in his Quixotic expedition to Egypt, and he continued there until that leader ran away from his army, when Denon returned with him to France.

We were received with great civility, and Denon was very communicative upon all our inquiries respecting Egypt. He has a choice and beautiful assortment of antiques and curious stones, which he brought away from that country, and which he successively exhibited to us. But the objects which peculiarly attracted our notice were the drawings taken on the spot, of his intended account of the French expedition, which will be published in the course of a few weeks. They present not only an interesting picture of the costume, manners, and buildings of the Egyptians,

Egyptians, but very detailed sketches of the principal battles that were fought*.

Our next visit was to M. Huet, engraver to the late King of France; he has published two very large folio volumes of views in Sicily, to which island he was sent, at the expence of his unfortunate master, for this express purpose. The engravings are finely executed, as well as the typographical part of the work. M. Huet has a little cabinet of minerals and other natural curiosities which he collected in the course of his tour through Sicily. We were with him nearly six hours, during the whole of which time, he talked without intermission, and never suffered a single plate to be passed by, without expressing some commendation of it; neither would he permit us to be ignorant of any thing, for we had a long and explanatory lecture on the crater of Mount Ætna, and the direction of the mountainous districts. Nevertheless, M. Huet is a good-natured man, and a good subject. We succeeded, though not without great difficulty, in making our escape, on condition that we should pay him another visit before we left Paris.

Although we could not inspect the productions of all the artists in this capital, we were favoured with an opportunity of seeing a specimen of each

* As this splendid work has been published, I have omitted the account which I had given of it.

artist's

artist's skill, at the residence of M. Brunn Neergard, a Danish gentleman of rank and great possessions, to whom we had the good fortune to be introduced. He is not yet twenty-six years of age, and has laid out vast sums of money in collecting specimens of the talents of every artist, in whatever country he has travelled, with an intent, as I have heard, to display a superb gallery of modern art, on his return to his native country. M. Neergard has also commenced his career as an author, and has published an account of a tour which he made with Dolomieu over the Alps. The latter was, I believe, one of the Knights of Malta, who paved the way for the admission of the French; he was celebrated as a very profound mineralogist, and was a member of the National Institute, to whom he addressed a very pathetic letter from Naples, where he was imprisoned, imploring their interference for his safety.

M. Neergard's collection is immense; and requires two or three days to examine them with the attention they deserve; and if I may be allowed to form an opinion of the present French artists from an hasty review of their performances, I will venture to affirm, that the French school promises to be in a short time the most distinguished in Europe.

LETTER

LETTER XXIII.

Excursion to Rincy.—Amusements of the Villagers on Sunday Evening.

THE late Duke of Orleans was the proprietor of Rincy, and had taken great pains to arrange his park and gardens in the English taste. Since his death, it has fallen to decay, but it still retains its former reputation, and the Parisians frequent it on a Sunday, as our Londoners regale themselves at Richmond or at Hampton Court.

We had been informed, that there were extraordinary beauties in the rural scenery, and many curiosities in the palace; besides which, I was forcibly prompted to pass a day there, on account of the representations which had been made to me respecting the number and fine quality of the Merinos. Accordingly, we departed at an early hour, accompanied by Mrs. ——. Rincy is not above thirteen miles distant from the capital, and is situated on the right of the high road leading to the North-east of France, commonly called the road to Strasburgh. The face of the country is in this part more agreeable, and the fields are in a better state of cultivation than along the western districts through which we had travelled. On the left, are vast plains sown with corn,

corn, the extremities of which are skirted with pretty villages; on the right, a ridge of hills, occasionally tufted with trees, rises within half a mile of the road, and the verdure of the intervening fields, denotes that the occupations of the dairy farm, are successfully prosecuted in this part of the vicinity of Paris. Indeed, there is a great appearance of cleanliness, neatness, and comfort in all the villages through which we passed.

On our journey we met two open carts filled with criminals, principally robbers, who were on their way to the metropolis, under an escort of *gens d'armes*. The first cart contained two captains of that predatory banditti of thieves, who have infested for a long time, the departments near the Rhine, and of whose exploits we have read such terrible accounts in the French and English journals. One of them seemed to be placed in a very conspicuous position, in order that he might be recognized. He was remarkably tall, and under an immense round hat, exhibited, next to David the painter, the most ferocious countenance I ever beheld.

Nothing could be more incomprehensible to my mind, than the motive for transporting these wretches above two hundred miles from the theatre of their crimes, in order to take their trials before the criminal tribunal of the department of the Seine, where the witnesses for or against them,

them, could not be produced but at a great expence to the government, and without totally excluding the prisoner from all means of adducing any evidence in exculpation. The reflections to which this circumstance gave rise, determined me to probe the fact to the bottom when I returned to Paris. But, whether those to whom I applied were ignorant of the method of administering justice in their own country, or whether they were ashamed of it, I know not; the only *rational* answer which I obtained, was, that the citizens of Paris were fond of seeing the execution of great criminals. When I represented, that their *gout* for blood might just as well be gratified *after* the conviction of the culprits by the tribunal of the department where their crimes were committed, by transferring the persons condemned, to the Parisian guillotine, I was answered, that the effect would not, in that case, be the same. Upon which I retorted, that the ends of public justice, which consisted chiefly in penal example, were completely defeated by such a system of jurisprudence; for the guilty ought to suffer in the presence of those who were most likely to take warning by their punishment; whereas, the contrary doctrine led to the admission of a principle very unfavourable to the character of the citizens of Paris, namely, that all the rogues of France were assembled in the metropolis, and consequently, that capital punishments

ments were unnecessary in any other part of the Republic.

But I resume my narrative. We had hitherto been favoured with fine weather, till the moment we arrived at the gates of the chateau, when an heavy shower of rain threatened to spoil our excursion; the coachman desired the woman at the lodge to open the gates, which she bluntly refused to do, without we could produce a permit from the present proprietor; upon which, perceiving that all would be lost without calling in the immediate aid of that *sine quâ non*, whose magical charms had made the more ponderous gates of citadels and fortresses turn upon their hinges, I held in my hand *un petit ecu*, and threw myself upon the generosity of the female citizen. " C'est impossible, Monsieur, ce n'est pas une affaire du gouvernement ! ! ! !"

No language can express my feelings on hearing this innocent and honest avowal of the baseness and venality of the government of France. However, courteous words effected what bribery could not accompliſh. We were suffered to pass without further ceremony.

Just as we entered the park, we found a great many carriages of different descriptions arranged in front of a traiteur's, where the *bourgeois* of Paris (for it was Sunday) were regaling themselves. The shortest and most correct account which I can give you of the arrangement of the grounds

grounds is, that it resembles an English gentleman's park. Like most of the seats of the former French princes and nobles, it has, of course, felt the effects of the revolution; but enough remains to indicate, that it was once a most voluptuous spot. The chateau, to our great disappointment, had been demolished, and the massy pillars lay broken and dispersed upon the ground. Several valuable busts that decorated it, M. Lenoir informed me he purchased of a locksmith of Monceaux, who had plundered them from the chateau. But the lodge is repairing for the residence of the present proprietor, who is a merchant at Paris, and the keeper of Madame Tallien, the wife of the famous ex-conventional butcher of Bordeaux. Opposite to this edifice, on a gentle ascent, stand the stables, in a tolerably good state of preservation. The gravel walks are also in good order, and the aqueducts and basons of water on the higher ground, are in a complete state. It is also not a little remarkable, that the trees and copses have not been cut down. The magnificent dairy has been untouched, and at the top of the hill which overlooks the whole park, the company amuse themselves with wandering in a labyrinth, and surveying the different jets d'eau which are continually playing. From every elevated scite in these grounds there are beautiful champain prospects, some confined and others ranging

ranging over a vast tract of country, but all agreeably diversified.

In ascending the hill, we met with a pretty cottage, at the door of which stood a man who had not a French physiognomy. He perceived we were English, and addressing us in our native language, invited us to rest in his house. This man's name is Hudson; he was gamekeeper to the late Duke of Orleans for above fourteen years, and had accompanied him from England. He had a son about ten years of age, who spoke both English and French with great purity. The extreme neatness of this little cottage, shewed that it was not inhabited by a Frenchman; every thing was arranged in the English fashion, a fine ham was set out upon the table, and several sides of bacon decorated the cieling. During Robespierre's reign, he was imprisoned in the conciergerie, and was to have been executed in fourteen days, but the death of that monster happily intervened, and he was liberated. Hudson made many kind inquiries after the young princes of the House of Orleans, and was very particular in his questions respecting the Count de Beaujolois, whom he had taught to ride, and for whom he seems to entertain a very great affection. He did not appear the least inclined to return to his native country, or to quit the situation which he holds under his new master. But he consoled himself with the idea, that "things are coming round

again, as they had been before the revolution, and he hoped he should do as well under the present proprietor of Rincy, as he had done under the late Duke." Upon the whole, he appeared to be a sort of being who will be satisfied with any master as long as he is well provided for.

After we had traversed a considerable portion of the grounds, I enquired for the Merinos, but found that I had been misinformed, for there were none there, the whole flock being at Rambouillet. Therefore, without further loss of time, we retired to the traiteur's, and after having ate a hearty dinner, while the horses were harnessing, we entered into conversation with an old man, who had formerly received a pension from the late Duke, and who, with many others, were now destitute of the means of support. Most bitterly did he deplore the effects of the revolution and cursed its abettors. We were much surprized to find a number of the poor people speak of the Duke in similar terms of deep regret.

On our return towards Paris, we were serenaded with music in every village, and twice we alighted to see the amusements of the peasants. At one place, they were dancing by moonlight on the green, and at another, in a large room lighted for the purpose. They were neatly dressed in their Sunday clothes, and seemed to enjoy their sports. We did not pass a single village which had not its rural ball; and at a little distance, on the

the left of the high road, a great number of rooms were lighted, in which suppers were preparing for the dancers. These rooms being interspersed among the trees, gave to the whole a very pleasing appearance.

Such innocent diversions reminded us of the old days of France, when the country people were remarkable for their innocent gaiety and good-natured mirth; or, as the sweet poet sings,

> " Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
> Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please;
> Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
> Have led their children through the mirthful maze;
> And the gay grand-sire, skill'd in gestic lore,
> Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore."
>
> GOLDSMITH'S TRAVELLER.

LETTER XXIV.

The Pantheon and its Library.—Halle au Bled.—The Sorbonne.—Observatories.

DURING the year 1793, a visit to the Pantheon, in the *rue St. Jacques*, was considered as a sort of patriotic pilgrimage to the shrines of the departed saints of Liberty. It was a most affecting sight to behold the regenerated children of freedom, besmeared with blood, and their feverish heads covered with *bonnets rouges*, descending into the vaults in which were reposited the remains of their Satanic hierarchs, and invoking, by the glimmering light of funeral lamps, the shades of Marat and le Pelletier St. Fargeau.

In the more rational epoch of the revolution, this place was consecrated to the memory of those who had contributed to raise the prosperity of their country by their genius, their discoveries, or their civil and military services. France, during the monarchy, possessed the royal mausoleum of St. Denys, but she was altogether destitute of a national cemetery for her benefactors; nothing, therefore, could be more laudable than the appropriation of the vaults of one of the finest churches in Christendom for this object. Accordingly,

cordingly, this church of St. Genevieve, so well adapted from its elevated scite and splendid decoration, was selected for the purpose. But why *pantheonize* it? Why convert a house of Christian prayer, into a temple of Paganism, and change its Christian name to an heathen one?—because, instead of being an offertory to genius, it has become the receptacle of departed maniacs; and because it was the fashion to change the names of persons and the names of things throughout the Republic.

I remember to have seen the tombs of Voltaire and Mirabeau at the extremity of these subterranean caverns, and they were the only *great men* whom the legislature of France had at that time* judged worthy of being pantheonized. But the *sleep* of the latter was not *eternal*. After the deposition of the King, he was suspected of royalism, and *therefore* of being a traitor to the Republic, which at the time of his death was not in existence. But, as no royalist was qualified to the honours of a sleep in the Temple of Immortality, the relicks of the Man of the People, were removed and thrown into the river Seine. One cannot avoid smiling at the astonishing inconsistency of this nation. They accuse Mirabeau, when dead, of a crime, which, when living, the whole population of France was as guilty of as

* 1792.

himself; they throw into the Seine the body of a man, who, though a royalist, had contributed more than any other being, to curtail the power of the Sovereign; and they leave undisturbed the ashes of Voltaire, the encomiast of monarchical government, the flatterer of kings, a determined aristocrat, and a man who entertained almost as contemptuous an opinion of the republican system as Bonaparte himself, the present supreme sovereign disposer of the lives and fortunes of the French people.

Never were any people so liable as the French to be duped by names. If I am not mistaken in the character of Voltaire (and I judge of it only by his writings and not by the accounts of his biographers) I am persuaded, had he lived in these times, that he would have been the panegyrist of Bonaparte. Such an *esprit fort* would have captivated the senses of the philosopher of Fernay, and above all, the confirmed atheism of this affected Mussulman, would have delighted the eulogist of Mahomet and the Arabians.

Whoever is the least acquainted with the historical writings of Voltaire, must perceive, that the vivacity of his imagination carries him incessantly beyond himself. Acute, penetrating, and ingeniously sceptical, no man was ever more subject to be deceived by appearances. A successful usurper and a great man, could never be separated in his mind; with him, goodness and greatness

ness were correlative terms. Thus we find, that what is esteemed to be extremely equivocal by sober politicians, he regarded as the essence of perfection. The vilest scoundrel on earth, if possessed of imperial power, immediately commences great man, when he has with impunity perpetrated any extraordinary act of wickedness; murdered an hundred thousand men; robbed all the houses of half a dozen provinces; or dexterously plundered his own country, to defray the expence of a ruinous war, contrived on purpose to satiate his avarice, or divert the public attention from his blunders and villainies. Hence we find M. Voltaire glossing over the incestuous commerce of Charlemagne, with his own daughters, because he was a great man; and calumniating Constantine, because he was a convert to Christianity; complimenting the most perfidious, cruel, and barbarous conquerors because they were not Christians; extolling the licentious despotism of a puny tyrant of France, because infidelity flourished in his court and camps, and publickly avowing, that no conqueror ever existed without being at the same time a man of a good understanding.

With all these facts staring them in the face, the legislators of France, the greater part of whom, I am convinced, never read with attention the works of Voltaire, much less penetrated into the spirit and object of all his compositions, persisted

in denominating him a republican, merely because Condorcet commented on his irreligious doctrines from the tribune of the Convention, and because they were not able to distinguish between the attempt of this modern Titan to sap the foundations of Christianity by the shafts of ridicule instead of argument, and a love for anarchy and misrule. Voltaire was the champion of kings, but the implacable enemy of priests; he would have raised an oligarchy of wits and infidels, at the expence of the liberty and happiness of the rest of mankind. Of this fact, we have an indisputable confirmation in the writings of his disciples. D'Alembert asserts, in his account of the destruction of the Jesuits, that a great prince reproached one of his officers with being a Jansenist or Molinist; they told him he was mistaken, for that the officer was an *atheist.* "If he be *only* an atheist," replied the prince, "that's another affair, and I have nothing to say to it." This answer, continues d'Alembert, which some wanted to turn into ridicule, *was,* however, *extremely wise.* The Prince, as head of the state, has nothing to fear from an atheist, who is silent, and does not dogmatize. Such a man, while extremely culpable in the eyes of God and of reason, is hurtful *only to himself,* and not to others. The partyman, the disputant, disturbs society by his *idle* controversies. In this case, that law of Solon prevails not, by which all who took

took not some side in the troubles of the state were declared infamous. That great legislator was too knowing to rank in their number the controversies concerning religion, so *ill calculated to interest good subjects*; he would rather have made it an honour to shun and to despise them.

Here we have honey and arsenic mixed together, according to the precise rules of the political philosophy of Voltaire; from whose alembic of sophistry, vapours of scepticism have been condensed by his disciples, and let out by drops over the whole of Europe.

From the private correspondence of Voltaire, there can be no doubt he held in utter contempt the applause of the multitude. He aspired to obtain the suffrages of the great, and to make proselytes of kings, courts, statesmen, women who possessed an influence over public men, dignified personages, whose vanity and ambition he flattered unceasingly. In 1769, he wrote to Count Argental, "We do not trouble ourselves about effecting such a revolution as took place in the days of Luther and Calvin, but to effect one in the minds of those who are *born to govern mankind.*" This single passage expresses at one view, the *kind* of revolution which he wanted to establish, which is as distinct from that of Jacobinism, as true liberty is from licentiousness. I would not be understood, by this sentiment, to approve the absurdities of Voltaire, but merely

to

to contrast them with the crimes of the Septemberizers; neither do I deny that he planted the seeds of that irreligion, which nurtured by his apostles, overspread the whole of France, and proved a most powerful auxiliary to the political disorganizer. But I assert, that Voltaire neither loved nor understood liberty; speculative politics never occupied his studies; nor did his genius ever grasp those profound combinations by which nations are advanced to happiness and prosperity. He lived in the vicinity of the little republic of Geneva, which for fifteen years was the theatre of political agitation, and never once engaged in their divisions, or thought upon those republican questions to which they gave rise; on the contrary, while the warmth of public freedom glowed in the breasts of his neighbours, he treats with contempt the Parliaments and States General of France, the only depositories of expiring liberty; apostrophizes civil despotism, wherever it despises religion, and criticizes Montesquieu without comprehending him.

Such was the man whose bones have been unmolested by the French, while the libertine advocate for public freedom was committed to the muddy waters of the Seine. From the conversations I have had with Mirabeau, I am certain he was no republican; but he did not, like Voltaire, detest a republican system of government. Revenge and popularity were his actuating principles,

ples, and the gratification of his passion for pleasure his chief anxiety. As long as he possessed the means of accomplishing these favourite pursuits, he was indifferent to every thing else. The government should have secured him at an earlier period; when they made their advances, it was too late, and had he survived the subversion of the monarchy three weeks, he would have been sent to join his deposed Sovereign in the Temple, or have expiated his public merits on the scaffold.

After the removal of the body of Mirabeau, the portals of the Pantheon were opened to receive the corrupt carcase of that wretched little demoniac, Marat, and a multitude of *other sages*, who had rendered themselves worthy of immortality, by their villainies, their buffoonery, and their insanity. The legislature, at length, became ashamed of such burlesque satire on real genius and civic merit, and, therefore, Marat was *unpantheonized*, and tossed into the common sewer. I apprehend, the rest of the *great men* whom their grateful country had canonized in this polluted temple, have been served a similar trick, for upon enquiry, we learnt that there were no immortals at present in preservation.

There is nothing, therefore, to be seen in the interior of the church of St. Genevieve but ruins; for it has sunk considerably, and they have been obliged to place fresh supports to a part of the foundation. I believe more than thirty years have

have already elapsed since the commencement of this edifice, and it is not yet finished. Money, money is wanting, to raise the massy stone, to plant the Doric base, and crown the fluted column with the polished Corinthian capital *.

The exterior of this splendid and elegant piece of architecture presents one of the most majestic appearances in Europe. The beauty and magnificence of its portal are not to be surpassed; its peristyle consists of twenty-two Corinthian columns, fifty-seven feet high; its dome is supported by fifty-two pillars, each fifty-four feet high, and their base is surrounded by a terrace, fenced with an iron ballustrade. The cupola may be seen at the distance of several miles, and when the colossal statue which is meant to be placed on the pedestal at its summit, shall have been erected, the whole will measure, from the level of the ground, nearly two hundred feet. Over the lower colonnade, the following inscription, in large letters of gold, denotes the present object of the building; *aux grands hommes, la patrie reconnoissante.* Upon the whole, it must be confessed, that the exterior of this structure is, perhaps, the lightest, and most exquisite piece of workmanship in the world. If any fault may be found,

* When we were at Paris, it was not considered safe to traverse the interior of St. Genevieve; we, however, crossed two of the naves, but we were repeatedly warned to desist.

it is in the disparity between the size of the portal and the edifice; the former seems to require a larger and more expansive pile.

Behind the church is the cloister, in which there is a library of thirty thousand volumes, opened every day for the use of the public. It is divided into two long halls, with tables and seats, and kept in the highest order and neatness. On each side, they are decorated with a multitude of busts of the literati of old France, and at the extremity, in a glass case, stands a model of the city of Rome, executed by Grimani, with great correctness, but not with much elegance. Daunou, member of the class of Legislation in the National Institute, and an Ex-legislator, is the principal librarian.

The next object which attracted our notice, was the *Halle au Bled*, or corn market. This is a very interesting place, both on account of the regular arrangement of the different species of corn offered for sale, and of the vast cupola which covers the whole area of the market. The cupola is the largest in France, and its diameter is one hundred and twenty feet, which is only thirteen feet less than that of the Pantheon at Rome, considered as the greatest in the world. The vast Doric column employed the genius of Catherine of Medici, who believed not only in astrology but in magic. There are several allegorical figures upon it, which denote the widow-

hood

hood of that princess. The whole world cannot produce such another extraordinary spectacle. The dome, which is constructed with wood finely ornamented, is so contrived that each partition is supported by another; there are no pillars by which the fabric is upheld*.

When the word Sorbonne is mentioned, I always think of the Inquisition. The person who shewed it to Casaubon, having told him that it had been the theatre of disputes for many ages, he asked "whether they had determined on any thing at last?" In the hall of these controversialists it has been solemnly discussed, whether black was not white; assassination has been alternately extolled and condemned; Mariana's king-killing doctrines have been deemed orthodox or heretical, according to the circumstances of the times; and John Locke on Government, has been sentenced to be burnt by the common hangman, which decree, the people, by way of reprisal, refuted, by ordering above twenty-five thousand copies of it. If my memory does not fail, the celebrated work of Grotius de Jure Belli et Pacis, has been also condemned by this learned confraternity. At their particular request, Joan of Arc was burnt for a witch, after she had rendered the most signal services

* Since this letter was written, the Halle au Bled has been burnt to the ground.

to France. They backed the decree of the Roman Inquisitors against the Florentine philosopher, who so beautifully illustrated the opinion of Copernicus, and pronounced it to be not only heretical in faith, but absurd in philosophy. This sentence against a theory which has been since so variously confirmed, is a pregnant testimony of the wisdom of these doctors. They remind me of the law of Constantius, Cesset Superstitio, — &c. Nam qui contra legem divi parentis nostri, et hanc nostræ mansuetudinis jussionem ausus fuerit sacrificium celebrare, competens in eum vindicta, & præsens sententia exerceatur; which is much the same as saying, If any one should presume to transgress the orders, issuing from our most mild and most benevolent person, it is our will that he be immediately strangled.—I have not another word to say respecting the Sorbonne, except that it exhibits nothing but bare walls and ruins, and is worth going to see, in order to convince those who have only power on their side, to be silent when true philosophy speaks.

The National Observatory is situated at the extremity of Paris, on an elevated and chalky ground, near the Rue St. Jacques or the Rue de l'Observatoire. It was erected by Perrault, who has shewn, in the structure of this stone building, that he was a better architect than astronomer. The meridional line is traced along the great hall of the first story, and prolonged to the South

South and North, traverses the whole of France from Colioure to Dunkirk. Under the edifice, there are subterranean caves, that form a labyrinth, from which a person cannot extricate himself without the help of the guide. There are no less than 360 steps to descend into them. The greater part of the rooms are destitute of any furniture, or accommodations for those who ought to assemble in them. It is under the direction of the Board of Longitude, and Cassini, who was the Director under the Royal Government, and driven away by the revolution, is a member of it, as well as of the class of astronomy in the National Institute. Lalande seldom goes to this observatory.

From the platform at the top of the building, as it was a very fine day, we had a magnificent view of Paris and its environs. After a person has well studied the map of Paris, I would advise him, soon after his arrival, to pass two or three hours on this platform, in order that he may complete his knowledge of its topography. The astronomical instruments are stationed in two apartments on the left of the great hall; and the majority of those we saw were made by Dollond. We were not able to examine those contained in the further room, on account of the absence of the superintendant; and for the same reason, I can give no account of the immense telescope which is in this observatory. There is a small,

but valuable library of printed books and manuscripts, relative to astronomical subjects and voyages, and a series of manuscript folios, containing the observations of the most celebrated French astronomers. Upon the whole, this edifice is like all the public buildings of Paris, far superior to any thing of the kind in England; but I question whether it be so well calculated to answer its object, as the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, under the direction of Dr. Maskelyne *.

The Observatory at the Ecole Militaire, and at the College de France, deserve particular attention, as the best instruments are to be found in them, and able astronomers are continually occupied in taking observations. Lalande is the Director of both, and is assisted by Messier, of the Institute, and several others.

* Since my return to England, I accompanied a member of the National Institute, and another learned foreigner to the Greenwich Observatory, and they both expressed their opinion to Dr. Maskelyne, that ours was preferable in point of *utility*.

END OF VOL. I.

Bye and Law, Printers, St. John's Square, Clerkenwell.

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34, 2 from bottom, *for* effects *read* effect
35, 18, *for* have *read* had
65, 24, have had
71, ult. days weeks
76, 23, *after* we *insert* had
77, 4 from bottom, *for* memory *read* name
80, 12, 13, 14, *for* The genius of poesy is always favourable to misfortune. *Read* Misfortune is always favourable to the genius of poesy.
111, 12, *for* To *read* With
126, 17, spectators *read* a spectator
141, 13, *after* sex, *insert* and she became
144, 9, *for* Fayette's, *read* Fayette,
159, 10, signal seat
173, 11, *from the words* I cannot, however, conclude, &c. *insert as a note, and not in the body of the work.*
176, 3 *from bottom, for* has *read* had
183, 5, *for* he *read* the
209, 22, are were
220, 9, am may be
225, 9, creative created
231, 22, with to
248, 5, Mr. M.
250, 4, scarce scarcely
251, 1, be have been
278, 18, obtuse acute
281, 1, *after* men *insert* nearly
291, 7, *for* alone, *read* unobserved,
294, 6, have has
310, 19, cloke cloak
337, 5 from bottom, *for* seems *read* seemed
341, 20, *for* was not *read* had not been
352, 25, Dollond. Dolland.

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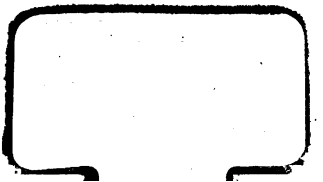
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